JUNE. WHAT IS THE BEST VALUE for A PENNY?
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See page 278.

THE CAPTAIN

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EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, C. B. FRY.

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Vol. IX. No. 51. JUNE, 1903.

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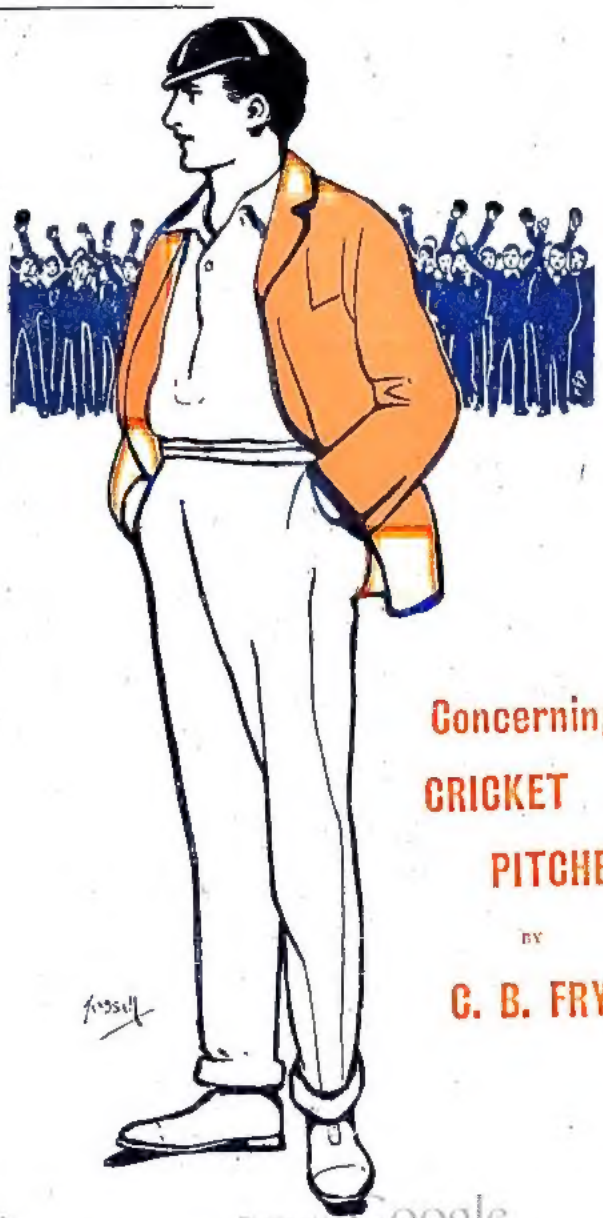

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BY

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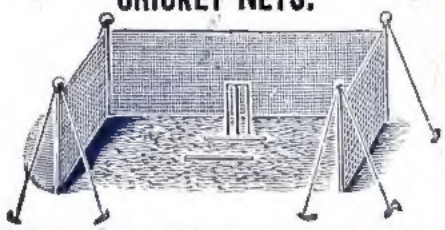

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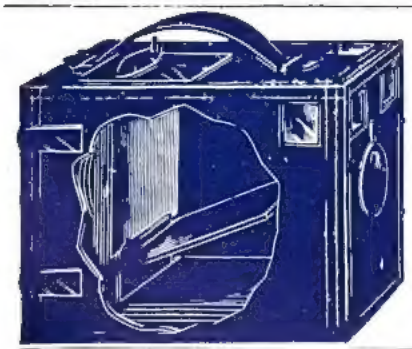

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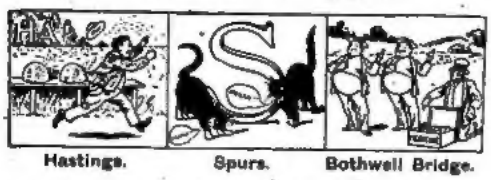

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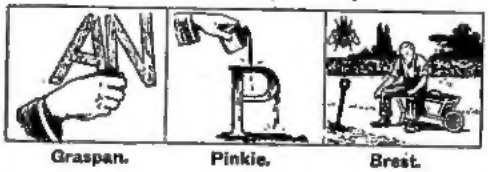

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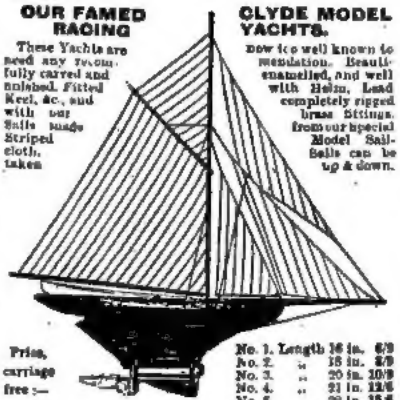

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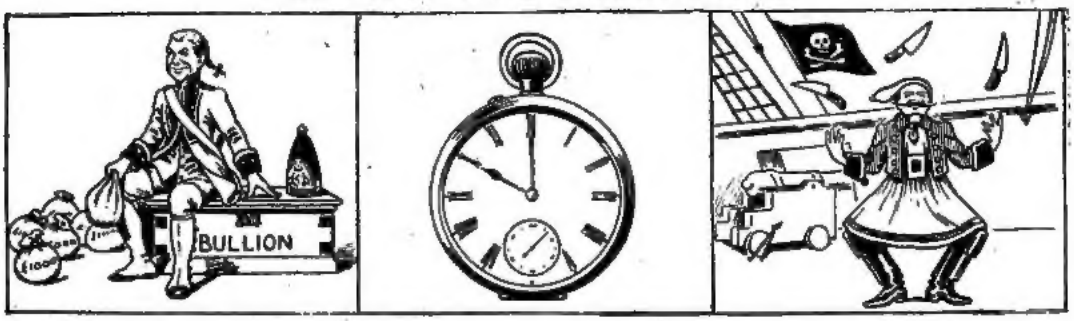

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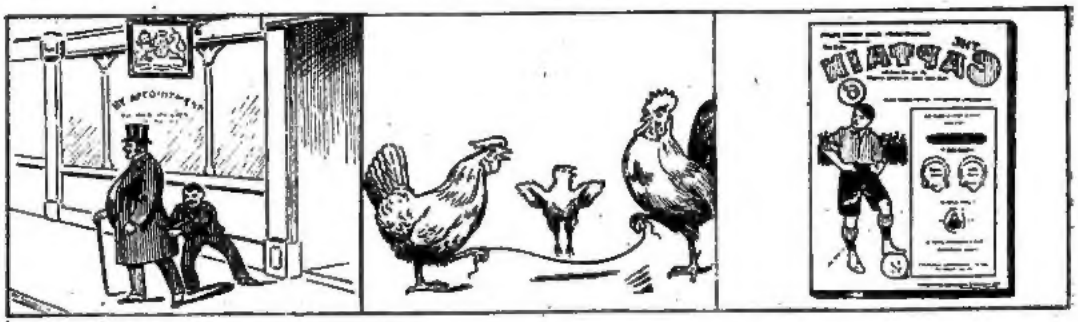

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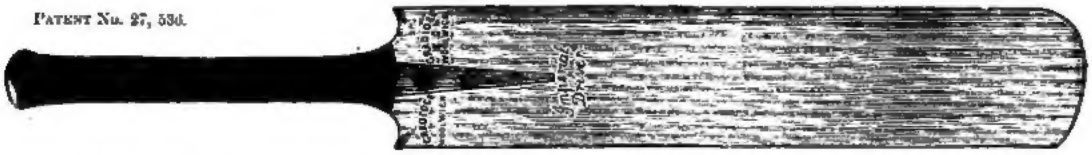

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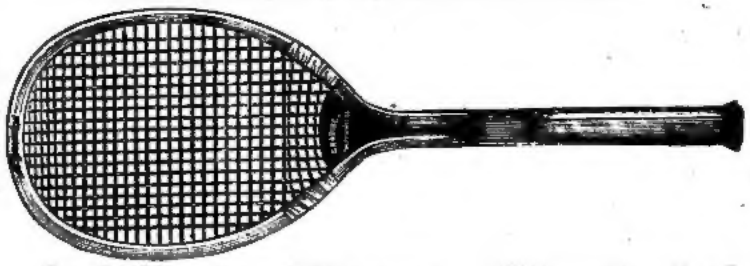

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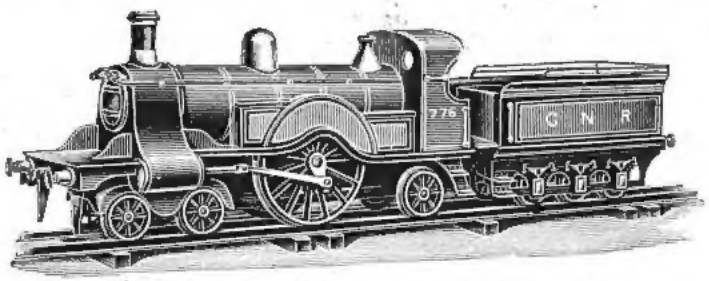

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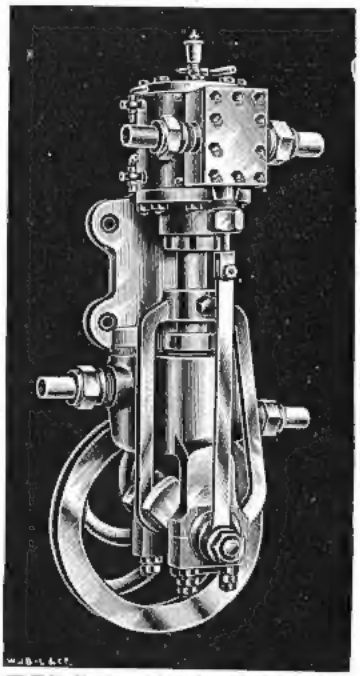

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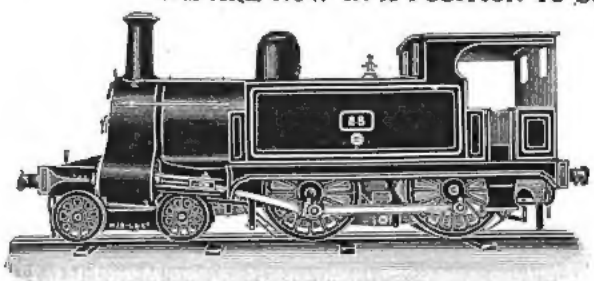

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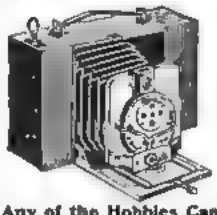

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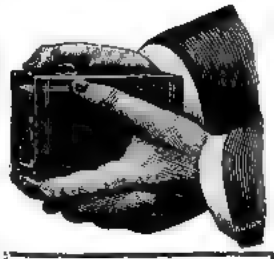

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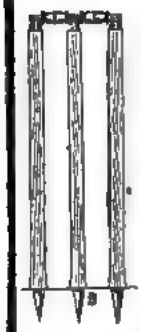

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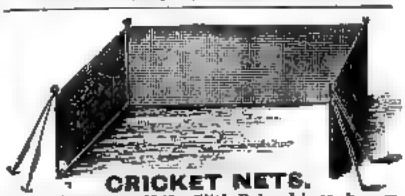

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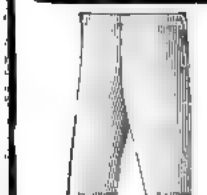

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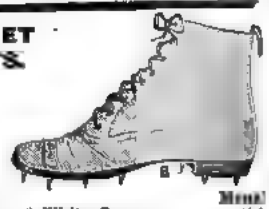

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CHANGE OF EXPRESSION.

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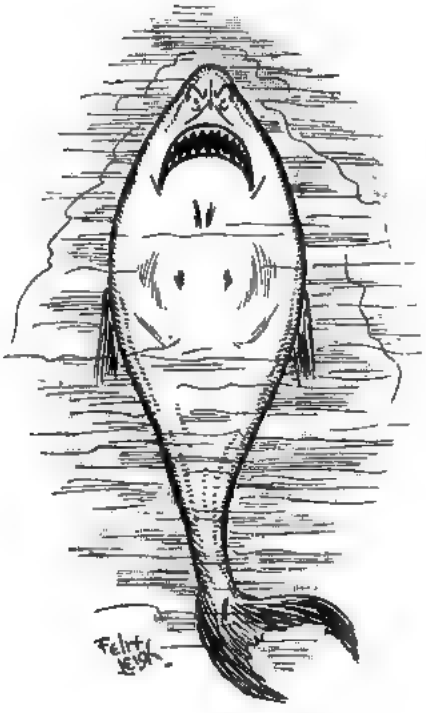
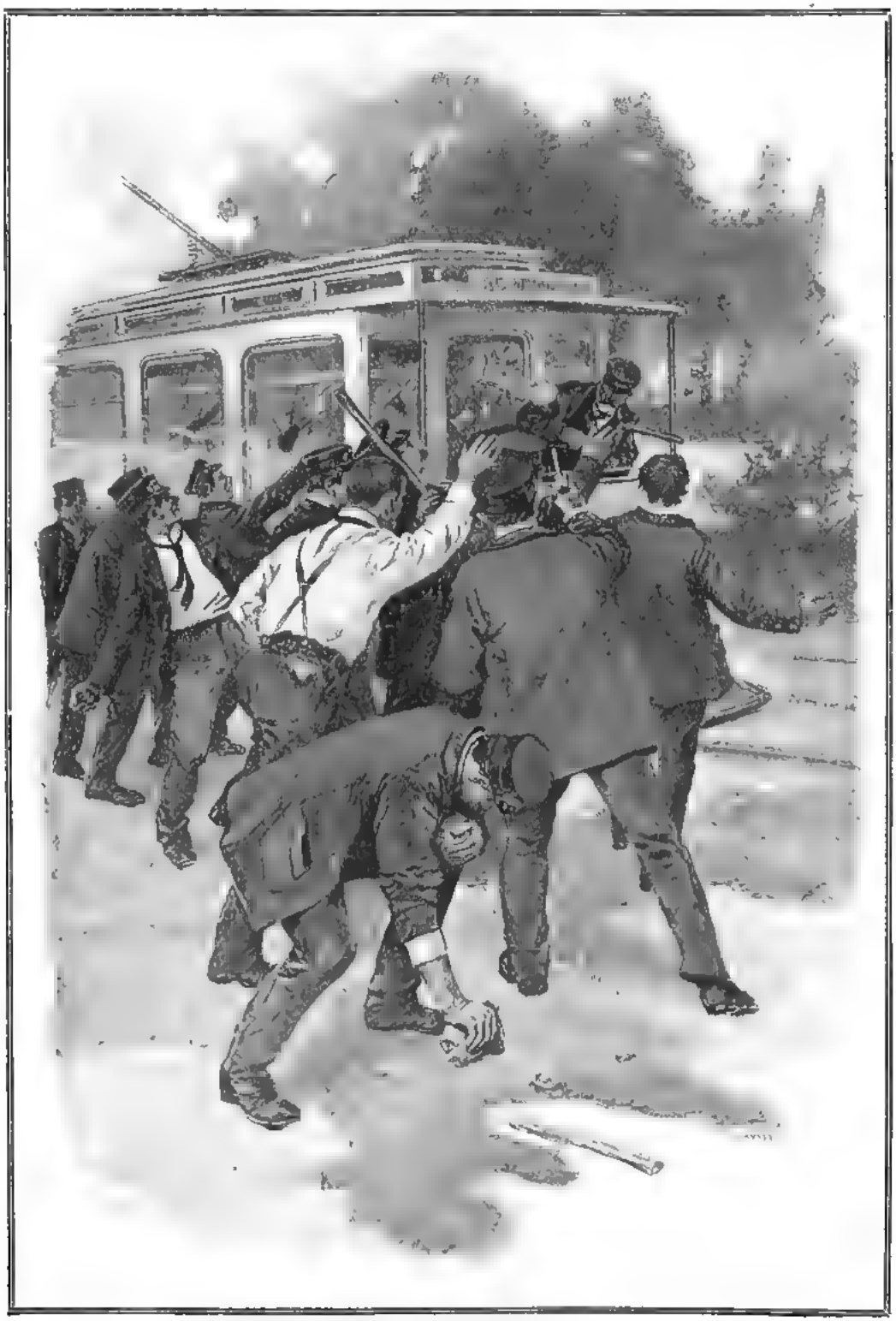
Is hungering, its frown is dark.



But when the mariner is in
The Shark, its frown becomes a grin.



THE STRIKERS LET GO A VOLLEY OF STONES.

THE RUN OF THE CHARTER CAR.

A TALE OF AN AMERICAN TRAMWAY STRIKE.

By
J. GEO. FREDERICK.

Illustrated by
CHARLES GRUNWALD.

WHEN the strike was declared Peter Lando was at the end of the suburban line, and when he brought his car into the city as fast as a down-grade road and empty seats would permit, the streets were already deserted for the night, and he whizzed past corner after corner with as much speed as he dared toward the barn, totally ignorant of the occurrence. His conductor was on the inside huddled in a corner, taking a nap before turning in. Peter was thinking of the luxury of his bed after a hard day's work and a midnight lunch from the cupboard at home.

"CONFOUND YOU, TOO!"

When he reached Cortland Avenue, two squares from the barn, his eagle glance spied a crowd under the glaring arc lights, and he wondered what it meant. His heavy eyes opened wonderingly as he rounded the curve and rang the rear stop bell to awaken his conductor, and saw large knots of uniformed traction employees, whom he knew should have been in bed long since.

Three conductors jumped on the front platform before he drew his brake taut, and yelled in his ear, "Strike!"

"Yer eye!" replied Peter, calmly drawing the brake and looking ahead to see if the proper switch was turned.

"Straight, Pete," answered one of the men excitedly. "Wright's called it to-night. There won't be a car wheel moving to morrow. Every man's with us."

"Are they?" replied Pete, doggedly; but they failed to note the significance of his tone.

The car rumbled into the barn, and Pete drew it deftly up to within an inch of the one ahead before he replied to the confused chatter of the conductors.

"Well, if it's a strike, it's a strike, I guess," he said as they dropped off, and he went into the car to awaken his conductor, who failed to respond to the bell.

"Get up, Bob," he said, roughly shaking him by the shoulders. "This is the last nap you'll take on this car for a spell."

"What's up?" answered the conductor, sleepily.

"Wright's done it," returned Pete, shortly.

Pete turned the register back, while his conductor secured his report blank, and then, turning out their lights, they made their way to the barn entrance.

"Hey, Pete!" yelled Wright, the organiser of the Street Railway Employees' Union, "sign this."

"What for?" asked Pete.

Wright handed him a sheet of paper. "I just want to get the names of the fellows who are O. K.!"

"I'll sign nothin'," answered Pete, giving the paper a contemptuous glance and then tossing it back. "Confound your strike!"

"What!" shouted Wright excitedly; "d'ye hear that, fellows?"

An angry chorus arose from the little group. "You're a fool!" shouted some one. Pete stopped short.

"Come out here an' say that," he said threateningly; but no one ventured. Pete's muscle was plenteous and active.

He walked unconcernedly down the tracks, passing group after group of motormen and conductors discussing the situation. Each car, as it came in for the night, was surrounded, and its surprised crew informed of the strike. Wright had acted suddenly.

The company had their representatives there also, and they endeavoured to persuade the men to return to work. They were unmolested, though ridiculed by the strikers, who were confident of the completeness of their work.

"Hello, Pete!" yelled one of these, as he saw him strike homeward with his supper basket on his arm at a powerful pace. Pete turned his head and removed the pipe from his mouth. "And confound you, too," he made answer, and passed on.

Pete was angry. He had eight children, and was just "gettin' on his feet," as he said, from protracted illness in his family and other ill-luck. A strike meant to him a speedy return to his old condition and the loss of all the ground that he had gained. His anger grew deeper and deeper as he contemplated his prospects, walking through the silent streets.

The next morning he told his wife peremptorily to "shut up" when she called him for breakfast at the usual hour, and turned around in his bed for another nap to make up

HE WAS AWAKENED BY HIS WIFE ANNOUNCING A VISITOR.

for the sleep he lost during the night, condemning Wright. Later on he was awakened by his wife announcing a visitor in the parlour.

"Hello, Jim," he said nonchalantly, as he greeted the company's road superintendent, at the same time buttoning his waistcoat and rubbing his eyes.

The superintendent was very cordial and offered him a cigar.

"Nope," said Pete, carefully filling his black pipe with tobacco; "thanks."

"Why, Pete," said the superintendent fingering his hat, "we need men on the line to-day."

"I reckon ye do," replied Pete, dryly.

"Double pay, you know," said the superintendent, suggestively.

"What does Wright say he struck for?" Pete asked, disregarding the remark.

"Nine-hour day, and take 38 and 39's crews back."

Pete sniffed. "Don't you take 'em back," he said.

"We ain't goin' to," said the superintendent, heartily.

"They were drunk as sailors; I saw them," said Pete, "and ye did right in firing them, even though one is the president and the other the secretary of the union. Ye don't ketch me strikin' to get 'em back."

"You'll run for us, then!" asked the superintendent, eagerly.

"Hold on, Jim," chuckled Pete, "don't travel too fast. I'll run for nobody. We oughter had that nine hours, though, Jim, an' ye know it."

"Well, the company's willing to give you that, if you let the takin' back of them scamps out," said the superintendent persuasively.

"That's fair," replied Pete, vigorously.

"Will you run for us?" persisted the superintendent.

"Nope," laughed Pete; "the boys 'll settle if you'll put that to 'em."

"The company will submit the proposition to the executive committee this morning," said the superintendent.

"Are ye tied up clean?" asked Pete.

"Pretty clean," grinned the superintendent as he rose to go. "Two cars on the avenue and two in the east end, that's all; none on the Hill Road."

The papers that evening informed Pete that the company's proposition had been met with refusal by the strikers, who had insisted on the reinstatement of the discharged employees. Pete threw down the paper in disgust.

"They're a pack of fools," he said; "givin' up their job because two fellers got drunk, vi'lated the rules and got fired."

A messenger a little later brought him a letter asking him to call at the office of the Traction Company at once.

"What's that for?" Peter asked himself, suspiciously. He went down, however, and on mentioning his name was at once admitted to the General Manager's office.

"THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BOSS."

"Mr. Lando?" inquired the Manager, when he presented himself.

"Yep," replied Pete, leaning with his back against the door, hat in hand.

"Sit down, sit down," said the Manager, turning in his chair. Pete sat down wonderingly.

"You see, it's just this way," said the Manager, as he leaned back. "We're bound to win this strike. It's utterly absurd to expect us to take back a couple of loafers and drunkards who have broken the rules, just because they happen to be officers in the union.

"The charter which enables us to operate this road was secured under a State statute which expressly provides that we are obliged to run a car over our lines every twenty-four hours to keep our charter legal. It is one of these old statutes which were made by legislators who couldn't see far enough ahead to anticipate a strike; but the provision will

hold in the courts in spite of its evident unfairness.

' Now, Wright knows all about this part of the game, because he tried to have the charter of a company in the western part of the state revoked some time ago, while he was leading a strike. He failed for some small reason; but we won't take any risks here. We want to run a car over all our lines in strict compliance with the charter's provision. To do this we must run a car before midnight to-night? Do you see?"

Pete nodded and puffed at his pipe.

"The city lines don't worry us. It will be an easy task to run a car over those, for we have police protection from all violence. But on the Seminary Hill line it's very different. There's danger there. Since Wright has refused to accept our proposition and the entire strike now hinges on our taking back those men, almost a third of the men have already come back and more are deserting the strikers every minute. The remainder are becoming desperate, and there is bound to be violence. I've just got word over the 'phone that our detectives and a crowd of them had a little scrap up on Clinton Street. And in many other places they are waylaying the motormen and conductors to club them. They're trying to damage our power houses, break circuits, cut the trolley, and play all manner of other tricks; but as fast as our detectives are getting their names we are arresting them and locking them up unless they can secure bail."

"Jim told me to send for you, because you weren't afraid of anything—" the Manager smiled as he looked at Pete's burly figure—"and because you didn't believe in cutting off your wages because a crowd of men got drunk."

Pete puffed at his pipe vigorously.

"If you make that run to Seminary Hill to-night I'll give you $100," said the Manager.

Pete shifted the pipe in his mouth, and the fire in its bowl glowed fiercely.

"You see," continued the Manager, "the police department won't go out of the city limits, and we can't get any official protection. Out of a dozen men we asked to accompany you, if you'll go, we got two men. They'll be on the car."

The volume of smoke from Pete's pipe grew denser than the atmosphere of the little office, and the Manager coughed. Pete pulled his soft hat into a score of impossible shapes and his small eyes roamed restlessly around the room.

"D'ye think Wright knows you'll try to run?" he asked.

"I'm afraid he knows it very well," replied the Manager.

Blowing another whiff from his pipe, Pete said, suddenly: "All right, I'll go, boss."

The Manager wanted to shake hands with him, and thanked him profusely, but Pete drew back unconcernedly, saying: "That's all right, boss; that's all right."

"You'd better start at once," said the Manager, energetically, looking at his watch, "or it'll get too dark before you arrive there. Go out by the back entrance of the office; there'll be a cab there to take you out to Fern Avenue and Tenth Street, where a car with the two men on will be all ready for you. Everything is ready; I have just to 'phone out to the barn and give them the word to start. There are pickets watching the building here and the barn, and we want to move so that we can gain as much time on them as possible. You'll find several revolvers and some clubs on the car, and a lunch, if you want to eat. If you reach there, 'phone me at once."

Before taking his departure, Pete turned to the Manager. "If anything happens to me, boss," he said, "let it down a little easy on the old woman, will ye?"

The Manager acquiesced quickly, flushing somewhat shamefacedly as he realised that he was perhaps sending this man to his death.

When Pete got his hands on the controller and the brake once more and felt the car moving swiftly along with the other two men inside, he forgot what peril he had associated with the trip and sent the car along the level track at a good speed, feeling glad to hear the familiar buzz of the motors and the singing of the trolley, which he had missed strangely for a day. He had stuck a revolver in his hip pocket and put a heavy club within easy reach, and felt entirely secure.

As he bounded on beyond the avenue and cleared the outskirts of the city the sun was hovering just a little over the distant hill that he was to reach, if he could, before midnight.

He was on the ballasted sills now and the car rolled easily at full speed. Just as he dashed by a suburban post office he caught a glimpse of a group of uniformed and canvas-capped strikers staring agape at the flying car from the post office steps, where they were lounging. He looked back a second and saw them disappear into the office.

"To 'phone," he surmised.

There was a clean stretch for three miles ahead, and in order to use his eagle eye to its very best advantage he lowered the glass window while the car was at full speed, and the summer breeze whipped his coat lapels fiercely.

Every pole, every sill, every rail-joint and the continuous line of feed wire Pete kept his eye on steadily and with the most minute scrutiny. He was about to draw the brake a little over a frog, when he had run about three miles, when an idea came to him, and he drew the brake hard instead. He reversed the current and backed up as quickly as possible, with one of the men holding the trolley to a place where there was an emergency switch-off to the parallel track. In a few moments he was speeding along on the other track—used, when the line was in active operation, only for city-bound cars. A broad smile of satisfaction spread over his face when he espied something at the track's extreme perspective in a small patch of woods. He quickly released all breakage and gave the car every opportunity of going as fast as it was possible to go. The car rocked fearfully and the men on the inside held on to the straps with both hands; but Pete stood as easily as though the car was not moving. The speck grew larger, and he soon made out three men working with might and main piling fence rails on the *opposite* track. The men saw the car coming, but not until it was almost upon them did they discover the trick, and then with shouts of anger they contented themselves with throwing rocks at the flying car. Only one was aimed well, and it went clean through the car windows with a crash.

"THAT YOU, BOSS?"

On and on Pete sped his car, with just the shadow of a grin on his face. He had still six miles to go, and he knew that near the next village he would have the most to fear. There was a wayside inn there which was very popular with the conductors and motormen. A score or more of them were sure to be there then, and without doubt they had received word by 'phone that the charter car was coming and were making preparations to stop it at all hazards.

He ran two miles and then saw something unwonted ahead in the distance, and prepared for action. He yelled to his men above the din of the dashing car, which was actually threatening to derail, and told them to prepare to repel boarders. The gates on the platforms were put up and locked and the weapons of defence made ready for instant use. Pete saw gathered a large crowd of both strikers and sympathisers, who were gesticulating and shouting loudly. He took in the situation with a swift glance as he bounded towards the men. As he came within four hundred yards a large tree at which several of the men had been working frantically to cut down before he could pass fell slowly across the tracks with a crash. Believing that the charter car's progress was now effectually barred, a yell of triumph was given by the crowd. The tree had been cut from the side of the track opposite the one on which the charter car was travelling in order to bring its heavy trunk on the track which they thought the car was on.

Pete's eyebrows lowered and his jaws set with terrific determination. He saw the crowd brandishing clubs and stones and prepared to assault the car's occupants, and for a moment he was nervous with indecision. Then his muscles set like steel and his plan was formed. The tree had hardly settled down before the car was upon it, and then Pete's skill with the brakes was manifested. He brought the car against the tree and its branches with just the exact speed required to prevent the impact from derailing the car. The instant he felt the shock and heard the front platform rip off he applied the full current to the motors. The car swerved the tree-top out of the road and bounded forward. In this brief space, however, the strikers let go a volley of stones, and several pistol shots resounded through the woods. Pete felt a terrific blow on his right shoulder, and every movement he made on the controller with that arm cost him excruciating pain. The brake, as he released it, spun around like a whirlwind, and the car took another leap forward. Pete breathed a deep sigh of satisfaction. The danger seemed over. But, as he thought it, he spied a dangling feed-wire hanging loose from all support, and the pole which had sup-

ported it lying by the track. It had been chopped down.

"Hold down the trolley!" he yelled to the men inside, though he was uncertain whether they were dead or alive, as he applied the brake. The trolley was held down, however, and the feed-wire sagged and spit fire as it dragged on the roof of the car. A few hundred yards farther on it was properly fastened again, and Pete felt sure that everything was now all safe.

When he arrived at Seminary Hill he found his injuries consisted of a broken shoulder bone, a deep gash in his scalp, which he was totally ignorant of until the physician to whom he repaired informed him of it, and sundry bruises. The other men had been lucky enough to escape injury altogether.

"That you, boss?" he inquired over the telephone, later.

A broad grin spread over his face as the manager congratulated him. "Yep, we had a pretty warm time," he said.

"Wright's just skipped town," said the manager over the 'phone, "taking with him a juicy share of the strikers' funds, and a committee of the strikers have just come here to tell us that they'll settle on the nine-hour proposition.

"Come home on the steam car at 10.30 and get your hundred dollar bill."

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS—A BUSY DAY.

Photo by Geo Newnes, Ltd.

ROUGHING IT IN MANITOBA.

A GREENHORN'S EXPERIENCE "OUT WEST."

By ROY CARMICHAEL.

IT is no use trying to gloss over the fact. I was in every respect a "tender-foot."

An adventurous spirit and some Government exaggerations had made me long for the freedom of a cowboy's life at an age when most British youths are hovering between school and college. Before going further, let me warn the inexperienced against so-called "emigration agents." I foolishly accepted the statement of an agent that a friend of his would only be too pleased to take me on his ranch and teach me the rudiments of agriculture, for which pleasure he would be willing to pay me at the rate of five dollars per month. I bought a gun, and a few other equally useless articles, and in the course of three weeks found myself landed at midnight at a small wooden station in Manitoba. I groped my way in inky darkness to the hotel, and was accommodated with a bedroom which might have done credit to a Whitechapel lodging-house. Barricading the door with a chair, I deposited my watch and valuables under my pillow, along with a revolver, which I was firmly convinced was necessary in these parts, and soon fell asleep.

Nothing occurred to disturb my slumber, so after a hearty breakfast I paid my score (only 50 cents, about 2s.) and inquired the way to Mr. Blank's farm.

"LOOK SPRY, NOW. I'VE NO SORT OF USE FOR LOAFERS."

Mr. Blank happened to be "in town" that morning, and I found him at the blacksmith's shop.

I told him that Mr. X., a friend of his, had sent me.

"Who the blazes is Mr. X.?" was the astonishing reply. "I know nobody of that name."

I explained the circumstances, and he said, "Well; fetch your grip, jump into the buggy, and I'll see what you can do." I obeyed.

After a drive of five miles over a "corduroy" road, we arrived at the farm, and my baggage was dumped into a shed, which I thought was a tool-house, but afterwards found was my bedroom.

Then I was told to take off my coat and vest, roll up my shirt sleeves, and "set to and hoe them weeds. Look spry, now. I've no sort of use for loafers."

The month was June, and although snow had fallen heavily the day before, so variable is the climate that the thermometer in the porch of the house registered 97°.

I worked, as I thought, like a Trojan, but my "boss" seemed anything but pleased at the result of my labour. A dinner of roast pork, rice, and stewed rhubarb, all eaten off the same plate, followed. Then I was told to "hitch up" and take a few barrels of "swill" to the pigs.

Being entirely ignorant of the intricacies of Manitoban harness, I requested the "boss" to show me how. Then for the first

time he found out that I knew nothing of farming, and after asking me if I thought he was "running an agricultural college," informed me that he couldn't afford to teach me, that I wouldn't be worth my meat, but that if I would "sign on" with him to work for a year for nothing he would see what he could do with me.

That night I finished work about ten o'clock, and had just fallen into a sweet sleep when I was roused by the boss, who had returned late from the village, and told that it would be my duty to wait up for him when he was "in town," carry a lantern out to him, take his horse to the stables, groom it, and wash the buggy before I myself retired to rest. As I had to get up at 4.30 every morning I thought this a "bit thick," but I said nothing.

My sleeping apartment was a shed which would have disgraced an old country stable, and here, with four fellow-slaves, I reposed on a bed of straw between the hours of ten and four. Punctually at 4.30 a.m. I was over at the stables grooming, feeding, and watering the horses, and then driving the milk cattle out to the free and open prairie to graze.

After breakfast I forked hay, weeded in the fields, and did "chores" until four o'clock, when I was sent to round up the cows for milking: no easy job for a greenhorn on a lively broncho, especially as in this case the milk-cattle had strayed amongst a large herd belonging to a neighbour.

Naturally, I brought the wrong ones, and was sent back in company with the stockman to rectify that mistake.

This done, I had my first lesson in milking, and was unfortunate enough to allow a frisky calf to knock over a bucket of milk.

Had I been in receipt of wages this would have been deducted from them, but as it was I escaped with a "cursing."

Next day I was out in the fields making myself "generally useless," as the boss said.

The following days were spent in much the same manner. Then came Sunday. What joy! I had two whole hours to myself, and rushed down, immediately I was free, to the Assiniboine river, where I plunged about to some purpose. (I felt that I badly needed washing after that week's work.)

On the opposite side of the river was an Indian Reserve, and my behaviour in the water afforded considerable amusement to a few dusky braves who were engaged in swilling "fire-water" on the opposite bank.

I endeavoured to get into conversation with them, but they were not communicative.

The production of a dollar on my part, however, brought forth a corresponding promise, still unfulfilled, on the part of a red-blanketed chieftain, of a pair of embroidered mocassins.

After working seventeen hours a day, doing "chores" nearly all the time, for about a fortnight, it occurred to me that I was not learning much farming, but was doing labouring work, for which I deserved pay.

On mentioning this to the "boss," I was coolly told that he had only wanted me to work for about a fortnight until a new man, whom he had engaged, could come. I resolved to leave at once and go to a friend who resided in Alberta, a few hundred miles west.

The boss promised to send my "traps" to the hotel, but after waiting several days for them I had to hire a "rig" and drive up for them myself.

The few days I spent in the village, which consisted of a hotel, a newspaper office, three shops, a post-office, and about thirty wooden houses, were rather dreary, but the monotony was relieved by the arrival of THE CAPTAIN from home, and also by a fight with a drunken farm "help," who was resolved to sit on the newcomer.

When at last I had said good-bye to the village, and was on my way further west, it occurred to me to open my "grip." To my surprise, every article of value had been abstracted.

On my arrival at my destination I found that my trunk (the key of which I had lost) had been similarly treated, the weight of the stolen articles having been made up with wood and other rubbish.

In my new crib I got on famously, and as I gained experience, soon began to like the life, but even now I have a very vivid remembrance of my sensations when, as a friendless greenhorn, I roughed it in Manitoba.

THE WILL AND THE DEED

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY

BY FRED SWAINSON

Illustrated by
T. M. R. WHITWELL.

I.

THE ground man, as he pulled the light roller slowly round the inside edge of the running track, talked to Edward Malet, Junior Elizabethan, of Holden's house. Malet was so interested that he went round with him. "If all the shady tricks when professional running was in its prime was put down in black and white, they'd make a dirty book, sir. It's a grand thing it's died out, as near as may be. There's the Sheffield handicaps and the Powderhall at Edinburgh left still, and they *may* be run straight as a die—now. We'll suppose they are. It's of the old times I'm speaking. Then, in order that a gang of Lambeth sharps might scoop in all they'd betted, likely winners or the favourite were hocussed—drink drugged you know—nobbled, or spiked—not the ordinary natural way a man may spike himself. They were set on the night before by a rough or two, and there were other fancy black-shame ways. Why, Akenhead, in '69 I think it was, took the hundred-and twenty Nottingham dash with a pellet in his calf."

"How?" asked Malet.

"Air-gun—before they was as common as they are now. Oh! they'd stick at nothing. Wire to a likely winner that his mother was dead—suddenly—black lie, of course, and how could any one run—even a ped—if he started on top of that! Ah! a very dirty, dirty book it would make, sir."

"How was the spiking done?"

The ground man let the handle of the roller tilt up and took a pair of running-shoes out of his pocket. "Mr. Burke's pair, sir, left in the pavilion. 'Tis this way." Cowan, with a knife, gave the Holden junior an object lesson. For an infamous trick it was simple enough. "Sometimes, mind, the spikes will do the trick themselves, through bad workmanship, and then the sprinter rolls out of the track just like a shot rabbit. Then it's called a curious accident. They were dashed common once," said Cowan, going on again.

Malet possessed before he went in to tea some curious lore about running when the "glory" of foot-racing was at its height. He was so interested that Jim Cruden "lined" him for being late.

Malet was the newest of new Elizabethans. He had come to Eliza's at Christmas, fresh from the tuition of the village curate, from the life led by an only child in a house full of servants, fresh from the idolatry of his mother—a widow, who, as some one said, "would have skinned her dearest friend to make Eddy a pair of gloves." Some boys from a natural bent of mind can take any amount of petting and survive decent fellows after it all, but the hen-with-one-chick attitude left its mark on Malet. He arrived at Eliza's a spoiled, woman-handled kid. And the transition was comparable to the stepping out of a hot-house into a March wind. He was not bullied, for that kind of thing doesn't obtain at a public school, despite some rattling stories to the contrary, but Malet found he was one of the very smallest unconsidered trifles out of six hundred, and he had

been a very important individual indeed for fourteen years or so. There was thus a natural shock.

Malet suffered severely—in his feelings; he had to turn out wet or fine—generally very damp—for a run or footer, dead against his inclination; the 6.30 bell and first school rankled sorely on the bitter mornings, and Holden had said one or two blistering things about the way he did his work. Now, a headache as excuse was always good enough for mamma and the curate.

Then there was Jim Cruden, Holden's captain, for whom he fagged; Malet groaned under what he thought brutal oppression. Shirking footer or runs came within Jim's purview, and Malet progressed from a warning to lines, from lines to more, and from double portions to a gentle tunding with Jim's ground-ash. The spoiled leaven took a good time to work out of Edward's system, and, *ad interim*, Malet hated Cruden with all the hatred of a pampered fourteen-year-old jibbing at the usual, wholesome, Elizabethan, high road.

Two days after he had had the conversation with Cowan, Malet got into hot water with Cruden -corridor row—and Jim improved on the first thrashing. Malet went to his den, which he shared with Rick Wormald, seething with fury. "Rick, the brute thrashed me," he said, his face white as paper —"and 'pon honour I'd nothing to do with the rumpus."

"No," said young Wormald, calmly. "*That* was Anderson and Clarke scrummaging."

"I told him I'd only gone down to Turner's to borrow a book, but he wouldn't believe me."

"You see, Teddy," said Rick, judiciously, standing on the hearthrug, "Jim C. thinks he's no particular reason to. That toothache dodge, when you cut your last footer, wouldn't wash. Why, you've a mouthful of flawless pearls and Jim remembers. But," laughed Wormald, "what's the odds! I've got licked thrice when I didn't earn anything, and been missed—say a score—when I did The balance is all right. It's one's luck. Under-boil his tea-water for him."

"Holden ought to know."

"Should he? Rats!" thrilled Wormald, in the high note of derision. "Then go and inform him, my son, and then trot in to Cruden's an' tell him it was two other boys."

"That would do no good," said Malet, still flaming.

"No," said Rick. "Neither to them—nor you. What did he give you?"

Malet merely glared.

"Jove! once he striped me like the American flag, and I threw in the stars gratis. Fetched blood every time," gurgled Rick with cheerful exaggeration. "Still, I'm alive an' kicking."

"I hate Cruden; he is a brute beast," almost screamed Malet.

"He's anything you like, old man," said young Wormald soothingly, looking at his chum with a puzzled air. "Didn't know you felt that bad."

But Malet was not to be drawn off his anger by any Wormaldian red-herring. He curled up in his chair, and frothed and mouthed over the name of Cruden until Rick got tired. "There's my Afghan dagger under that raffle"—he pointed to their common table;—"go and seek out Cruden's black heart with it—or shut the door; the fellows will want to come up and join in the curses."

Now Malet *had* cast a good number of his failings during the three months he'd been at Eliza's, and he felt dimly that he was an improvement on the old pattern. He had started by hating Cruden with a sort of shrill, girlish hatred, had progressed into a sullen dislike, and then passed into toleration. But Jim's mistake roused every evil passion in his breast again: the intense hatred of a clever, coddled kid smarting under unjust punishment.

Rick got frankly tired of the sustained, white-hot diatribes. "Don't understand your locus, Ted, but if you want to hurt Jim very much," he said, with mild sarcasm, one day, "you have your chance. Cruden's heart's desire is to get the sports championship for Holden's—your house, by the way—and that practically depends on whether he can beat Burke, of Bult's, in the hundred. My tip is —as much laudanum in his brekker coffee as will make him sleep all sports' day I wouldn't try strychnine. Works too quick, and, besides, the corpses curl up like dried leaves. Jim with his heels in the back of his neck wouldn't be pretty. I'll be mum, of course, whatever happens."

Malet looked at Rick in a quick, sharp manner. It was half a minute before he replied, "There *are* other ways than hocussing, Rick."

"I'm an amateur, Ned, but in the name of Buddha, Mohammed, Carver, and the other saints, choose one and shut up. What did you do with my Smart's Horace?"

Jim Cruden's heart's desire *was* to win the championship for Holden's. He had called a meeting of the seniors, and they had grown as keen as he. Bultitude's was the only house they need fear. Jack Wantage, Cruden's chum, would get the two jumps, Rolle was a good hurdler, Hurst could do a smart quarter, and there was the Captain himself for the sprint and a second in the Two Miles. Holden's hopes centred in the first event, the Senior Hundred. Could Jim beat Rod Burke, the Bultitude flier?

"We'll do our best," said Cruden, "and if I can't do that we'll have a forlorn hope in the two miles."

"That's most forlorn," sighed Holden's in chorus. "Why, Jim Luttrell's training for record figures, with Martyn, for that."

"No, Jim," said Wantage. "Bult's have the Two Miles snug: you *must* pull off the sprint."

"Amen," said the chorus.

On the Friday night Edward Malet had persuaded himself that he could do a piece of dirty, dirty work. He went to Cruden's room to do it, and although Cowan's illustrations had been as clear as daylight, and Jim's shoes were corked and in their usual corner ready to hand, the fag couldn't do what he thought was in his heart. It was not from fear, either. When he held the pumps in his hand his better angel whispered him something insistently. "You can't do it, Teddy," was the chorus. Malet hesitated at least a minute, then he shied the shoes down and fled. Once out of the room the horror of what he had meant to do took him prisoner. Big drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. Malet truly thought revenge was a morsel for the gods alone.

He was sitting shivering before the warm study fire when Jim Cruden put his head in at the door. "Can I see you a minute, Malet?"

HE COULDN'T DO WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS IN HIS HEART.

Holden's captain had had a little conversation with Messieurs Anderson and Clarke, and they had enlightened him to a grievous error of judgment on his part. He talked to Malet for thirty minutes by the clock, and Malet had the privilege of seeing Jim Cruden in a blue funk—of remorse. Malet came back, and when Rick asked him if Cruden had ceased to struggle, Teddy said throatily, "Shut up, Rick—I've been a young fool."

"Carried unanimously," quoth Wormald, with a chuckle.

II.

THE morrow came in as jolly an April day as any Elizabethan could have chosen if he'd had the choice himself. After dinner the streams of fellows set in for the field, where the men had been busy since the morning marking the starts and take-offs, roping in the track, spacing the hurdles, flagging, putting up a tent or two as dressing-rooms, and planting the scoring boards.

The April sun, smiting you on the back with the genial warmth of an old friend, the school flag floating cheerfully in the breeze, the streamers rustling on their white poles at the starts, the living green of the turf, the blue and white in the sky, the women's and girls' dresses outlined clearly against the sober black and grey of Elizabethan garb, the cricket pavilion with its flights of snow-white seats, the whole scene ringed in by gaunt brown elms with the first flush of new leafage showing in the boughs, made up a picture which only England can show. The fellows on the ropes let slip a little of their Elizabethan calm as they weighed the merits and chances of their chums or house fellows, and their people listened to the oracle with the faith of those who went to Delphos of old. There were little knots of juniors guying each other across space, heated seconds when some pushing youngster attempted to *scrowge* another off some well-earned perch, and tense moments when polite fags, possibly twenty-six round the chest, offered their niches to mature dowagers. The crowd was thickly clustered round the finish flags, thinning out towards the start for the hundred, which, however, had its crowd, mostly youngsters, who anticipated the strained moment when the runners would crouch on the mark.

At an early period Wormald had taken his place on the ropes, not fifteen yards from the tape, with Malet, whose feelings were wonderfully changed concerning Cruden. Yesterday he would have given almost anything he had that Jim might miss what he longed for, the house championship, and now he found himself, teeth chattering, skin shivering from nervous excitement, lest his old hated enemy should lose it. How he had misjudged his man! He shut his eyes involuntarily as though he had seen an abyss yawning at his feet, when he thought of the crime he had conceived and all but perpetrated all but! Malet's young heart leapt with happiness at his escape.

"You'll see old Jim sailing in, Teddy, and chalking up first score for Holden's. Jim knows how much depends on the hundred. He must do it."

"Hope so," said Malet, with difficulty, thinking.

"Jove! you look hipped. Are you cold?"

The bell clanged out for the Senior Hundred, and Rick forgot in his intense expectation that his friend replied not.

Out from the tent came the runners—Burke in Bultitude's blue, Hemingway in Carver's pink, Martyn in Worsfold's livery, and, last, Jim Cruden. Every Elizabethan knew that the issue lay between Burke and Jim. Hemingway was running for a place, and Martyn merely regarded the sprint as a little striding muscle loosener for the mile. That clever Worsfoldian had theories of his own. Burke caught the eye of more than Jim. The Irishman moved with the perfection of easy grace, an exquisite ripple, as it were, from head to heel; he was built on perfect lines, thin, fine drawn, and sporting the pink of perfect health. Cruden had little of that lissom Celtic race, the *élan* of Roderick was wanting, but he moved easily and freely, and in some odd persistent fashion Jim Cruden's gait suggested a speed hidden in his long limbs. Roderick ran a few yards from the mark, a little scientific burst to see if all was right, then walked slowly back. The four Elizabethans settled themselves on the line, Burke and Cruden in the outside berths, there were two tense seconds of waiting, and then Lurgan's pistol cracked. There was a universal roar as the runners shot down the track. Burke had gained a couple of yards on the start, and Jim, feeling rather than seeing what had happened, sent his very soul into the effort to draw level, to gnaw into that terrible handicap, and inch by inch he lessened the gap, outrunning the Irishman, and dropping Martyn and Hemingway as though they were mere hacks. The school roared against each other, but neither Burke nor Cruden heard a sound. Jim had drawn level, and Burke summoned up the last iota of his strength to draw away. In vain; Cruden was a foot ahead.

Then, without the slightest warning, Cruden swerved across the track, one leg seemed to slither under him, and he shot full length under the ropes. He uttered a little, half-smothered, dolorous cry of pain, and rolled out of the race. Burke broke the tape—winner by six yards from Hemingway.

Cruden rolled at the feet of Malet, and clutched at his right shoe in agony. "Pull it off, youngster," said he. "I'm spiked."

Pale as death, Malet whipped out his knife, cut the lace, and drew off the shoe. Through the sole he saw a jag of steel, and a drop of blood fell out and trickled on his hand. He threw down the shoe in a paroxysm of horror. If he had done this thing!—This was the thing he had meant to do.

Jack Wantage shouldered his way without

HE SHOT FULL LENGTH UNDER THE ROPES.

ceremony through the press, and had his arm round his friend helping him out of the crowd almost before Malet had dropped the shoe. The foot dripped steadily

A chill silence fell on the field as Wantage and Martyn helped Jim to the tent. Lurgan hurried up and examined the shoe carefully. He whistled softly. "I've heard of such a thing," said he Rick heard the words, and in a queer instinctive way glanced at Malet. Teddy looked ghastly. A suspicion, faint, intangible, but persistent, entered Rick's head. His mind went back like lightning to Malet's stringings up and his outbreaks of hatred against Cruden. Rick looked at his chum again, and then, as the crowd thinned to see the jumps, he took hold of Ted by the arm and said, "Let's get out of this, old man."

Malet went with Rick as though he were in a dream, but young Wormald switched him into the world again. He stopped him dead, and looking him square, unflinchingly, honestly in the eyes, said, "Ted, had you anything to do with Cruden's accident?"

Malet almost felt his knees turn to water.

but his eyes did not leave the line a moment. "Thank God. No," he said, solemnly.

"I'm a young fool," said Rick, with a gasp of satisfaction, "and deserve to be kicked off the field."

"But, Rick," bubbled Malet, "though I know no more than you do why Cruden spiked himself, I had meant to do it. I knew the dodge."

"Dodge!" said Rick, wiping his mouth as though he had swallowed poison. "But you didn't do it, old man."

"No," said Malet steadily. "When the time came I couldn't."

"Rather not," said Wormald, grimly. "Eliza's doesn't breed dirty scoundrels. Lurgan said it was an accident."

"Rick, old fellow, what would I have done if I'd had a hand in it?" said Malet, ashen pale at the thought.

"I wouldn't have envied you, Teddy," said Rick, with a grim tightening of the lips. "A fellow can't always help his thoughts, but his deeds are his own. You've had a narrow squeak. Anyhow, Jim's rotten pumps have lost Holden's the championship. We're out of the hunt already. Not a mark."

As Malet saw Bultitude's figures go on the board, he felt ill.

The afternoon wore on. Jack Wantage secured both jumps for Holden's, Hurst ran second in the quarter, and Rolle did the same in the hurdles, and Friedland gained the house two useful marks by running fourth in The Mile. When the bell rang for the last race—the Two Miles—Bultitude's were leading four marks ahead of Holden's, who led Carver's by a modest couple. Luttrell would surely annex that and give Bultitude's a clear lift of a dozen points. Luttrell never had been beaten at the distance, and now, with Cruden crocked, the only fellow likely to extend him, the race was merely a promenade for him. Martyn could not stay the distance. Indeed, he might not even run except to oblige Luttrell, and cut out the pace for the first half. Luttrell wanted the school record to his name.

Within the dressing tent Jim Cruden had had an unhappy time. Wantage had passed him over to Martyn's care while he went for the jumps, and Martyn had done his best with cold water and a house cap. When the bleeding stopped Jim dressed, and too anxious for the success of Holden's to go home, and hating the shoals of sympathising inquiries he would have to endure if he went into the field too much, he kept in the tent. Unlike the Greeks, Holden's did not fare so badly when their Achilles was away. They won an unexpected half-dozen marks.

The long-drawn-out suspense of the two leading houses died away: Bultitude's was champion house already. Luttrell's two mile score would only make it more emphatic. Wantage came in to dress, putting a cheerful face upon his house's misfortunes. "They're two up, Jim. All is lost, save honour."

"Honour," echoed Martyn, tightening his shoes. "Rather! Bult's are in luck's way today. I'm merely turning out now to show Jim round, for he's terribly keen about the time. There's the bell."

As Martyn moved to the opening, the ghastly ill-luck of it all took Cruden by the throat. The last, last chance of the house was going. He started off the table where he had been despairingly swinging a leg, moved by a frantic desire to save the game even at the last gasp. "One minute, Fred. I'm going with you."

Both Wantage and Martyn said something quite different; each meant the same. Yet this is strange. Their savage protest ended with what they said then. One glance at Jim told them that Holden's captain had formed a resolution at that moment, and that neither prayers nor entreaties would move him one hair's breadth. As he threw off his coat he seemed resolution incarnate. Martyn looked at Wantage in blank stupefaction, and then said, in an odd, flat voice, "All right. I'll wait."

"I'll have your shoes, Jack," said Cruden. Wantage handed them over without a word.

A curious little silence took hold of the crowd when first it caught sight of Cruden coming out in Holden's scarlet and blue. Then there arose a burst of cheering, a universal yell as though pandemonium fringed the ropes and harboured on the school sward. Fellows and people who were moving off came pelting back cheering wildly when they knew, and Holden himself slipped under the ropes and shuffled off excitedly to the start.

"Your foot, Cruden!" he exclaimed.

"Think it will last, sir. I want to run, sir."

Cruden barely heard what Holden said for the roar. Jim smiled quietly. "We have an outside chance, sir. Please don't insist."

Luttrell shook hands with Jim, the genuine

light of joy in his eyes. "Looked forward to this for an age, Cruden. Dead sorry we don't start fair, you know."

"Thanks. I'll try and help you to some fine figures."

As the trio settled on the line Martyn howled cheerfully, "Don't let Jim in front of you, Cruden. The man in front always wins." Luttrell laughed honestly. "Fred's tip is my handicap. We're level now, Jim."

Lurgan's voice said distinctly, "Are you ready? Go." And the three Elizabethans swayed forward on the word.

Martyn made the pace a cracker, and Cruden and Luttrell strung after him a yard apart. As the runners hurried past the flags the crowd gathered yelled—and Elizabethans only yell on occasions—Bultitude's calling fully upon Luttrell, and the rest of Eliza's wildly upon Cruden, the man who stood no chance. The trio went by, faces strained and set, as though they heard them not. Never was a race run at Eliza's into which so much dramatic interest entered. Carver himself and the older beaks who had seen so many Two Miles run sent their minds back to the old times to discover parallels, and found not one.

Luttrell was a strong, powerful runner, with an odd, pounding, hen-toed shuffle—his action was without a glimmer of grace, but disguised the pace he undoubtedly possessed. He had the lungs of a bull of Bashan, and the strength to grind out a second mile almost as quickly as the first. As an addition to his natural qualities as a distance runner, Luttrell had the incentive of trying to set up new figures for the Two Miles, and the knowledge that if he were beaten his house lost the championship. Moreover, he was trained—yes, to a hair—for the event.

Cruden was a speedier runner than Luttrell, but could he last? Would his injured foot prove too heavy a handicap? Would Jim's grim pluck make up for the handicap of a torn foot?

Martyn at the second lap shook off Luttrell, but Cruden hung on to his heels. The Worsfoldian and Holdenian went on stride for stride as though they ran tandem, and Luttrell, grimly pursuing, lurched heavily on after them, a distinct rear. Yard by yard Martyn and his haunting ghost widened the gap, and when the mile was lapped Bultitude's hope was two score yards in the rear. His house urged him on frantically, "Cut him down, Jim," "Hang on 'em, Jim," "Don't let 'em steal a lead," "Buck up, old man!"

But Luttrell heeded not a word. Sure of himself, he never quickened his hurried shuffle, but lurched onwards steadily and inevitably as Time. Martyn dropped out when the third lap had been run, and left the stage clear for his friends. When he turned off, run out, Cruden felt as though some familiar piece of furniture had been moved from his sight: Martyn's disappearance discomposed him a little, he broke step, and glanced round. The sight of Luttrell, grim as death, moving behind him steadied him in a moment, and he ran on again easily and smoothly as the Cornishman might when she has rattled over Slough points.

As the bell announced the last lap, Cruden felt the heartache of knowing that his strength was failing him. As he went past the flags his mind thought with horror of what another lap would mean. Already his limbs felt numb from the knees upward. One foot was as hot as fire, his heart knocked against his ribs as though struggling to get out, and his breath came in thin, sobbing gasps. The hot pacing of Martyn told its tale: nature began to fly the flag of distress. Cruden knew what it meant, and with a species of fierce anger against himself he forced himself to struggle on. Slowly, but surely, Luttrell stole up: the forty yards were cut down to thirty, thirty to twenty, twenty to fifteen. Never, never had Eliza's seen such a race. Bultitude's howled as though Luttrell couldn't fail if they could only shout, and the rest of Eliza's rolled out its faith in Jim. As the pair entered the straight for the run in, Cruden's gait had dropped into a straggling shamble, but Luttrell was stealing up upon him, his odd shuffle not changing an iota. Fifty yards from home, when Luttrell was barely five yards behind, Cruden was "all out." He seemed as though he couldn't see, he looked as though he would pitch headlong on the track, he staggered rather than ran. In plain English, Cruden was fainting as he went. The school saw that something was the matter, and the roar died down as though by magic. They saw that Nature had sent in her resignation.

Then a strange thing happened. Eliza's saw a lad, pale as death, his eyes blazing with excitement, heave up a bucket of water and drench the swooning runner from hair to heel. For a second Cruden seemed to stand swaying in the track from the shock; then, as though galvanised into new life, he picked himself up exactly as a sprinter does from a crouching start, and ran for the tape. He actually

ran. Luttrell closed on him in desperation. Inch by inch he ran him down. Amidst a roar which beggars description, Cruden fell over the tape a winner by a bare yard.

Holden's were *en fête* that night as became cock-house, and Cruden made a modest little speech. "I did not win that race. Young Malet, who doused me with water when I was going blind, won it. Well shied, young 'un."

If Malet will make a hundred at Lord's he may hear such another cheer for his own especial benefit, but unless he does *that* I don't think he ever will.

SCOTCH FIRE.
From the drawing by Alfred Parsons.

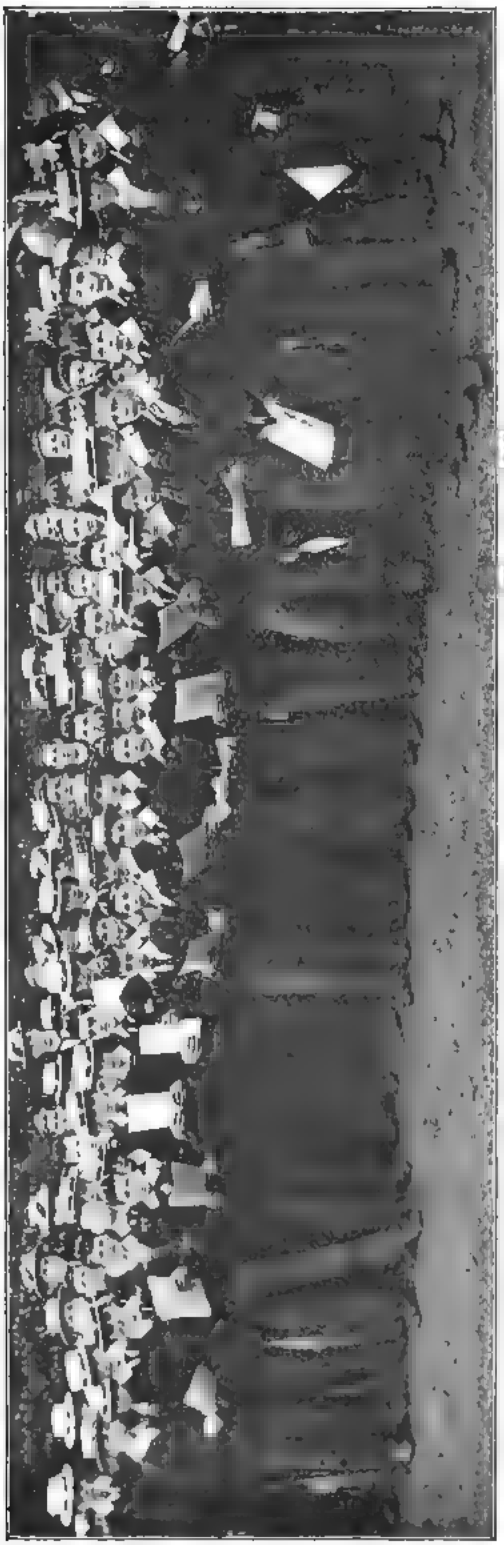
COULD the shades of the departed revisit their bygone haunts, not a little would the ghost of the worthy Edward Alleyn, actor-musician—impresario—bear-baiter—dog-dealer—money-lender—land-agent—church warden in the reign of King James I., marvel at the 600 and more Alleynians of to-day who have succeeded the "men-children" of Dulwich, whom—with sundry "towne" or "foreign scholars"—it was his benevolent aim to educate. Scarcely less would be his wonder at the handsome red pile of buildings (familiar to travellers by rail through Dulwich) which forms the modern home of his "College of God's Gift." *Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis*: though, truth to tell, it is only within the last fifty years that the pious player's foundation has been affected by those changes which are inevitably wrought by progress.

THE MASTER OF DULWICH, A. H. GILKES, ESQ., M.A.,

Among public schools, Dulwich College holds a position peculiarly her own—unique, in fact. Her nearest parallel is, perhaps, Highgate School, which stands in a similar position, on the northern fringe of London, to that occupied by Dulwich on the south. Both date from nearly the same period (Highgate was founded in 1565, and Dulwich in 1619), and in the histories of either there are several points of similarity. Both likewise are composed of day-boys and boarders intermingled. Dulwich, however, is twice the size of Highgate, and has probably a more corporate existence. It is, indeed, this corporate existence, so difficult of attainment in a school where day-boys largely preponderate, that is the most striking feature of Dulwich life. Many causes, no doubt, contribute to it, but of these the chief seems to be the thoroughness of the games system, for by few means can *esprit de corps* be better fostered than by games. And since our avowed intention in these articles is to present, so far as the exigencies of space will permit, a picture of the living organism of to-day, rather than a skeleton constructed of the dead bones of the past, we offer no excuse for making at once for that centre of public school social life, the playing-field.

That games are compulsory at Dulwich goes without saying. But the efficiency of the games system, with the excellent results it produces, it not obtained merely by obliging all boys not medically exempt to play. Rather is it due to carefully planned and well carried out organisation. Take football, for instance. On the first morning of term, each form-master makes out a list of boys qualified to play. Those only who may be certified as unfit by medical authority, or whose parents are conscientious objectors, are omitted. These lists are handed in to the Captain of Football, who then proceeds to call a meeting of his game-captains. These latter play a part of not a little importance in the social scheme of Dulwich. They are, in fact, the monitors of the playing-field, and, as such, possess no small influence upon the school life. In their hands and the prefects' rests primarily the discipline of the school, and to their influence for good is due the establishment of that corporate existence which we have noted as so characteristic and admirable a feature of Dulwich life.

The game-captains are always members of last



FOUNDER'S DAY AT THE COLLEGE.—MUSIC BY THE CHOIR AT THE GARDEN PARTY.

year's First XV., or the most prominent of last year's Second XV. At the preliminary meeting they discuss with the Captain the lists received from the form-masters. The various names are sorted out, and assigned to different games, and the result of their labours is then posted on the notice boards in readiness for the first half-holiday. Mistakes occasionally arise through ignorance of newcomers' capabilities, but these are easily rectified after the initial game. On Tuesday and Friday mornings, the game-captains put up the lists for the following afternoons. At 2 o'clock on the Wednesday or Saturday afternoon, they call over the names on the ground, and make a note of the absentees. In the game itself they act theoretically as referee, but in practice as a coach to the players. Any attempt at "ragging" is thus suppressed at once, and promising talent is quickly discovered and promoted. On days when there is a First XV. match, games are over by 3.5, when the luckless game-captain has forthwith (unless the opponents are a school team, when he is relieved of his earlier duties), to line up fresh and smiling, and play his hardest for the credit of the College. Besides the ordinary games on half-holidays, there are inter-form, inter-house, and inter-side cup matches, of which the inter-house series is fought out with the utmost keenness. Consequently, there is no lack of occupation for the most ardently athletic.

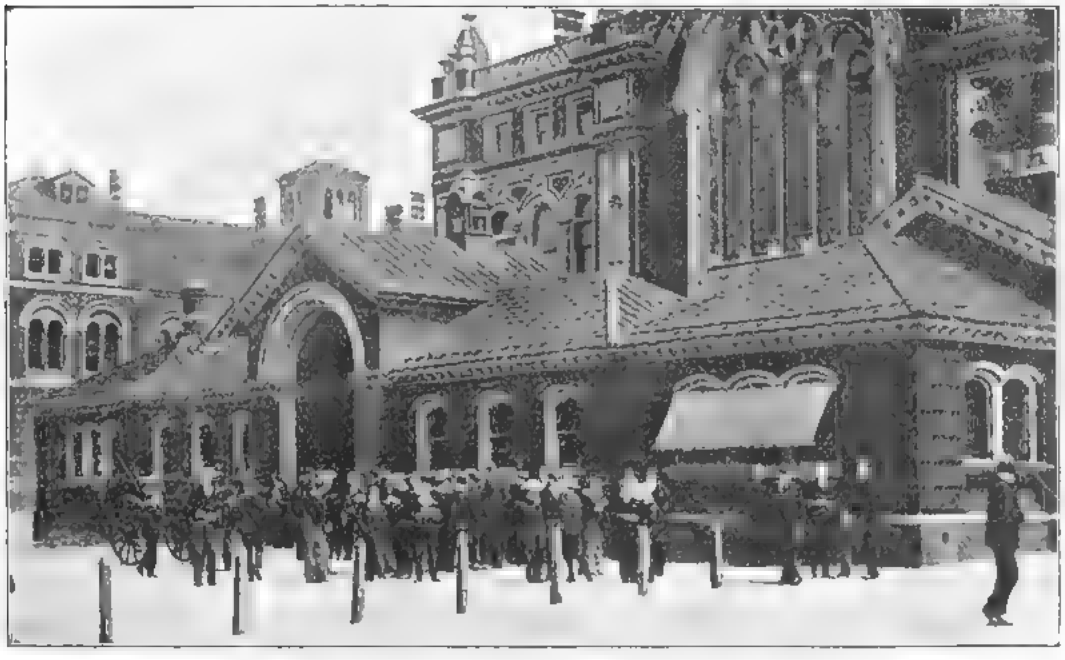
In no small degree Dulwich owes her thoroughness in matters athletic to the exertions of one man. Previous to 1896, there had never been more than two XV.'s worthy to be counted as such. Third XV. colours were given, it is true, but they were distinctions of an honorary rather than a substantial nature. There then arose a giant in the land, one W. D. Gibbon, a hardy Scot, Captain of Football, and a born leader of men to boot. Not only did he transform the honorary Third XV. into a living, working team, with a match card of its own, but he instituted a Fourth XV. as well. Likewise, he revolutionised the training of the teams; formerly only the First XV. had made any pretence at systematic preparation, and they but half-heartedly. Gibbon altered all that; and not only organised regular practices in running, passing and scrummaging, with occasional "grinds" round the College grounds, but introduced a course of systematic, physical training, which included dumb-bell swinging to the music of the band. Under such a leader, Alleynians woke up. In the first year of the new *régime*, Bedford Grammar's long succession of victories was broken, and so lasting has been the enthusiasm aroused by Gibbon's precept and example, that to-day Dulwich can put no less than eight XV.'s—organised teams, not mere

scratch mobs—into the field at once. The debt which Dulwich owes to Gibbon, socially as well as athletically, it would be hard to reckon.

Cricket is organised on similar lines to football. The principal school matches are against Tonbridge, Bedford, and St. Paul's in both football and cricket. Haileybury is met only at football, while at cricket there is also a match against Brighton College. Of Old Alleynians distinguished in the athletic world there are many. Such names as M. P. Bowden, W. G. Wyld, the Douglas brothers (A.P., R.N., and J.), W. R. M. Leake, G. Jordan, and C. M. Wells, speak for themselves. Messrs. W. R. M. Leake and J. Douglas still preserve, in their present capacity as masters, an unsevered connection with the College; and how Dulwich would fare without their aid and interest, Alleynians do not like to conjecture. Mr. Leake, indeed, has been described in the present writer's hearing as "Dulwich personified," so closely is his name associated with the school and all that appertains thereto.

Turn we, for a space, to a day in the life of an Alleynian, perhaps the simplest way of describing the ordinary incidents of the school life. Roll-call is taken in the form-room at 9 o'clock, and the school then assembles in Great Hall for prayers, the prefects reading the lessons. Morning school proper begins at 9.15, and lasts for an hour and a half. From 10.45 to 11 o'clock comes the interval, during which the school adjourns for buns at the Buttery, by which dignified title the school tuck-shop is known. For the hard-worked game-captains, however, buns must come second to duty, and for them the interval is first of all an opportunity to collect fines from absentees on previous half-holidays. Standing at the foot of the stairs in senior block, they levy toll upon the passers-by, defaulters being mulcted in the sum of 6d. for each offence. From 11 o'clock, morning school continues until 12.30, when the dinner hour begins. Boarders return to their houses for lunch, and those day-boys who live within reasonable distance likewise depart homewards. The rest are provided for in Great Hall. Since afternoon school, however, does not begin till 2 o'clock, there is ample time for other recreation than that of satisfying the inner boy. On Mondays (when afternoon school is postponed till 2.15) there are drills for the rifle corps, while fencing, Morris-tube practice, fives, or casual net-practice, are always obtainable.

As the hour of two approaches, the broad stretch of gravel that flanks the school buildings on the playing field side presents a lively appearance. Alleynians of all ages and sizes assemble in rapidly increasing numbers, constantly augmented by a continuous stream of fresh arrivals, many on bicycles, which are stored in a convenient



BUNS AT THE BUTTERY.—THE INTERVAL DURING MORNING SCHOOL.

ALLEYNIAN MARKSMEN.—THE SHOOTING VIII. WHICH WON THE ASHBURTON SHIELD AT BISLEY IN 1900. SERGT. CARPMAEL, WHO WON THE SPENCER CUP, WEARS A WHITE HAT.

"cycle stable" close by. Five minutes before the hour, the tolling of the bell warns the laggards to hurry. A general movement towards the form-rooms bestirs the whole throng; and ere the second stroke of the chime has sounded, the scene, a moment ago so animated, is entirely deserted.

Afternoon school lasts for a couple of hours. At four o'clock, the majority of the boys wend their way homewards by train, bicycle, or on foot. There are frequently, however, form matches to be played, and in summer there are net practices. Lock-up for boarders is a moveable feast, varying from five o'clock in winter to 6.45 in the summer. "Prep." for boarders (from which house prefects are exempt) takes place in Great Hall from 7.15 to 9.15, "lights out" being timed for an hour later. Of what happens on half-holidays some account has already been given. Roll-call for boarders takes place at four o'clock, after which your Alleynian will, in all probability, stroll townwards, either for tea at French's—a social function of much importance—or to cater for his literary requirements at the station bookstall. On Sundays, boarders attend service at eleven o'clock in the Old Chapel, which maintains a link with the earlier buildings of the College. Roll-call is taken at four, and lectures are given until five. A second chapel is kept at 6.30.

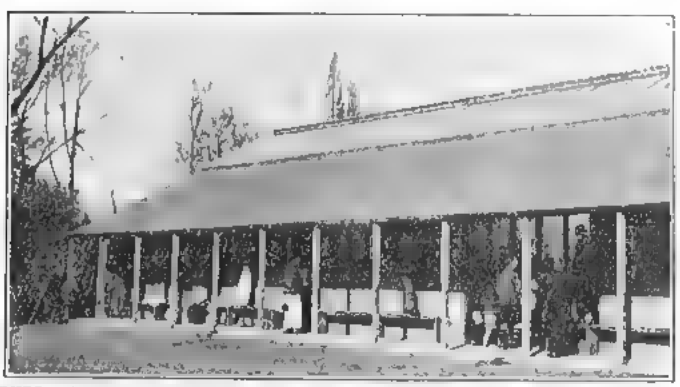
"BOBS" AT DULWICH.
EARL ROBERTS TALKING TO THE MASTER.

Of *dies festi*, the most important is Founder's Day, celebrated on the Saturday nearest to June 21st, the anniversary of the day on which the Charter of the College first passed the Great Seal. Cricket matches against teams of O.A.'s occupy the morning till lunch. In the afternoon come the speeches, English, French, German, and Greek, the latter, from

Aristophanes, being performed in costume. Formerly, the Dulwich play used to be an annual event of great importance, and was always attended, being diligently rehearsed, and most carefully staged, by success worthy of the traditions of the College's actor-founder. But it took up a great deal of time, and was discontinued in favour of "Speeches" of the usual type, some fifteen or so years ago. After the speeches comes roll-call, followed by a garden party in the Master's garden, where the guests are entertained with music by the choir, who are rewarded in the evening for their vocal labours by a Choir Supper.

A PARADE OF THE RIFLE CORPS.

On St Luke's Day occurs another festive function, especially interesting in that it helps to keep up the connection between Dulwich old and new. The occasion is the luncheon and garden party given to the President of the Royal Academy, and other notable guests, by the Governors, at the old College buildings, to which the prefects are officially invited. In the spring and winter terms, a mid-term service is held on the Thursday before mid-term, which lasts from ten o'clock till half-past eleven, and is followed by an address from the Master, the rest of the day being a holiday. Concerts are held on the last day of the summer term and during the winter term, and the boarders have house suppers at breaking-up time in summer and winter.



FIVES.—THE COURTS OCCUPIED BETWEEN MORNING AND AFTERNOON SCHOOL.

To return once more to Dulwich athletics. Fives has already been alluded to in passing. The game serves as an excellent adjunct to football, and during the winter terms the courts are generally fully occupied. In summer, the swimming bath offers great attractions, and, as a rival to cricket, proves somewhat of a thorn in the weary side of the harassed game-captain. At the end of the summer term swimming sports are held, after which the bath is boarded over, and transformed into an annexe to the gymnasium, being particularly useful for the performance of free gymnastics. The gymnasium, as an institution, is extremely well managed, and is taken very seriously. Classes are held every day, and a place in the VI. is only to be attained by genuine merit. To the truth of this, the exceptionally good displays given by the Dulwich gymnasts in the public school competitions at Aldershot, of recent years, is sufficient testimony. Matches are contested against Haileybury, St. Paul's, and Oxford University, and at the end of the winter term an assault-at-

THE CORPS BAND.

arms is held. At the end of the Spring term come the Athletic Sports, on much the usual lines, save that perhaps rather more sporting events, such as steeplechases, tugs-of-war, etc., are included than generally figure on a public school programme.

J. DOUGLAS, ESQ., O.A.

Lastly, we come to the Rifle Corps, at present commanded by Captain W. R. M. Leake, under whom it has attained an excellent state of efficiency. Not so smart on parade as some cadet corps we could name, the Dulwich Corps can yet hold its own in general usefulness, and is a familiar feature of the big Aldershot field days, as well as of sundry other smaller manœuvres. In shooting the corps can do more than hold its own. Did not the Shooting VIII at Bisley, three years ago, carry off both the Ashburton Shield and Spencer Cup? At the last two meetings, also, the Dulwich score has been well up in the final list, and we shall look with interest for what this coming July may bring forth. The corps is attached to the First Surrey Rifles, and wears a uniform of black (or green, as the official mind loves to call it) with red facings.

Of Dulwich within-doors, there is not a great deal to be said. A word, however, must be given to the splendid pile of buildings in which the school is domiciled. Opened in 1870 by his present Majesty, they may yet be taken, in a sense, as coëval with the foundation of modern Dulwich; for only since 1857, when the Charity Commissioners stepped in with a scheme which effectually ended the abuses to which, for nearly 250 years, the foundation of the pious Alleyn had been subjected, has the real history of Dulwich College as a public school begun. Of a rich red colour, relieved by a profusion of white stone, the three blocks—senior, centre, and junior—connected by covered cloisters, present a strikingly handsome appearance, not a little enhanced by the level stretch of greensward which lies spread beyond them.

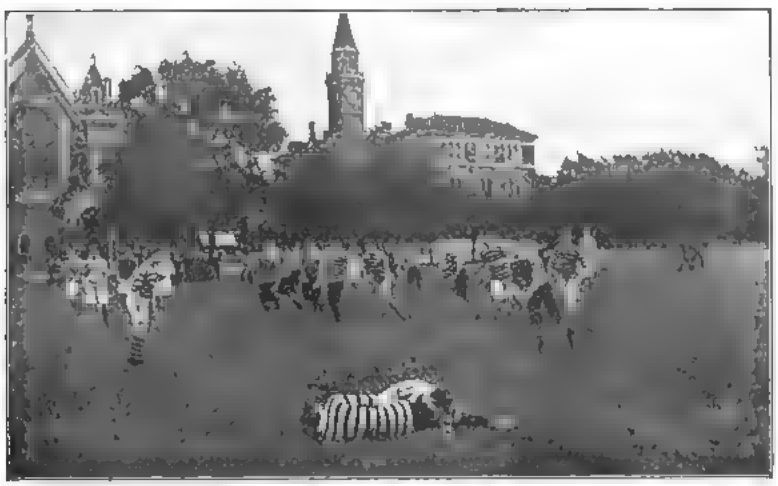
Among the earlier buildings, mention must be made of the famous Dulwich Picture Gallery. The collections, bequeathed by Sir Peter Bourgeois to the College in 1810, was formed by one Desenfans, a dealer, as the nucleus of a national gallery at Warsaw. It is rich in Cuyps, Murillos, and Gainsboroughs, and the works of many another celebrated painter. Here Ruskin studied and Kingsley wrote; and surely here, if at all, should be awakened the latent spirit of genius. How far the

ATHLETIC SPORTS AT DULWICH.—A TUG-OF-WAR.

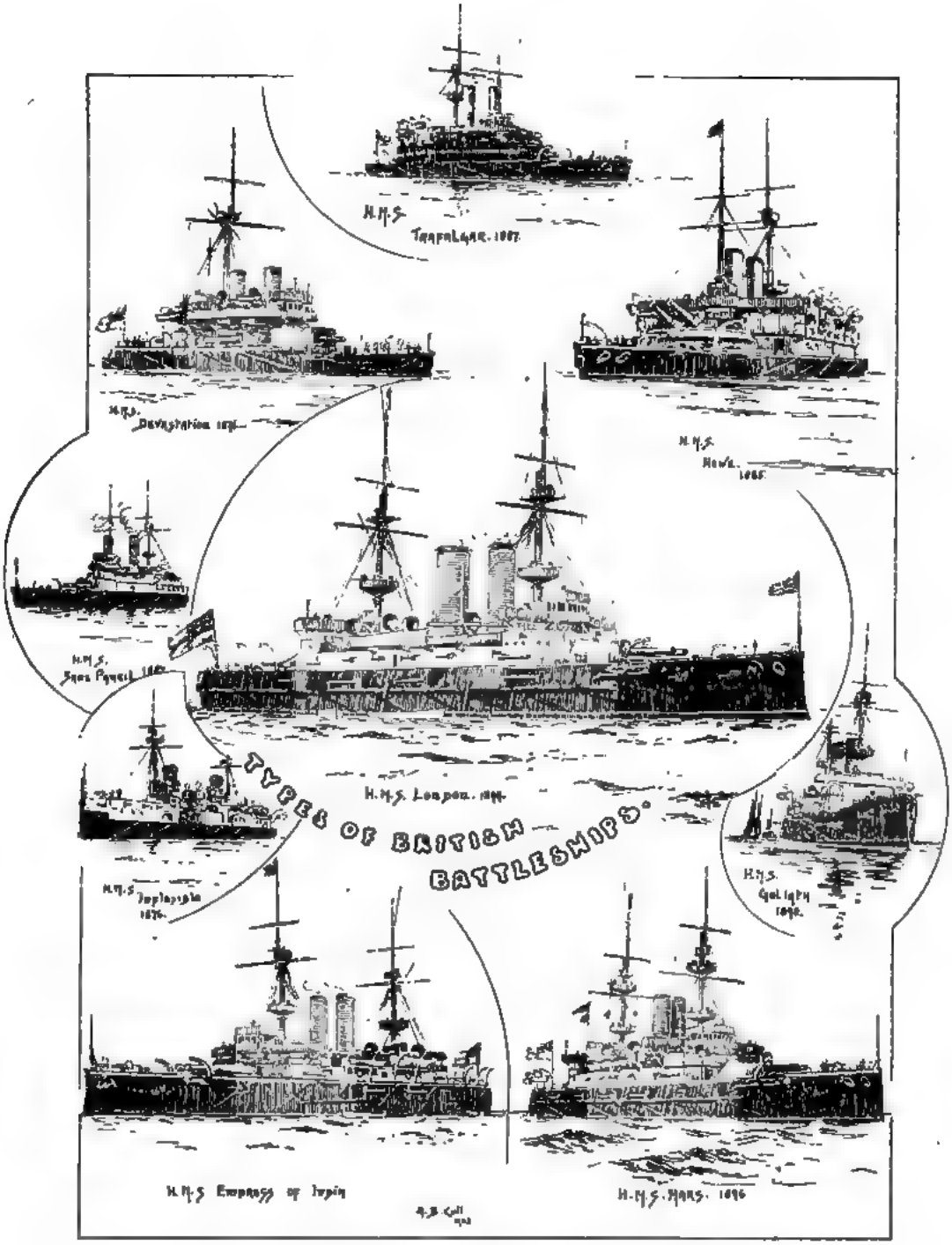
gallery can be said to exercise an æsthetic influence upon the College, it is hard to decide. Certain it is, however, that in the domain of art—*terra incognita*, it may be observed, to most public schools—among Old Boys, Alleynians come easily first. Musical also is Dulwich. Besides the choir, there is an orchestra and a brass band. Enthusiasts all are the members of these associations, and excellent are the concerts they give twice a year. For the bookworm (*rara avis*), or for his more rational (but scarcely less rare) brother, the boy whose devotion to things athletic has not entirely smothered his appreciation of more refined pleasures, there is the well-stocked library; for the camera fiend, there is the Photographic Society; while for the earnest enquirer into the mysteries of nature there is the Scientific Society, under whose auspices papers are read at frequent intervals. Nor must *The Alleynian* be forgotten—a magazine which not only chronicles the news of the school, but offers to the chosen of the Muses such a means to fame as should kindle into a blaze the smouldering embers of the divine fire. Lastly, there is the College Mission, of interest common to all, the object of which is to educate and start in life destitute and orphan boys, and in the good work of which Alleynians join together whole-heartedly.

A STEEPLECHASE AT DULWICH.

In a brief article such as this, it is impossible to give a close description of the life of a school. It must suffice if the details be left, and a suggestion conveyed of the main principles actuating that life. To that corporate existence, so characteristic of Dulwich, and so remarkable in a school composed mainly of day-boys, allusion has already been made. There is, however, a something else yet more difficult to describe—an energy, an enthusiasm, a determination to succeed, which seems to infect everything that the school undertakes. Of what the College *has* done, her extraordinary progress, unparalleled in the records of the public schools, from what may be fairly termed her modern foundation in 1857 to the present time, is sufficient illustration; of what she *may* do, the future will alone tell us. Dulwich, in short, to use a colloquialism, *means business*, and, as a powerful force in the educational world, she will have increasingly to be reckoned with. "Alleynians," once observed a close observer of public school life to the present writer, "are the Yankees of the public schools." The remark intended no offence, and epitomises what we have been endeavouring to make clear.

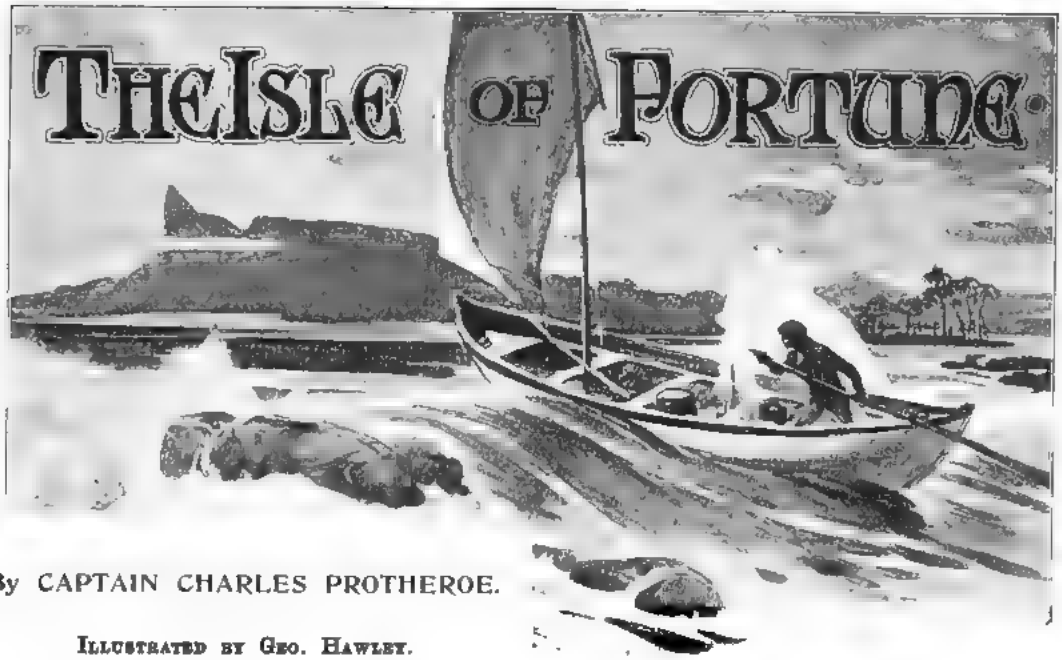


RUGBY AT DULWICH COLLEGE.



Drawn for "The Captain" by A. B. Cull.

THE ISLE OF FORTUNE.



By CAPTAIN CHARLES PROTHEROE.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEO. HAWLEY.

JIM HARVEY ships as mate of the *Aurora*, of which the notorious "Bully" Harker is skipper. A word and a blow is Jim's character. He is no respecter of persons, as "Bully" Harker learnt to his great discomfiture soon after setting sail. Thenceforth Harker watches him with a malignant eye. One of the crew, Tom Nichols, relates the story of the strange disappearance in the Solomons of Jim's predecessor, who was given out by Harker as kidnapped by natives. Rather than fall a victim to Harker's hate, Jim leaves the ship one night in an open boat, and drifts in the direction of New Guinea. He reaches an island, and establishes himself in great authority with the natives, because he drove off some of their belligerent neighbours with the aid of his rifle. The island chief makes friends with him, but he incurs the jealousy of Gawana, a native, who was in love with the old chief's daughter, and this nearly cost him his life. One day, whilst walking in the woods, Jim Harvey hears mysterious footsteps behind him. He hides himself, and Gawana appears.

CHAPTER VII.

"THOU SHALT DO NO MURDER."

HE seemed puzzled that the sound he was following had so suddenly ceased, and put his ear close to the ground and then stole on a few paces to do the same thing again. His motions gave me a creepy feeling, and reminded one of a sleek cat bent on stalking some unwary bird.

From where I was hidden I could see his every movement, and to shoot him would have been the easiest matter in the world. More than once I was within an ace of pressing the trigger, and releasing a messenger of death that would have placed it beyond his power for ever to undertake another such expedition.

That I didn't do so was due to a little reflection, causing me to remember that I was to blame for working on his jealousy, and although this was a treacherous and contemptible way of squaring the difference, it was perfectly legitimate to his understanding. So he passed along on a fruitless errand, little knowing that for a full minute I held him at the end of my gun, or that for the best part of that space of time he hovered between life and death.

I am glad now I spared him, for surely it can't be a pleasant reflection, as you grow older, to know you have blood on your hands, no matter whose or how it came there. I let him go, as I say, but I carried my gun nice and handy, and paused many a time before I reached the village again to look behind me in order to see that he wasn't following.

I mentioned the matter to Oobona the next time I saw her. She shewed her white teeth in a smile, and said in her own liquid language, which I was beginning to understand fairly well, "He must be a fool."

"How's that?" said I, having a lively recollection that I, and not Gawana, had very nearly furnished the article she spoke about.

"Because," she answered, "all the other people know well enough that it is impossible to kill you by violence, or why didn't it happen when the enemy came from the big land? Gawana over-

turned your canoe the other day, thinking he could easily spear you while in the water. I didn't say anything about that, for, of course, I knew better. Then he gave you the poisonous fish. I wasn't so sure about those, which is the reason I threw them into the sea. That's why he's a fool," and she laughed again.

"Of course, he must be," I answered, airily, not inclined to give myself away, although having perfect confidence in her but remembering that Samson had come to grief through imparting his weakness to a woman.

Here was an eye-opener. The capsizing of the canoe was not an accident after all, and but for my holding the revolver up to keep it dry, in all probability he would have succeeded in his object. Seeing me facing him with the firearm in my hand, his guilty conscience suggested that I had found him out, and was prepared to give a good account of myself, explaining the curious expression I had seen on his face, and his hasty flight ashore. Finding as time went by that I took no steps to punish him, he saw that he must have been mistaken, and finding how the land lay, plucked up courage and presented the poisonous fish to me, and that I hadn't eaten them was due to the chance arrival of Oobona. Now, he was silently stalking me through the bush.

When I saw everything so plainly staring me in the face, I could have kicked myself for an ass (which is mostly the way) for not being able to see all this before. I began to think that the gentleman in question was as hard as the veritable article (teak-wood) after which his parents had named him. He was not the fool Oobona took him to be, but simply wiser than his generation, for although the others might think me invulnerable, he took nothing for granted, but goaded by his jealousy had determined to prove it. I had a little opinion of my own on the matter, too, and knew I could not stand the test he contemplated the thrust of a spear with a good muscular native behind it.

I didn't get any great amount of sleep that night, for I was thinking over all Oobona had told me. Three attempts on my life in little over a week struck me as a rather high percentage and certainly more excitement than I had need for. I began to see I hadn't taken Gawana seriously enough, and that it was only a question of time for such a persevering young man to get the chance he was looking for. Then he would hang my skull on his house as a memento of his shrewdness, to be laughed and scoffed at as a fraud for the remainder of his existence every time he had need of a little amusement. But I had no desire for my skull to be treated in that manner.

The idea the natives had that I was not amenable to bodily harm was a danger in itself. They did nothing that otherwise they might have done to check the designs Gawana harboured against me, which they regarded as futile, and him half-witted to attempt them.

Had it been a question of his life or mine, and no other way out of it, there need have been no hesitation in the matter, for in that case I would have taken his willingly. But was it so? That was the question which troubled me and kept me sleepless.

A brutal skipper once told me I had no idea of handling natives.

"Perhaps not," said I, looking him squarely in the face, "and if your idea is the correct one I have no wish to."

As it was, I literally held Gawana in my hand, for all I had to do was to take up my gun, sally forth, and the matter need trouble me no longer.

Although I said this to myself, in my heart I was not quite so sure of it, remembering an incident that once happened to me.

I had gone ashore on a small island to replenish our larder by doing a bit of shooting. I was bare-footed, for we don't affect boots much in the "Islands," but on this occasion it wasn't long before I wished I had got inside a pair. The place was nearly all swamp, and fairly alive with mosquitoes, which scenting something out of their usual fare, attacked me in thousands.

I was glad to bury my feet in the sand to protect them, but so savage were those little pests that I was bitten even through my thin clothing until I was as angry as possible. Just at that time a bird flew overhead. I saw what it was—a black cockatoo, quite unfit for food; for no sane man would eat one, providing he had a nice old sea-boot handy.

I was in a mood to vent my anger on anything, so brought the gun to my shoulder and let drive at him.

Down he came within twenty feet from where I stood, a wing broken, and, looking at me from where he lay helpless, with eyes I didn't forget for many a day, he set up a most pitiful cry, for all the world like the wailing of a child.

I forgot all about the mosquitoes, and gave them the chance of a fine meal as I removed my feet and hurried in the direction of the bird. The look in its eyes and the plaintive cry made me feel real bad until at last I wrung its neck and put it out of misery, but, I tell you straight, I would have given anything I possessed to give back that bird its life again.

Was it weakness? Well, I don't know. If mercy is weakness, perhaps it was; for my part, I was rather proud of it.

Just now the affair was much more serious. A man's life hung in the balance.

For the best part of that night, all that was bad in my nature, and all that was good, kept up a see-saw kind of argument, first one and then the other being in the ascendancy.

"Go out and settle it," said the worse part; "the man's life is forfeit, and, if you don't, possibly he will have yours."

"What!" said the other, "descend to the level of a savage, and prove yourself no better than this benighted native? Is that all your boasted civilisation is good for, and have you already forgotten the lesson learned as a boy, 'thou shalt not kill'?"

I couldn't shake that little sentence off; it clung to me and sang in my head.

"Confound it!" I cried, irritably, jumping up from where I lay, and pacing up and down the limited space at my disposal, "anyone would think I was premeditating murder."

"Call it what you like," said my better self, "but that's what it amounts to in spite of what you may say to the contrary. What are you doing here, anyhow? Are you going to stop for ever and take root? If that is not your intention, then up stick, my lad, and clear out of it before you do something you'll be sorry for."

A light broke in upon me. Of course, that was the way out of it, and I wondered I hadn't thought of it before. I then and there determined to leave the island as soon as possible, having already tarried too long, and besides, I was frightened—frightened that, should Gawana try any more of his tricks, I might be tempted in a moment of passion to take from him what no human power could restore.

It didn't require much effort on my part to leave the place, for I had promised myself to do so each morning for the last fortnight, and yet had lingered day by day, until I was about full of it. The music of wind in the palm trees and the murmur of the reef are all very well for a time, but even they are apt to grow monotonous if you have nothing else to do but listen to them, and they were beginning to pall on me. I began to crave for the murmur of traffic in the streets, and the sweetest music I could think of —the hum of civilisation.

Before daylight I had mapped out all necessary plans of how I should leave the island without more delay, and try to reach Cookland. In the way of provisioning for the trip, I saw no great difficulty. Yams (a vegetable like a gigantic potato) were plentiful, and fish simply abounded everywhere. The latter, if dried, would keep for months, and, in addition to the yams, would furnish a diet not to be sneezed at even in the best of times.

First of all catch your fish, and this I preferred to do on some other island, for choice uninhabited, and where both Gawana and myself would be out of the reach of temptation.

I took the old chief into my confidence, and told him what was required.

"Dim dim Bada" (white master) said he, pointing to the north'ard, "in that direction lie many small islands. Take me with you, and I will show you the best of them."

"How about Oobona?" said I.

"She must come also," he answered.

I was inclined to object to this, for I saw no points in burdening myself with his family, but a little consideration showed me it would be a simple matter to land them later on Sanàroa, which I should have to pass on my way south again.

CHAPTER VIII.

I AM OFFERED A KINGDOM.

HAVING arranged matters thus satisfactorily, I quietly made preparations for leaving, and a night or two after, when all the village was asleep, with the aid of Oobona and her father, passed all my belongings into the boat. The moon was just showing above the horizon as I noiselessly hoisted the sail, which filled to the gentle breeze that blew off the land, and in half-an-hour we had left the Island of Sanaroa some distance behind us. At daylight we had opened out the end of Fergusson Island (named thus later), and the place we had left lay a good eight or ten miles astern.

"There lies the place I speak about," said the old chief, with a jerk of his head, indicating the north-west, where a patch of small islands was just becoming visible, "but they have not always been there."

"Oh!" said I, jocosely, "who dumped them down, then?"

"The Spirit of the Mountain," he replied, gravely, pointing to one of the peaks of Fergusson Island, which towered some six or seven thousand feet into the air. "It happened long ago, long even before my father's time. There were no small islands around here then, and Sanaroa was joined to the big land. The water in between which we have passed over, was at that time a garden where the people grew their food. It was a wonderful place. Yams grew to such a size in such a short time that, I've heard my father say, it sometimes took three men to carry a single yam away. Taro ripened in

seven suns, and on this ground everything that was planted flourished exceedingly.

"But the people grew indolent, because the food was so easily grown, and even neglected to do the little work required in the gardens.

"Finding they had so little to do, an evil spirit took possession of them, so, banding themselves together, they made war on their neighbours, carried off their property and wives, and hung the heads of the husbands in their houses. Now, the spirit that dwelt in the mountain was vexed at this, for he saw these people were not making the best use of the wonderful garden he had given them, but had turned their attention to lust and cruelty, and watered the land with blood.

"So he stirred himself from his home inside the mountain and rumbled, shaking the earth with his displeasure. The people were frightened, and fled, and did not return until the spirit was quiet, and had laid himself down again.

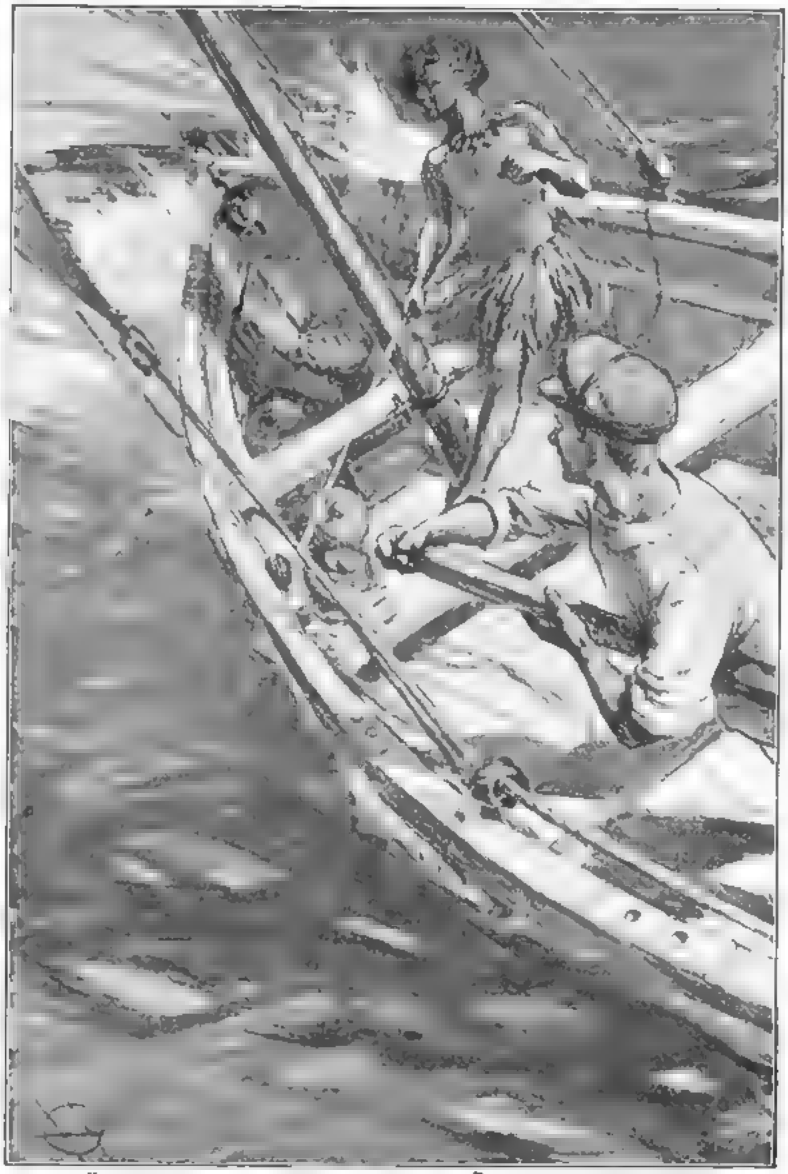
"For a time they gave up their evil ways and looked after the gardens, but by-and-by, when their fear was gone, returned once more to their wickedness.

"Seeing his warning was of no avail, the Spirit of the Mountain arose in his anger, and one night, when everybody was asleep, rained down fire and stones upon them, and rent the earth asunder.

"For three days darkness hung over the land and the sun hid his face, for he was angry also, having ripened the food for them.

"After a time the Spirit's wrath was appeased, and daylight returned again, but many of the people had been destroyed, and the face of the land was changed altogether. Their wonderful garden has disappeared, the Spirit having taken it away, but not wishing to lose it completely, had made it into little islands, and, in the place where it had once been, the sea rolled.

"Now the people have to cultivate the sides of the mountain (pointing to the land almost without a beach, that ran sheer into the ocean) where the food grows slowly and takes more of their time, which is what the spirit intended."



"THERE LIES THE PLACE I SPEAK ABOUT," SAID THE OLD CHIEF.

"A capital little yarn, and points a very good

moral," thought I. "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

I found afterwards that the peak he had pointed out on Fergusson Island was a so-called extinct volcano—that may slumber for hundreds of years and then break out with renewed activity. It had evidently been in eruption at some former time, and the description he had given me was a graceful piece of folk-lore handed down to account for the phenomenon.

By the time he had finished his tale, we had considerably lessened the distance between us and the islands which formed part of his story. From where we were, it looked as though one might spread a handkerchief over the whole of them, but on approach they proved to be some miles apart.

I steered for the largest, and, as we drew near, saw it was planted with a number of cocoanut trees a sure sign of habitation.

"There was a village on the island at one time," said the old man, "but now it is deserted, the natives of Fergusson having raided it and wiped the occupants out long ago."

It was surrounded by a reef, the white surf that broke gently on the outer edge being lost in a ripple on the inside lagoon. I found an entrance, and a few minutes after we landed on the sandy beach.

The place was truly what it had been described, a deserted village. Fire had been applied to most of the houses, the blackened posts alone remaining, and everything in the vicinity of where a prosperous village had once stood looked bare and desolate.

"Seems to me," thought I, surveying these evidences of rapine, "that spirit the old man spoke about was a bit of a failure, and didn't make their cultivation nearly hard enough, for they've found time to play up Old Harry round here, anyhow."

"What was your spirit doing while all this was going on?" said I to the old chap.

"The Spirit of the Mountain sleeps," he answered, "but some day he will awake, and then his anger will be terrible."

"Hope he'll sleep on until I'm safely off the premises," said I, "for this is none of my work."

The few houses still left standing were in an advanced state of dilapidation, as though, having no purpose to serve, they had quietly succumbed and given up the ghost. The cocoanut trees seemed the only vigorous things of life left by the destroyers, and the wind from the sea rustling their leaves made a mournful sound, as though they had hardly yet recovered from the horrors of which they had been mute witnesses. It was evident that the victors had indulged in a cannibal feast on the spot, for, scattered about, and whitened by the sun, were a number of bones, and examination left no doubt in my mind that they were human. I cleared away these gruesome reminders that we are all mortal, and, with the assistance of the old chief, who was an expert at the business, patched up a couple of houses to make them fit for use.

Then I turned my attention to the prime object of my visit, which was to catch enough fish and dry them to last for the trip I had ahead of me. I couldn't have found a better place for the purpose had I searched among the islands for a month. The fish were plentiful and easily caught, and before many days were passed I had a pile of them drying merrily in a smoke-house I had hastily thrown together. As I dodged about the reefs fishing, I noticed that there was sufficient bêche-de-mer on them to make a man's fortune in a year or so. I didn't touch it, for what was the good? As matters stood just then it was useless to me, but I made a mental note which might be profitable to remember at some more favourable time. In a couple of weeks' stay on the island, I had cured fish enough to last me for the trip I had in contemplation, even should it take double the time I had allowed myself.

I sat on the beach one afternoon making my final plans for departure, having decided to start next day. The old chief pottered about in my vicinity on one pretext or another, and by the furtive glances he occasionally cast in my direction I could see he wished to unburden his mind of some weighty matter.

"Bada," said he, at last, approaching and laying his hand on my shoulder, "you are thinking of leaving us?"

"Well, you needn't be a thought reader to guess that," said I. "That's just what I was thinking about. I can't stop here for ever."

"Why not?" he replied, eagerly, stretching his arms in the direction of where Sanaroa lay, "there is plenty of food, the people will obey you without murmur; come and be our dim dim Bada for ever."

Now, it's not often that a man has the chance of being presented with a kingdom, be it even a small one, and I must say I was rather touched by the sincerity of his offer. He seemed to think it would be as simple a matter for me to rule the roast as to fall off a log, but, even had I been inclined to accept the responsibility, I saw many difficulties ahead in the way of doing so.

Since the exhibition of dynamite, the majority of the people, and this old man in particular, may have had the notion that I was a distant relative of the Mountain Spirit he was so keen about,

but I knew from experience there was one among them not to be so easily persuaded or gulled. Of course, I was thinking of Gawana, and I saw that if I took the job on and wanted to do it thoroughly, my personal safety would demand some action altogether repugnant to me. Don't think for a moment, dear reader, that I thought of closing with the offer. I hadn't the slightest idea of doing so; but these thoughts passed through my mind. "Old man," said I, kindly, patting him on the back, for he was a decent old savage, anyhow, "what you propose is impossible."

"The Bada knows best," he answered, dropping his head and walking slowly away along the beach, leaving me to complete the plans this novel offer of a kingdom had interrupted.

The conclusion I arrived at was this:

After landing Oobona and her father on Sanaroa again, I would continue my course to the south until I lost New Guinea altogether. After this, by steering south-west I should fetch the "Barrier" at some part or other, no nice navigation being required to find this reef, which extends twelve hundred miles along the Australian coast. Once in sight, it would be a matter of little difficulty to pick my way through with such a light draught boat, and reach one of the ports that lay on the other side of it. I wasn't bothering my head much about the trip, for I had a good double-ended whale boat, and, properly handled, she was as safe as a church.

Had I known, I might have saved myself the trouble of making all these plans, for a little occurrence banished them completely from my mind, for the time being, at any rate.

CHAPTER IX.

I BECOME A VERITABLE "PEARLY KING."

HAVING my plan all cut and dried, I jumped up, knowing that if I wished to leave by sunrise the next morning, I had a fair amount of work cut out to enable me to do so. First I must overhaul the boat, and see that no cobra (a minute and highly destructive little insect, that can riddle the hardest of wood, and abounding in those seas) had found lodgment in her. So I went down to the direction of where she was anchored, with the intention of beaching her.

Oobona had been away all the afternoon on the other side of the island. She now appeared

I SAW ABOUT AS NICE A LITTLE PEARL AS EVER I HAD CLAPPED EYES UPON.

round the point, chanting a native song, and keeping time to it by swinging in her hand a basket she had made from cocoanut leaf. Evidently she had been fossicking for Kai Kai (food) on one or other of the reefs, a favourite pastime with the women, and the basket contained several species of marine delicacies in the shape of shell-fish.

Remarking that these were good eating, she carried them up to one of the houses, outside of which a fire was always smouldering.

"A good chance to break the news to her," thought I, and, as she bustled about, putting more wood on the fire and blowing it into a blaze, I strolled up, intending to let her know the decision I had arrived at.

It was not so easy a job as I thought it would be. Apparently the old man had not met her, having gone in an opposite direction, no doubt to nurse his sorrow alone, and by her manner I could see she had no inkling of what was in my mind. I only hoped she had no extravagant notions like her father, but anyhow, it had to be done, and the sooner I got over it the better.

The shell-fish she had gathered lay scattered on the ground, among them being a number which resembled oysters, only that they were more con-

I picked up one of these, just to see if it were anything like the real article, and also to obtain a little leisure to choose the best words in which to tell her that the time had arrived for me to leave. Long before I had made up my mind what was best to say I had inserted the knife, and the shell lay open in my hand. I was loosening the fish in oyster fashion when the blade came in contact with something hard on the lip of the shell. Scraping it clear, I rolled it into the palm of my hand, and, as I looked at it, I saw about as nice a little pearl as ever I had clapped eyes upon. Needless to say, I didn't allow Oobona to cook the remainder until I had first opened and examined them myself. She had brought in between twenty and thirty, and by the time I had done with them I had collected eleven beautiful pearls.

"Where did you pick up these shells?" I asked, having overhauled them thoroughly and made sure I hadn't missed any of the valuable morsels contained in most of them.

"Round the other side, on the reef," she answered, "and there are plenty more there.

This little discovery naturally upset all the plans I had made, and the words I had found such trouble in choosing were, for sundry reasons, never uttered. I determined that another week or two might be spent profitably, whilst I hung on to the island and saw a little more of it.

The next morning we went round to the place mentioned, which I found to be a reef lying close inshore, with not more than two feet of water on it at low tide, and, as Oobona had said, there were plenty of shells on it. I didn't bother about those lying in the deeper water, but picked them up from where I could reach them easily. These we carried round to the house, and, although opening oysters may not seem a very stimulating occupation, I can assure you, as I opened them one by one, I hadn't had such an exciting job for many a long day.

The old chief couldn't understand my behaviour. That I should let myself go on account of a little pebble which, according to his reasoning, might be picked up from the beach in hundreds any day, was beyond him. Had it been anything to eat he could have comprehended it, but even then such a tiny particle was hardly worth making such a fuss about.

"What pleases you, Bada?" said he, at last.

"Pills, my boy, pills," I answered, clapping him on the back, much to his astonishment, and rather more heartily than I intended; "you decent old buffer, this is the best day's work I ever did in my life."

For the next week, all his spare time was spent on the shore, where, thinking to please me, he gathered all the white pebbles he came across, and offered them for my acceptance.

"Pille gahona, Bada" (more pills, master), he'd say, presenting the rubbish he had collected, and, having remembered the word "pill," pronouncing it as well as he was able.

I had to take them, for I didn't wish to hurt his feelings, but I took good care to drop them in a place where there was no chance of his finding them again and making me a second presentation.

I had never worried my head about the scientific cause of anything, but, reader, that's no reason why *you* shouldn't.

If you are of an inquiring turn of mind, and wish to know the why and wherefore of the matter, people who profess to know all about it will tell you that a pearl is caused by some disease in the fish. Be it so or not, I saw that on the reef around the island was a fortune, and a big one at that, going a-begging.

This was worth waiting for. The weeks I had at first intended spending on the island became months, until I reckoned that four of them had passed since I parted company with the *Aurora*. By this time I had as many pearls as it would be convenient, or wise, to carry away with me. If I reached Cookland, and it leaked out what I had brought with me, all hands who

could hire, borrow, or steal a boat of any description would be swarming here like bees. True, it was a big order to find the exact spot where I had obtained them, but even so, I wasn't caring to run the risk of them dropping on to it. I much preferred to leave the pearls growing until I could come back with a larger vessel, and better equipped for the operations I intended.

Before I left, I thought it would be a wise thing to visit the other islands lying around and see if they were the same as this one. With this object in view, I took the boat one morning at sunrise, telling Oobona I should be absent all day. Now, the last island I landed on I did a very foolish thing, and for a sailor almost inexcusable. It was high water when I reached there, and instead of shoving the boat off and anchoring her out as I should have done, I left her on the beach. I went fossicking round the island, and was certainly away longer than I intended to be. When I returned, the tide had gone out, and the boat was left high and dry on the shore. I tried to shift her, but found she was a much heavier boat than when she was on the deck of the *Aurora*. She was dry and light then; now, after being in the water so long, she was nearly as heavy again. I am no more backward than most sailormen in rigging ingenious contrivances for a case of this sort, but shift her I couldn't. I tried to skid her with timber, so that she would slide better, but, although you may have guessed I am not by any means a weak man, I had to confess after repeated efforts that it was a cut above me. All I could do was to sit on the beach and wait for the tide to come up again and float her, applying extravagant names to myself, meanwhile, for being such a fool. It was not any hardship to wait there, nor was I in any particular hurry, but I could have kicked myself for being such a lubber. However, as profuse language had no effect in shifting the boat, I drew out my pipe, and, lighting it, squatted on the beach, determined to make the best of things.

In time darkness came, and the wind fell, the only distinct sounds to be heard being the gentle surge on the reef, or the occasional splashing of a fish. Finally I dropped off to sleep, and it must have been getting on for midnight before I awoke to find the moon had risen and flooded land and sea with light, and that the boat was almost afloat again.

At first I thought of starting right away on the return journey, but further consideration inclined me to stop where I was. Moonlight at the best is not a good assistant for spying out reefs, unless they break heavily, and in that case the sound will reach one long before you catch sight of them. Between me and the island I wanted to reach lay a number of what I term "sneak" reefs, that is, with a foot or two of water on them, and no break in fine weather. How many there were, of course, I didn't know, but I had seen enough of them on my way down to make me cautious, and I had no wish to find myself stranded, and perhaps my boat damaged just at the time I was thinking of taking a final departure from the island. So I shoved the boat off the beach and dropped the anchor on the bottom, whilst I waited for sufficient daylight to enable me to steer clear of anything between the two islands.

At the first streak of dawn I was under way again, thinking as I shaped a course that the old man and his daughter would be wondering what had become of me.

There was little or no wind, and, having landed on the lee-side of the island, some time elapsed before I opened out the place I was returning to, and hours had passed ere I reached it.

As I drew near I was rather surprised to see no sign of Oobona or her father, whom I naturally expected to see on the beach awaiting my return.

However, as neither was to be seen, I concluded she had gone to the other side of the land to follow her favourite pursuit of dabbling on the reefs gathering shell-fish, and that possibly the old man had accompanied her with a view to pebbles.

I ran the boat on to the sand, and, with a shout to warn them of my arrival should they be within hearing, jumped ashore.

It was from this point that I first had evidence that something was seriously wrong. The two houses I had made habitable were invisible from seaward, being screened by a number of trees. When I arrived at a position whence I should have seen them, I rubbed my eyes again and again—I couldn't believe my senses and pinched myself to make sure I wasn't dreaming, for sure enough they had disappeared!

Chas Pettersen

(To be Continued.)

THE STAMP COLLECTOR.

Conducted by

E. J. NANKIVELL.

Notable New Issues.

THERE seems to be somewhat of an outcry in the United States against the beautiful new series. The critics condemn the designs on the ground of over-elaboration of detail; they are not simple enough to please the popular fancy. It is true they are open to that objection, but they are so pretty that, on this side, nothing but compliments have been heard. However, the objections to the designs are having apparent effect, for already the 2 cents is to be redrawn or redesigned right away. In the new 4 cents and 10 cents there is the risk of clashing, for the colour in each case is almost identical. So it will not be at all surprising if we have some changes in one or two, if not in all. Servia promises a new set. The new stamps have been designed by a French engraver, M. Mouchon, and are being printed by a French firm. The design will include a profile of King Alexander, crowned with a laurel wreath, above being the word "Servia" in Slav type. The Cayman Islands King's heads are announced, but so many things are announced now from specimen sets that it is better to wait for the actual stamps before chronicling them, as some stamps chronicled on the strength of specimen sets have never appeared.

Cape of Good Hope.—The 6d. value of the new series of King's heads has been issued, and like the rest is allotted a separate design of its own. As will be seen from our illustration, it is neat and effective. So far, the colours of the old set are all retained, that is to say, each new stamp is in the same colour as the same value in the old set. Wmk. crown and CA. Perf. 14. Up-to-date the following are the values and colours of the new series which have been issued :—

½d. green.
4d. olive green.
1d. carmine.
6d. mauve.
1s. ochre.

France. Foreign Post Offices.—Several values from 10 cents to 30 cents of the type illustrated have been supplied to the French post offices in the following places :—Alexandria, China, Crete, Port Said.

Hong Kong.—Several more values of the King's head set are chronicled, most of which I have seen. They are all of the type illustrated. Wmk. Crown and CA. Perf. 14

2 cents, green.
4 cents, brown, salmon paper.
5 cents, orange, head light green.
8 cents, violet, head black.
10 cents, ultramarine, head mauve, light blue paper.
12 cents, brown, head green, yellow paper.
20 cents, brown, head black.

Malta.—At last we have the long talked of King's head series started for this little colony. The ½d. and 2d. are all we have yet seen. As will be noted from the illustration, these new stamps very closely resemble the stamps of the first issue, so far as the general design is concerned. Wmk. Crown and CA. Perf. 14.

½d. green.
2d. grey, head mauve.

Orange River Colony.—Here is an illustration of the new 1d. King's head for this colony. It is the only value of the new set that has been received. Hence we cannot say whether it is to be followed by others of the same design or not. Wmk. Crown and CA. Perf. 14.

1d. carmine.

Somali Coast.—A new series has been issued for this French Protectorate. The values run from 20 centimes to 5 francs. The centime values are of the small type as illustrated, and the franc values of the large type.

20c. purple, centre green.
25c. blue, centre blue.
30c. red, centre black.
40c. yellow, centre blue.
50c. green, centre red.
75c. orange, centre lilac.
1fr. orange red, centre lilac.
2fr. green, centre carmine.
5fr. orange, centre blue.

Transvaal.—Two new values of the current design, 3d. and 4d., have been received and also the 1s. and 2s. in new colours. In the 3d. the head is in black and the rest of the design in olive green, in the 4d. the head is in black and the rest of the design in brown. The 1s. has been changed from olive green with head in black to brown with head in slate blue, and the 2s. from brown with head in black to orange with head in slate blue. Thus it will be seen that the new 3d. is printed in the colours of the now obsolete 1s., and the 4d. in the colours of the obsolete 2s. There is also another change to be noted. In the first set of the King's heads all the values from ½d. to 2s., inclusive, were inscribed with the word "postage" on one side, and "revenue" on the other side, and the high values, *i.e.*, 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s., had the word "Postage" on each side. In the new stamps the 3d. and 4d. are inscribed "Postage" and "Revenue," but the 1s. and 2s. have the word "Postage" on each side. The set now in use is, therefore, made up as follows:—

½d. green, head black.	Postage and Revenue.	
1d scarlet, head black.	"	"
2d. purple, head black.	"	"
3d olive green, head black.	"	"
4d. brown, head black.	"	"
6d. orange, head black.	"	"
1s. red brown, head slate blue.	Postage.	
2s. orange, head slate blue.	"	
2s. 6d. black, head mauve.	"	
5s. mauve, head black.	"	
10s. purple, head black.	"	

Trinidad.—The 1s. stamp of the current set has been changed in colour from green, with name in red, to black on yellow paper, with name in blue. Wmk., Crown and CA., perf. 14. Apparently this West Indian colony does not intend to have a King's head series. Nine years ago it abandoned its Queen's heads for its old design of the seated figure of Britannia, which it still retains.

1s. black, name in blue, yellow paper.

United States.—We have received three more values of the new series, the 3 cents, 4 cents, and 10 cents, which we illustrate.

Of the new series there have now been issued:—

1 cent, green, *Franklin.*
2 cents, carmine, *Washington.*
3 cents, violet, *Jackson.*
4 cents, brown, *Grant.*
5 cents, dark blue, *Lincoln.*
8 cents, black, *Martha Washington.*
10 cents, brown, *Webster.*
13 cents, sepia, *Harrison.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. C. (Natal).—Yes, the New Zealand stamps overprinted "Niue" and "Penrhyn Islands" are all right. They are selling at very little above the ordinary price of new issues, and are plentiful enough. Some day they may be scarce, but there are no signs of scarcity at present. There are several varieties of perforation and defective lettering which are not plentiful, and an inverted surcharge on the ½d. is priced 40s.

A. B. C. (Oswestry).—"Tête bêche" is a French term used to denote stamps printed upside down beside normally placed stamps, *i.e.*, a pair *tête bêche* would be a pair in which one of the stamps is printed upside down. This arises from one of the dies on the plate having been, in error, dropped into its place upside down. The line alongside your crown watermark is from the margin, and does not constitute a variety.

Ardent Philatelist (Bedford). — The nearest album to your requirements is the Stanley Gibbons Imperial, Great Britain and Colonies, price 10s., or the same firm's British South Africa album, price 10s. You can, however, add fresh pages to any album very neatly by lightly gumming in a sheet of *thin* good linen typewriting paper, sold by all the typewriting firms

J. G. H. (Macclesfield).—Your list of Paraguay, 1900-2, lithographed series, is complete, but you omit the 8c. brown from your list of the engraved series, price 2d., unused.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Bright & Son.—Cape of Good Hope, Malta, Orange River Colony.
Butler Bros.—Malta, Hong Kong.
Ewen.—Trinidad, Malta, Orange River Colony.
J. W. Jones.—Hong Kong.
Graham Morris.—Transvaal.
Stanley Gibbons.—Somali Coast.

Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.

No. III.—"OUR OWN INVENTION."

I.

"QUORUM PARS MAGNA FUI" is a motto I might appropriately place at the head of this record; since I was present when the idea that the Lower School should form a dramatic society first took root, was one of the quartette that translated that idea into action, played a part in the first and last performance which the society rendered, and, finally, was present at the scene which brought its flourishing career to an unexpected and premature close. And it all happened in this wise.

"I wonder," quoth the Junior Classic one day at the close of morning school, as he nibbled his pen and gazed at us meditatively, "that you youngsters never try to do something at the show."

We youngsters gazed on one another with astonishment. "The show" to which the master so airily alluded was none other than speech night; when, at the conclusion of the term, parents and guardians and old boys flocked to the school to hear the Head's summary of the year's working. On that occasion also were speeches delivered, prizes presented, poems recited, sometimes a play acted, and, generally speaking, the whole talent of the school paraded in full dress uniform. That we members of the lower forms should venture to obtrude on such a scene—save by our ever-vigorous and frequently ill-timed applause—was a novel idea to us. It took some little time to grasp it. Then the ever-practical Bannister rose to the occasion.

"But what are we to do, sir?" asked he.

"Anything," responded our oft-tried mentor. "Something original for choice. At my school the kids always weighed in with something of their own invention." Then, like a wise man, he turned on his heel, and left his remarks to sink into our minds

And sink they did. None of us much relished the comparison to kids, but the allusion to the master's own school fired us with the spirit of emulation. True it was that old Slowcoach might, and frequently did, endeavour in vain to stimulate our energies by references to the excellency of lads and things in general when he was a boy. We were apt to qualify his eulogies of the past with more than the usual grain of salt. But when the Junior Classic referred to his own experience, we felt instinctively that we were listening to a plain, unvarnished tale. And if fellows had done it in his time, why should not we?

Why not, indeed? We felt we only wanted an opportunity, and we should be found capable of an effort which would make the approaching speech night unique, and cause the memories of the Junior Classic to pale into utter insignificance. Obviously the first thing to be done was to obtain permission for our proposed addition to the usual programme. The biggest fellow present, Carter, took the chair, and by a judicious exercise of the authority conferred by that position, succeeded in obtaining the election of himself, Bannister, and myself, with the addition of young Lewis—thrown in as an afterthought—as a committee to interview the captain on the matter. Some fellows wanted to question whether such was the result of the election, but Carter ruled that it was. And, as he sagely observed, what is the use of having a chairman if you don't obey the ruling? Then that ass, Walters, endeavoured to raise the objection that Carter had

not been appointed chairman. But Bannister and I, making a sudden rush at the objector, laid him at full length along the form and sat upon him. His point was then formally declared to be out of order.

And so Carter and Bannister and I, followed by young Lewis, trotted off to ascertain the views of the great Burton, who happened to be the bright particular star of that year. Scenting a petition, Burton looked down upon us from his height of five-foot-ten (and still growing), and genially inquired what was the row now? When he heard our wishes an incredulous stare came over the captain's face, and his lips emitted a low, prolonged whistle. Could it be he was going to refuse? Heavens! how that beast Walters would scoff.

"Please, Burton," pleaded Carter, earnestly, "the Junior Classic wants us to, you know."

"Oh!" ejaculated Burton, and regarded us thoughtfully. "Well," said he, at last, "I don't know that I see any objection if the Head has none. I will ask him about it. Only cut it short, you know. People won't stand too much of that sort of thing."

With what triumph did we return to the lower school, a triumph that was increased when, a few days later, the captain sent for us and intimated that the Head saw no objection, but reiterated his advice to cut it short. But then it was that our troubles really began. The prospect of appearing in public before such a conclave as that which assembled on speech night was found sufficient to daunt the stoutest junior. Every one began to make excuse, and to find his vindication in the captain's advice. "You don't want a crowd, you know; so you can do without me." Walters was in high feather as he watched our difficulties increase. *He* knew the very thing that was wanted, and he would have done it willingly enough; but if the fellows *would* shove themselves forward they must not expect any help from *him*. "We don't want your beastly help," exclaimed Bannister hotly. "Very well," quoth Walters, "you four had better do it all by yourselves then." "So we will," rejoined Carter fiercely; and the rash undertaking was received with general acclamation. Only Walters appeared downcast at this unexpected acceptance of his challenge.

II.

But though we enjoyed the satisfaction of temporarily silencing the scoffs of the enemy, it cannot be said that on reflection we felt very sanguine about accomplishing the task we had undertaken. We had thought of appealing to the Junior Classic—and I have an idea that he was rather expecting us to invite his assistance—but, in view of Carter's declaration, how was it possible for us to call in extraneous aid? And although ever willing to lend a helping hand when appealed to, we knew the master too well to dream he would volunteer to intermeddle. So we were left to our own devices.

And many were the devices we tried. At first our ideas pursued a hackneyed groove, and we resolved on presenting a scene from *The Rivals*. And for a time things went fairly well, and we should have got on very nicely, at least, in our own estimation, had it not been for the contumacious conduct of Bannister, who was cast for the part of Bob Acres. That youth absolutely refused to simulate an abject fear of his rival, Carter. In vain we explained to him that it was all in the play. Bannister was obdurate. "It seems so funny," he protested, indignantly, "to pretend to be frightened of Carter, when"—defiantly—"I am not frightened a bit!" After that we were forced to abandon our first design; and at my suggestion we fell back upon a more modern piece, a one-act melodrama with parts for four. The *dramatis personæ* consisted of a damsel in distress—for which we cast Lewis of the angelic countenance; of a gallant and virtuous hero—a character which fell to my lot; and of two desperate ruffians, who brought their career of crime to a conclusion by falling out between themselves, and perishing in a sanguinary duel. It was the duel that was to finish the piece, and it did so in unexpected fashion. Carter and Bannister went at it with such fury that the blows soon became earnest and the contest unduly spirited. I have no doubt they hurt each other very much, but I thought it rather unfair when they subsequently turned upon me and united in declaring that it was all my fault for choosing such a rotten piece. After this fiasco we ventured upon many other experiments, but all in vain. Time was growing short, and we were growing desperate. We could hit upon no satisfactory solution, and yet our honour was so much involved that we could not bear to think of throwing up the sponge.

At last, in the darkest hour of our perplexity, the hint thrown out by the Junior Classic returned to us and brought with it a

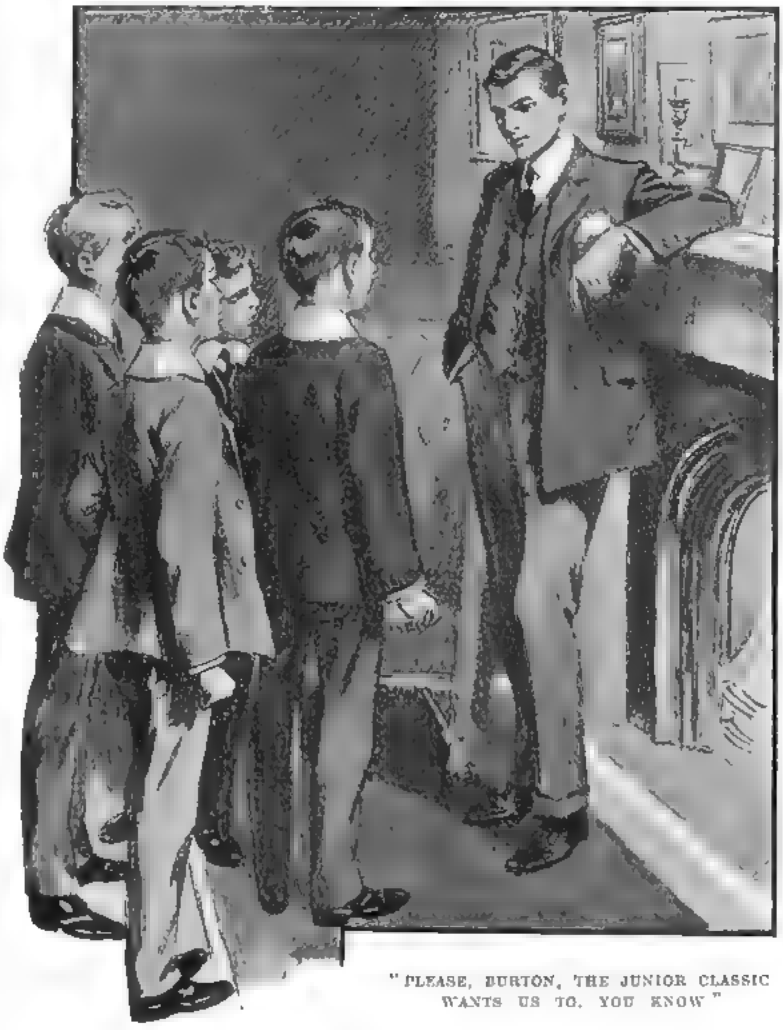
ray of light. At his school, he had said, the kids always weighed in with something of their own invention. Since all outside sources had failed us, why should we not turn authors and compose a play for ourselves? Fellows had done it in the time of the Junior Classic, and could it be that we were cast in inferior mould? Perish the thought! Yet who was to bell the cat?

"You do it," said Carter to me, after we had all grown weary of listening to a series of modest disclaimers. "You are a poet."

"I am not," said I, flushing with proper indignation.

"Then why don't you get your hair cut?" rejoined Carter; and for a few moments the meeting looked like breaking up in disorder. But a sense of the critical position of matters restrained us, and finally a decision was come to. I was to undertake and be responsible for the general framework of the play, and the others were to render every assistance they could in the shape of criticism and suggestions.

Oh! those suggestions. At a very early stage in the proceedings I learnt to appreciate the trials and difficulties of collaboration. Carter rather leant to melodrama, but stipulated that in any event he should have a good acting part. He explained that he did not want to say much, you know—he would leave the writing to me. It was the acting that was the thing, wasn't it? And I was to give him something to act. Bannister, on the contrary, who had taken the junior prize for elocution in the previous term, desired to be provided with long speeches. He did not much mind whether these were of a tragic or a comic character. It was the way a speech was delivered that was the thing, wasn't it? He did not think it mattered so much about the acting himself. But Lewis proved the greatest trial of all. His attention when wandering down the High had been attracted by an Italian organ-boy, the proud possessor of a hurdy-gurdy and a monkey. Lewis, who was of an inquiring mind, and given to form all manner of weird acquaintances, had embarked on a conversation with the wandering alien and discovered that he purposed to remain for some little time in the town—until, I suppose, the authorities found him too big a nuisance and compelled him to move on. Lewis induced the youngster to promise, for an adequate consideration, to loan both organ and monkey for the eventful evening; and nothing



"PLEASE, BURTON, THE JUNIOR CLASSIC WANTS US TO, YOU KNOW"

would satisfy him, despite all my protests, but that I should provide him with an opportunity of appearing on the stage with both of these possessions.

Yet great is the ingenuity of youth, and at last we triumphed over all these difficulties. Our united efforts succeeded in evolving a burlesque entitled *King John; or, It all came right in The Wash*. As *Rex Angliæ*, Carter felt he was cast for a part commensurate with his own dignity and importance. Bannister, as the Baron O'Rator, chief spokesman of those old feudal tyrants, was provided with the lengthy speeches he desired. Whilst, by a truly daring conception, Lewis (with organ and all) figured in the programme as "Archbishop Langton" (from Italy). For myself, I was modestly content with duplicating various minor, yet necessary, parts. Even then we had to select some dozen fellows to represent in turn a crowd of barons, retainers, citizens, pages, etc. Walters, ever jealous and malignant, objected that this was not in the bond. But he was unanimously overruled. The Lower School, keen to take part in the proceedings, adjudged that we had fairly fulfilled our compact; and that the enlistment of mere supernumeraries was not a violation of our undertaking.

III.

Great was the excitement amongst the lower forms as the eventful evening drew near, an excitement which increased when, on the publication of the official programme, it was seen that our little masterpiece figured prominently amongst the items. Even some of the seniors were found to manifest a languid interest in the matter, and to inquire genially what was in the wind now? Others were not quite so genial, and thought the innovation a mistake and one calculated to lower the prestige of the occasion. Anyhow, if the lower school were to be permitted to take any part in the programme at all, they opined it would have been wiser to prescribe some stereotyped task for their energies rather than to allow them to embark on a speculation of their own. In this opinion the jealous Walters heartily concurred. But Burton, who, as I rather suspect, had been got at by the Junior Classic, met all objections with an indulgent smile, and intimated that, as the Head saw no objection to the kids taking part in the show, he thought it only fair they should be allowed to do so in their own way. Whereat the captain loomed in our eyes a larger figure, if possible, even than before.

At last the long-looked-for evening arrived, and with it came in shoals the boys' fond parents and relatives, and divers show representatives of the scholars of the past. The judicial and ecclesiastical benches, and her late Majesty's forces, were each found capable of furnishing a representative. And to all these dignitaries, grouped as lesser satellites around our Head, Burton addressed the customary speech of welcome, a speech plentifully garnished with quotations from all manner of recondite and out-of-the-way authors, cited with the air of one who had their works at his fingers' ends. He thundered at his audience in Latin, he flattered them in German, he waxed facetious in French, he ventured on the pathetic in Greek. "And," murmured Bannister in my ear, as through a hole in the stage curtain he scrutinised the audience with a cynical eye, "I don't believe they understand a single word of it!" Be that as it may, the captain's address was frequently applauded, and came to an end amidst an outburst of cheering which denoted the enthusiasm of some, and the relief of others. "So *clever*, you know," cooed one dear lady to another, "so very, *very* clever." Which seemed to be the general opinion. And so, whatever the truth of Bannister's surmise, the speech, doubtless, served its purpose.

I fear that four members at least of the lower school paid but little attention to the efforts of the other performers as the programme proceeded through its usual routine. To us the various items seemed mere padding, which served as a doubtless necessary, but rather tedious, introduction to what was to be the event of the evening. As time went on and its advent drew nigh, we worked ourselves into a perfect fever of excitement alternating between the extreme heat of impatience and cold fits of shivering despair. At least three of us worked ourselves into a fever. Lewis, by way of contrast, seemed as cool and imperturbable as ever. Personally, I was in a state of extreme misery, and becoming more and more convinced, as time passed by, that my wig did not fit, that my clothes were put on wrongly, that the sweat was making the paint run off my face, that my limbs had been stricken with palsy, that I had lost my voice, and that I did not recollect a single line of my part, or rather parts. At last, to our relief, the preceding items were cleared off, and the voice of the

Head was heard announcing our promised entertainment.

"Ladies and gentlemen,—It is not, as you are aware, the custom for our younger members to take any part in the programme which it is our privilege—may I not say our delight?—to present to you year by year. But, as the poet so sagely puts it, '*Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis.*' (Frantic applause.) And inasmuch as these young gentlemen volunteered their services for your entertainment, I thought it well not to discourage a not unworthy desire to do credit to their training, feeling assured that you would extend to them your sympathy and—er, if necessary, indulgence. (Hear! hear!) Ladies and gentlemen, the title they have chosen for their play is—eh! what! Ladies and gentlemen, the title they have chosen *appears* to be—what did you say? Oh! yes. Ha! ha! Very good, to be sure; yes, very good. Ladies and gentlemen, *dulce est desipere in loco.* (Loud applause.) With the usual high spirits of youth, our performers have indulged, when framing their title, in a kind of play upon words, in short, if I may say so, a pun. The name they have bestowed upon their little piece is '*King John; or, It all came right in The Wash.*'"

Loud and prolonged cheering greeted this announcement, and was followed by a slight pause as Joey, who acted as scene-shifter, struggled with the refractory curtain. The Head clapped his hands in perfunctory fashion, and was followed by a host of more vigorous imitators. The judge adjusted his spectacles, and assumed his most indulgent smile—that smile which says to the youthful pleader, "Yes, I know that anything you may say will be utter rubbish, but pray observe how courteous I am." The bishop thoughtfully nursed a leg—he had a shapely calf—and endeavoured to appear mildly interested. The general sat bolt upright and glared round the audience as though prepared to court-martial any one who dared to express a word of hostile criticism. And then, amidst an expectant hush, the curtain went up.

IV.

The curtain went up; and Carter, clad in regal array, strode darkly on to the stage, followed by myself attired in humbler garments as the "First Varlet." And thus the play began:—

"What ho! knave. Hast thou there the Carta?"

"No; good my lord, the king."

"Then run immediately, and get it!"

Ecstatic glee of the audience, determined alike to welcome the pun and to manifest its knowledge of history. Attempted groans on the part of Walters and a few malcontents were promptly silenced by a fierce glare from the general.

The applause did us good. From that moment we bucked up wonderfully. Carter fumed and fretted and posed right royally in mock imitation of the baffled Plantagenet; I played my many minor parts with increasing confidence and vigour; and Bannister delivered his burlesque speeches as the Baron O'Rator with extreme unction. And the ever-indulgent audience applauded and laughed with equal heartiness, and was, or affected to be, genuinely amused at our efforts. And now drew nigh the critical moment of the play, the episode which was to make or mar the performance—none other than the introduction of young Lewis in his daring conception of the part of the intrepid Archbishop. Already the voices of the well-drilled chorus were heard without, chanting in divers tones:—

"Way for his grace, the leg-hit;
Way for his grace, the leg-hit;
Way for his grace,
Way for his grace,
Way for his grace, the leg-hit!"

As the chorus died away, Lewis appeared, made up as an itinerant Italian, and grinding vigorously at the hurdy-gurdy, on the top of which was perched the monkey. Scarcely had he importuned the King and barons with his first words, "Me no speakee much English! Drinkee beer?"—when peals of laughter from the audience drowned all further speech. Yet high above all was heard the shrill voices of the fair sex: "Oh! what a *dear* boy. What a *charming* little fellow!" Lewis stood bowing and scraping before the applause, gesticulating the while as though entreating the bestowal of a few coppers. Suddenly a wild feminine shriek rent the air, and the plaudits came to an abrupt cessation.

Bewildered by his unaccustomed surroundings, and driven wild by the tumult of applause, the monkey had forgotten its accustomed docility. Leaping from its perch, it ran swiftly across the stage, and, bounding across the footlights, ran grimacing, chattering, biting, and scratching, full tilt at the astonished audience.

V.

GREAT was the confusion that prevailed. Mistaking her gesticulations for an invitation to approach, the monkey first essayed to seek shelter in the lap of a buxom dame, who shrank back in a state of aversion and alarm bordering upon hysteria. The gallant general, advancing to the rescue, essayed to seize on Master Jacko, but for his pains received a vicious bite, which caused him to give vent to his feelings in language more becoming the barrack-room than the decorous assembly of which he formed part. Then the judge, who walked by the aid of a stick, but was otherwise a singularly vigorous old gentleman, aimed a sweeping stroke at the intruder, and, missing his mark, caught the bishop a most resounding whack on the calf. (The good man had been expatiating only five minutes before on his delight at encountering so many things that reminded him of his youth.) Now the monkey deserted his first refuge and ran amuck amongst the audience, causing the ladies to scatter helter-skelter in all directions. All the school had now joined in the pursuit, and foremost amongst them were Carter, Bannister, and I, still clad in our motley garments, and frantic with alarm at the sudden turn of affairs. Meanwhile, Lewis—whether of malice aforethought, or whether unaware in his excitement of what he was doing, I know not—remained in the centre of the stage grinding away at the hurdy-gurdy as fast as his arm could turn the handle. The discordant notes of the miserable instrument

LEWIS REMAINED ON THE STAGE, GRINDING AWAY AT THE HURDY GURDY

made a fitting orchestral accompaniment to the babel which was in progress. This way and that way went the little ape, dodging, spitting, scratching, clawing, biting, grimacing, chattering, swearing, whilst its pursuers, impeded by their own numbers, charged vigorously into one another, stumbled tumultuously over one another, grabbed one another under the impression they were effecting a capture, chastised one another with blindly-aimed strokes, and encountered the full force of missiles of every description aimed with more vigour than judgment at the cause of the confusion. At last the monkey succeeded in getting back to the stage, and, eluding the outstretched arms of Joey, swarmed up one of the side curtains and there remained, trembling in every limb with fear and anger.

"There now," said the general soothingly. "Was he frightened of the noise then? Pretty little fellow—ah!"—as the monkey made a sudden move as if to pounce on the speaker—"would you, you miserable brute?"

"Butler!" commanded the Head, speaking in determined accents.

"Yes, sir!" interrogated Joey.

"Obtain a ladder forthwith, and remove this wretched animal."

"Yes, sir;" responded Joey, in tones of evident misgiving. With scarce concealed delight, we boys watched the unhappy butler essay his task. Very gingerly did Joey go to work, the slightest hostile demonstration on the part of Jacko being sufficient to cause the servant to descend rapidly two or three rungs of the ladder. At last, when, in obedience to the Head's angry mandates, the butler actually made an attempt to catch hold of the monkey, he got so badly clawed as to cause him to call out in agonised tones, which evoked a roar of unsympathetic laughter.

The scene was put an end to by the forethought of young Lewis, who, becoming alarmed at the turn things had taken, had laid aside the organ and slipped out to find its true owner. The latter now appeared in a high state of indignation and of alarm for the safety of his pet. As soon as the latter saw its master it slipped down from the curtain, and, evading the hands stretched out to seize it, made its way towards him. The Italian snatched the monkey up in his arms and soothed it into quiescence with the soft cooing language of a Southern clime, interspersed with various disparaging asides hurled at us in broken English, but which were sufficiently intelligible to convey the impression that the speaker did not think much of our united intelligence.

"There, there," said the Head, at last. "That will do, my boy, that will do. Take your pet away, and do not let him intrude again within the precincts of the school. I fear, Lewis, your zeal has outrun your discretion. Ladies and gentlemen, we will now, if you please, resume our programme, and I purpose to do so with the succeeding item. We have all, I think, had enough of *King John*, and, h'm, ah, need hardly pause to inquire—er, how it all came right in *The Wash*."

Which was really rather good for the old Head. The next item was announced, and gradually the ruffled feelings of the audience subsided and the usual decorous calm was restored. In the subsequent official account of the proceedings no allusion was made to the juniors' contribution to the entertainment, nor did we hear anything further of the matter. Yet, strange to relate, never again—at least in my time—were the Lower School invited to take part in a similar function.

THE CYCLING CORNER.

By THE CYCLING EDITOR.

HOW TO RIDE A FREE WHEEL MACHINE.

A GOOD deal has been written at one time or another as to the free wheel itself—its principles and mechanism—but what is, after all, more important from a rider's point of view is information, rarely given, as to how a machine fitted with the device should be ridden. When the free wheel was first introduced many cyclists, even those of many years experience, decided against it because it meant that they had to "unlearn" all they had previously learnt on the "fixed" wheel and had to acquaint themselves with a new method altogether. It is, of course, a fact that the riding of a free wheel machine is very different practice from that of riding the now almost old-fashioned "fixed" variety, which is at once proved on an initial spin, but this is perhaps the only real objection that can be made, and, as a rule, it is one which is at once dissipated as soon as the pleasures of the new form are experienced. The first great difference which the cyclist riding a free wheel for the first time will find is the entire absence of back-pedalling power. The fixed-wheel rider depended, to a large extent, upon this for his brakage, but the free-wheeler finds the absence more than made up by the aid of an additional brake either of the back-pedalling form or one actuated by a lever in the usual way on to the rim of the front wheel. In this matter of brakes it is worthy of note that the free wheel is responsible for the much-improved and vastly more efficient brakes now fitted to machines than were in vogue before the device came into popular use. With the demand came the supply.

The somewhat novel, and at first almost uncanny, feeling of being without power to retard the machine by back-pedalling, as is generally understood by the term, very quickly wears off, and the rider begins to experience the pleasure of swift and silent coasting without having to perch his feet upon the foot-rests of the machine—an action, by the way, which is neither good from a physical point of view, owing to the tendency of the muscles to set when the legs are in this unusual position, nor good from a point of view of security, since, obviously, the very last part of a machine which should be used for resting the feet upon when coasting by the old-fashioned method is the forks, where the steering is likely to be affected, and, in the need of a sudden deviation from the straight course, likely to be disturbed—with serious results.

DO NOT SPURT AND DRIFT ALTERNATELY.

The fact of riding a free wheel machine should not be the excuse for drifting down every slight decline—if it is thus used it will be found that the rider is several miles per hour slower over a journey than if he had pedalled in the usual way, as on a fixed wheel. Nor should the rider spurt and free wheel alternately—this is bad practice and also bad economy, because the effort of spurting calls for more muscular exertion than the subsequent drift gives in rest, while also it is not good form. The free wheel should be called

into play only down hills of appreciable grade, and on these it will, in most cases, prove to be faster and certainly always easier than pedalling.

NEAT AND ACCURATE PEDALLING THE RESULT OF RIDING A FREE WHEEL.

The beginner on the free wheel quickly discovers the need for neat and accurate pedalling, another good result of using the device. With the fixed wheel, clumsy pedalling is often smothered by the fact that the cranks are fixed and bound to come up each time by the very momentum of the machine, even though a retarding power were, by bad pedalling, placed upon them just before the upstroke was actually completed —a very common fault. Now, however, any action of this kind would mean that the crank would not carry over the dead centre, but that involuntarily the rider would free wheel, the position of the cranks being to all intents and purposes vertical—say the right foot at the highest and the left at the lowest point of the pedal path. Attention, therefore, must, at the first, with those who are weak in this respect, be paid, and care be taken to lift the feet on the upstroke, dropping the heel just as the dead centre is passed. In time, in fact, after but a few spins, habitually good pedalling will unconsciously follow.

WHAT TO DO WHEN COASTING.

When coasting a hill, always be ready to apply the brakes in case of need, for on these you depend for safety. If the main brake, *i.e.*, that acting upon the back wheel, is of the "one point" back-pedalling variety, the cranks should be so placed that by a slight backward movement the power can be at once applied. If, on the other hand, it is on the "all point" system, there is, of course, no need for this precaution, because it means that the brake can be at once applied, no matter what the position of the cranks may be. "All point" brakes, however, are by no means common, and are, in fact, but rarely found on the machines of today, the tendency rather being in the direction of making the wheel absolutely free and providing adequate brake power by means of two brakes actuated by levers from the handle bar on to the back and front wheels respectively. Regard the back brake as the mainstay, and only use the front brake in rare cases, when additional power is required. In going down really steep hills, however, it will be found as well to have both brakes in operation, each brake being held up to its work with moderate firmness—the strain being thus better distributed.

WHEN TO RESUME PEDALLING AFTER COASTING.

After coasting a hill do not let the pace of the machine drop too low, but resume pedalling when you are moving at an eight or ten miles per hour pace. When dismounting, do so either by the pedal or step—the former is the prettier and just as good. In this case, of course, the dismount is best made with the left pedal hanging at its lowest point and should not be made until the machine is travelling but slowly—in fact, the rider should step off. In mounting, follow the usual method, but do not really make the first push until the crank is well over the dead centre, otherwise it is quite possible that the cranks will be pushed back the reverse way, the pedals missed, and a good crack on the shins result. After but a few rides these points are not even to be remembered—they will come naturally.

The free wheel is now, it almost goes without saying, fitted to nearly all bicycles, and it is certain that, apart from its intrinsic merit and the added pleasure it gives to riding, it has led to far more efficient cycling than was the case before it came into use in the refined form in which it is now made.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Railway Reform for Cyclists.

AT last something tangible has resulted from the negotiations which were started in November last between the National Cyclists' Union, the Cyclists' Touring Club, and the Scottish Cyclists' Union, acting for cyclists generally, and the Railway Companies' Association. The result must be regarded as highly satisactory since, amongst other concessions, the railway companies have agreed to abolish the special "owners' risk" rate as well as the rule of compelling cyclists to agree to the company being free from all risk.

THE EXTENT OF THE RAILWAY COMPANIES' LIABILITY.

The result goes much farther than this, for, under the new arrangements, the railway companies agree to accept liability in regard to claims for loss or damage over ten shillings,

but if the cyclist wishes to insure against loss or damage for this sum and under he can do so by paying one penny insurance fee, which gives cover for any distance; otherwise he takes the risk. Of course, any damage sustained by a machine and upon which a claim may be made, must be pointed out before the machine is taken away from the railway company's premises.

RAILWAY PRECAUTIONS FOR SAFE TRANSIT.

Proper accommodation will be provided for the safe conveyance of machines, and to show how thoroughly the companies intend dealing in future with this cycle traffic, they have decided to issue to their servants instructions as to the correct and proper manner in which machines shall be handled, so that the somewhat familiar sight of a porter lifting a cycle into the guard's van by means of the spokes and any other similarly unsuitable part of the machine that may strike him as handy, should quickly become a thing of the past.

THE NEW CARRYING RATES.

With regard to the carrying rates, these have been favourably revised, but only so far as the minimum rates are concerned. The new minimum tariff is twenty-five miles for sixpence, fifty miles for one shilling, and so on at the same scale. It was hoped to secure better terms in this respect, but much has been gained quite apart from the matter of carrying rates, and cyclists all round should be satisfied.

The allied bodies acting for cyclists are to be congratulated on the excellent result of their work.

THE OBSERVANCE OF CAUTION AND DANGER BOARDS.

It is becoming a rather common practice to regard lightly, if not to ignore altogether, the caution and danger boards now so well placed all over the country. Why this should be is rather difficult to understand, because it stands to reason that before any board of this kind has been erected its need has been properly determined by those competent to judge. During the recent Easter holidays a cyclist met his death owing, it is stated, to this very disregard of the warning notice. One is rather apt to think that because a decline may in itself be easily negociable the need for warning is not apparent, but it should be remembered that there are many hills which, although so far as decline alone is concerned, are absolutely safe, yet contain such twists and curves as to render them quite dangerous to the ordinary cyclist and especially to the man who does not know the locality. A hill marked with a caution board should be ridden with caution, but one marked "Dangerous" should be walked, no matter how expert the cyclist or how well-equipped with brakes his machine may be.

TOURING FROM A CENTRE.

This form of touring has come into vogue during the last few years, and, when the holiday is limited in time, offers the best means of a comfortable and enjoyable vacation. The selection of a good centre in a good district is not a difficult matter. Daily out and home circular tours are taken in various directions, the tourist returning each night to his headquarters, where a proper change of clothes and other comforts are thus always available. If luggage is sent down by train there is absolute freedom from this encumbrance, for, although the tourist is generally depicted looking happy with some fourteen pounds of luggage behind his machine, there is not one who would not rather be without it. Another advantage of this form of touring is that the selected district can be thoroughly and properly explored. At Easter-time, particularly, is this plan adopted, the duration of the holiday and the season of the year with its chilly evenings rendering the convenience and comfort of a definite headquarters particularly acceptable.

43 MILES 686 YARDS IN ONE HOUR.

It is not very often that records are beaten in England so early in the year as Easter, and certainly not such a thoroughly exploited and difficult record as the one hour, but on Easter Monday, when Emile Bouhours, the crack French middle-distance racing-man, met W. T. Hall, of this country, in a fifty miles motor-paced race on the Canning Town track, the former "put up" the distance named, which is British record, and, moreover, covered one of the miles *en route* in the world's record time of 1min. 14 4-5sec. Bouhours led from the start, and, as a matter of fact, won in the easiest possible manner, although it is only fair to state that Hall was considerably handicapped by having to change his machine at three miles and also by inferior pacing. Bouhours, who thus again places his name on the English record books, is one of the most consistent of all the Continental middle-distance riders. When-

ever he mounts he may always be relied upon for a good race and a good performance.

WIND SHIELDS USED.

The motor bicycles which were used for pacing were fitted with wind shields, an enormous advantage on such a day as Easter Monday, when the wind was particularly strong and the temperature bitterly cold. It is a pity, however, from a sporting point of view, that wind shields are allowed, as they introduce such an element of artificiality into racing as to make it difficult to determine the athletic merit of any performance in which they are used.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

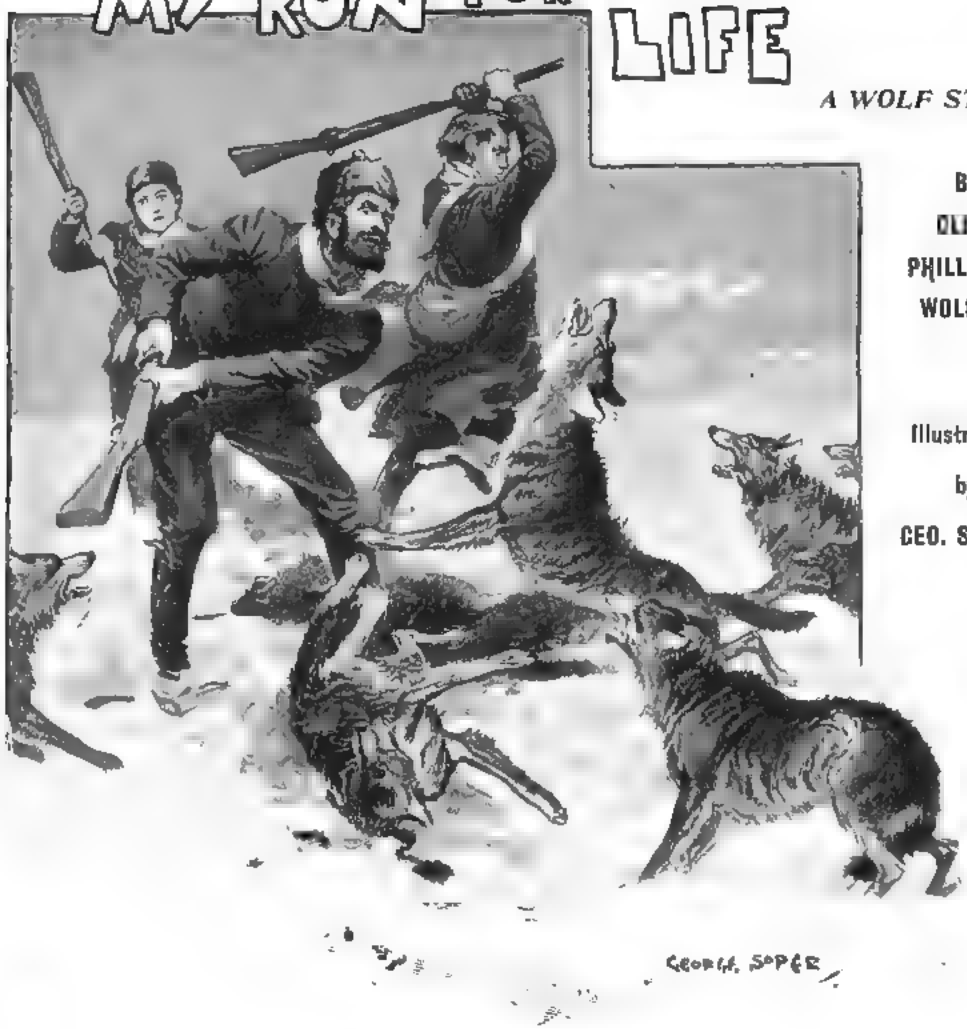
Join (Edinburgh).—A Lucas's "King of the Road," *enamelled*, and burning good oil, will give you every satisfaction provided you give the lamp proper attention. See detailed remarks on lamps in a former number. **H. H.** (West Didsbury).—Your Rudge-Whitworth should stand you in good stead. The Clincher A-Won tyres are all right. I don't think yours have become porous, and, indeed, there is grave doubt as to the whole question of porosity in good rubber tyres. A careful examination either by yourself or some patient workman will probably result in the detection of some small puncture, or possibly the trouble lies in the valve seating or in the valve itself. Do not introduce any of the sticky mixtures to the inside of the inner tube. **"Rota"** (Southend-on-Sea).—1. The New Rapid is all right. As for long cranks, I think a slight lengthening, say half an inch more than you have been accustomed to, will reduce your tendency to have attacks of cramp. The causes of cramp are having too long a reach, having clothing which gives improper pressure somewhere (as, for example, in the case of riders who wear garters or knee-straps instead of suspenders), riding too fast or too far, or doing "forced marches" without sufficient nourishment. In short, the chief causes of cramp may be grouped under the phrase, "defective circulation." No special make of machine will give you immunity. Practice and attention to the ordinary laws of health will put you right, if, as I judge from your handwriting, you are a person of normal constitution and vigour. If cramp occurs in bed at night, there is a remedy which I have known effective in many cases. Raise the framework of the head of the bed four inches higher than the foot. In this way the action of gravitation gently aids a more ample supply of blood to the legs and feet. 2. Lucas's lamps may always be relied upon. Personally, I still prefer oil, as I think it more trustworthy provided always that the hints given in my chapter on lamps are kept in mind. 3. Probably 26 inches; but to be sure I must have what is called a "fork measurement," which is taken inside the rider's leg when he is standing erect on the ground with straightened knees and shoeless feet. **"Mastiff"** (Brighton).—Pleased to hear from you again, and from any girl readers at all times. 1. I think your brother will find the three-speed Raleigh to be a good thing. I was years ago convinced upon the free wheel principle. You had better do as I did: possess your soul in patience, and wait till you can afford a new one. 2. You did well to polish up for the summer season. The work is greatly lessened if the machine passes its period of fallow in vaseline. 3. I'm glad you at last found the wood with the daffodils in it. To my eye there is no colour more beautiful than yellow in a flower. 4. The drink question is a difficult one, as you say. Some day I may write a whole chapter on it. I suspect that you do not always ride with the mouth closed, breathing through the nose only. If not, you will find the adoption of the practice makes a wonderful difference. It is difficult to prescribe for you. In this country most of the temperance drinks are "faked up" with chemicals, and lack the attractiveness which characterises them in America and makes them so popular in the States. As for milk, it's a question for the individual to discover for himself. I can take it with benefit. Water is a fine drink if you can trust its purity, but there is often that "if." A good brand of ginger beer, or ginger ale (which you didn't name), is a fine thing to catch on to; but the finest absolute thirst killer known is good potash water, and for choice some that has not been kept near ice. 5. If you are not tired after sixty miles it means that sixty is not too much. Nature has given her sanction to the feat, otherwise she would let you know about it. 6. The pun about the motor was indeed shocking. I wish you a fine summer. **L. B.** (Basingstoke). It is not possible at a distance to appraise the value of your mount. From the description I should think it is a trifle out of date. I could not say what you ought to give for a second hand one in its place. It depends on make, age, appearance, fashion, the time of year, and the locality. **"A Captain Reader."**—I have mislaid your address, and so could not answer through the post. 1. About 15s. This would include the cost of unbuilding and rebuilding, and new spokes and nipples. 2. About 2s. 6d. 3. They vary according to size and design. Consult Gamage. 4. Yes. 5. The Royal Enfield is good. **"Hazlewood."**—You will obtain full particulars as to membership of the Cyclists' Touring Club from Mr. E. R. Shipton, Victoria Street, S.W., while, if you write to Mr. S. R. Noble, National Cyclists' Union, Lonsdale Chambers, Chancery Lane, he will similarly advise you as to membership of that body. **F. Rushton.**—The ash or soot which forms on the burner of your acetylene lamp is owing to your not keeping the light up to its proper strength. If you see that the light is right in this respect, you will find that the combustion is practically perfect, and no such deposit as you mention will form. **G. W. Berry.**—I am pleased to know that the "Premier" bicycle has been so satisfactory. The New Forest route you mention I have toured over several times, while the Shaftesbury journey also brings back to mind a pleasant tour in that district. I think you would do well to have a Smith's band fitted, as you suggest. I shall hope to hear from you again

MY RUN FOR LIFE

A WOLF STORY.

By
OLIVE
PHILLIPPS-
WOLLEY.

Illustrated
by
GEO. SOPER.



IT is a long time ago now, and since then I have myself killed many wolves, generally from a "stand" where the foresters have placed me. You wait dumb as Death until the horn sounds, and then before the timid roedeer, or even the foxes think it necessary to flee, the slinking grey brute comes, looking back and listening for the faint sounds behind, but never dreaming of the danger behind the oak bole.

But these are everyday experiences. My first meeting with wolves was not an everyday affair, and, because of that and because our earliest experiences are always most clearly photographed on our minds, I can even now recall clearly every detail of that trip to the White Forest.

I can hear the sleigh bells ringing in the street. I can see the long line of equipages in the snow outside my father's door, and I can remember the contrast between our great rooms with polished floors and pink oleanders blooming in the pleasant heat of them, and the white cold street leading straight through the town, out on to the desolate steppe beyond.

In England, where I have travelled since those days, the towns fade gradually into the country. There are suburbs and country houses, and then farms, and, perhaps, sometimes, as in Devon, a stretch of waste land at last; but, even there, there is almost always a house in sight.

It is not so in Russia.

Our land is so big that the people are

afraid of its vast spaces and huddle together for protection from the unconquered world outside.

Inside the town it is all Man and Man's Affairs, but directly you pass beyond the long main street it is Steppe, Steppe, and the waste wind-swept home of wild things.

But that morning the wildness of Russia only added to its charm, and no one was so happy as I, tucked away in a huge bearskin by the side of Stepan, our red-shirted driver, whilst his three little doves, as he called his greys, harnessed abreast, went at a gallop through the sparkling snow dust.

We were going to my father's annual wolf hunt, and going in great style, because we had for our guest the General Prince Krasilnikoff, an old gentleman with rows and rows of orders and medals and a temper like that of mother's pet pug-dog.

How I hated that man, especially because, when he came, I was always obliged to dress in my very best, speak French instead of my native tongue, and show off all the airs and graces which my poor father paid Monsieur to teach me!

And even so I was no gainer by my exhibitions, for the old man was bored by children and had never ceased telling my father that to take children to a hunt was to court an accident.

However, that was too much for father. He always had taken me, and always would, but he bent to the great man to the extent of putting me in the sleigh with Stepan and some of the provisions, whilst he drove with the prince, listening courteously to his yarns instead of, as usual, telling me about every beast and bird as we passed it.

However, it was good enough for me with Stepan, until the keen air after lunch and the long drive and the ringing of the sleigh bells overcame me, and I slept a sleep that was better than most wakings, just sufficiently conscious for enjoyment.

When I woke, what a world I was in!

The light had gone, or all but gone, and I drew closer to Stepan, because the slim swaying shapes on either side of me nodded and curtsied until I thought that they must be the wood spirits I had heard tell of. Stepan said that they were, but that in the daylight men called them birches, and were not afraid of them.

And then the moon came up and it was frosted silver everywhere, with jewels hung on the trees where the light from our lamps struck them, and ahead of us a great red star on the edge of an endless black barrier, which I knew was our lodge on the edge of the White Forest.

There was a merry meal in the lodge, and half an hour, a very short half-hour, on a rug by the foresters' camp-fire for me, and then I was ordered off to bed, and the very next moment, it seemed, I woke at a whistle under the window, and, peering out, saw some indistinct figures gather together and go off silently towards the forest.

They, I knew, were the beaters, and I envied them, because, though they would have a long, long wait at their posts, knee deep, perhaps, in the snow until the daylight came and the "guns" had all been posted, they would see more of the shy wild citizens of that snow-buried forest than ever the "guns" would see.

The "guns" see the wild things for a moment, whilst they are escaping for their lives, and the daylight wanderer only sees and half interprets the tracks written on the forest floor; but the beaters, lying still in the half-light, see wolves, perhaps, and the great wild boars and the dainty roedeer and plenty of small beasts, like martens and polecats and foxes, going unconcernedly about their own business. That is the essence of sport.

I could not sleep any more after that whistle, but lay awake until breakfast-time, and showed temper I am afraid at the prince's attempts at chaff, because I knew that it was on his account that, for the first time since I had been old enough to go with father, I was to be left behind, instead of being allowed to curl up at the foresters' feet just behind the master's "stand."

The master (my father) always used to say that I was less trouble than his best-trained spaniel, and my reward was that I was to be left behind!

Father told me to be a good lad and keep close to the house whilst they were away, and even whispered promises of better things for the future, but the future seemed to be a long way away. When the sleighs had vanished into that mysterious forest, I could see no reason for father's commands.

That's the worst of it. If "grown-ups" would only tell you why you must not do things you would not do them, and I should not have disobeyed father anyhow if I had thought that he would have really minded. I thought he had told me to stop in the house just to please the old prince, and the prince was not my father, and I cared more for a *man* like my father than for any number of

old gentlemen who wore medals and had never seen a battle.

For old Krasilnikoff was a civil general, you know, not a soldier at all, but just a kind of government official, and that made me think less of him than I should have done if he had been a proper soldier like my father, or had not called himself a general.

I don't see how a man can be a general who has never seen a battle.

But this only by way of apology for my own misconduct.

As the morning wore on I could not keep in bounds. Once or twice I heard the distant reports of rifles in the forest, and though I set baits for them, not so much as a crow would come within range of the little rook rifle which winked and called to me from its slings above the fireplace.

Then, away out on the snow I saw a fox nosing about for beetles. Of course he would not come within range, so I *had* to go out to him, and he led me farther and farther away, until at last I was half-way up the big rolling swell which hides the plains from our lodge windows.

It could do no harm to go a few yards further and look over the brow of it, so I went, and, lying on my stomach in the snow, I saw not one, but a dozen foxes poking about here and there and everywhere for anything with life in it, or that might be eaten, under the snow.

Here was my chance. If I could only get near enough to one of them I might yet beat that old prince. I felt sure that he could not shoot, and would get nothing.

So I went on, and the foxes led me from point to point, always a little too far from me for me to shoot, until at last I was climbing the hogsback which looks down upon the lake where the miners last year found copper.

It was supposed to be two miles from the lodge, but it did not look a mile.

That is the worst of our big plains. You never know how far you have come until you want to get back again.

Now old Ivan, our head man, had taught me never to *walk* over a skyline until I had *looked over* it, so I crawled up and peeped first, and this probably saved my life.

At first I could see nothing. The foxes had all vanished, and I was just going to turn back when my eye, glancing wide to my right, lit upon a whole band of foxes, twenty or thirty of them, in a group.

All that I had been following in the morning must have banded together. But stay! Do foxes band together? I knew that Ivan said that they did not, and now that I looked more closely I saw that these were far too big for foxes, though the distance made them look smaller than they were.

Then one rose and stood against the skyline for a moment. He looked larger than our village cattle.

They were wolves, a band of them, some sitting on their haunches, some strolling about uneasily, and some playing pranks with a monstrous old beast which sat up in their midst, snapping and snarling at all who came near her.

I suppose that, being Russian-born, I ought to have realised my danger at once, but I did not.

Instead, I lay there for fully ten minutes watching the gambols of the great gaunt beasts. They could not see me, and they were ever so far away. But at last one of them spoke. It was the one upon the skyline, and although he gave but a whimper it had in it the echo of the dreaded wolf note, and made my hair rise and my feet itch to be gone.

I needed no second bidding, but turned down the slope and ran for all I was worth. The second hogsback, the one near home, looked a long way off then, and the snow, which had not bothered me as I strolled along in the morning, seemed to swallow me up to the knees and hold me fast now that I was in such a desperate hurry to get back.

I was half-fainting with fatigue, my knees knocking together, my feet stumbling over one another, and my very coat wet through with perspiration, in spite of the frost, when I reached the swell from which I could see our lodge, and I was thankful for the sharp breeze which sprang up and blew in my face, cooling me and giving me fresh strength.

Until then the breeze had been behind me, but as the sun went down it must have changed round, and not alone cooled me but carried my scent and betrayed me to the wolves just when their hour for work had come.

The message that the breeze took brought back an answer almost as quickly as the telegraph does.

Home seemed a long way off when I reached the top of that rise. It was half a mile in the morning, it was two miles and more now, and when a long, wailing cry came to me over the snow, followed by another and another, the distance doubled again.

I was Russian-born and knew wolf-lan-

guage; I knew that the grey noses were up asking more questions of the breeze that had betrayed me, and then I knew that they had the line and were already after me with that horrible mechanical stride which has no spurts in it and no lessening of speed as mile after mile goes by.

I ran and prayed. We Russians pray always when we are in trouble, and I threw off my cap to pray better and dropped my fur coat in the snow that I might run faster, but for all that I fell time and again, and all the strength and all the pluck had gone from me, when I heard my name called and saw two men running towards me as surely no men ever ran before.

THEN THERE CAME A CHOKING GASP.

They were Ivan Ivannitch and his son, the great boy Vassily, my playmate.

For a moment I felt safe again, and struggled manfully to meet them, but, foollike, I looked over my shoulder—and that finished me.

The wolves were streaming over the ridge, and to my frightened eyes they looked gigantic.

"Lie down, little one, lie down," roared Ivan, and as I fell on my face two bees seemed to hum past me, but they must have had stings in their tails, for almost with the reports of the two rifles came a scream from the pack, and struggling to my knees I saw the wolves all bunched together and apparently fighting amongst themselves.

The next moment I was snatched up in Ivan's strong arms, and I could hear the breath sobbing through his great brown beard as he floundered with me through the snow.

"That hillock, Vassily," he shouted. "It's our only chance. Shoot again, boy. It won't stop them though to-night. It is their time now."

"Their time." Yes, that was just it. The sparkle had gone from the snow with the sun, and the long lands looked bitter and cruel at the edge of the winter's night, a desolate time, and fit for wolf's work.

Vassily fired again into the thick of our enemies, and again there came that snarling yell in answer to the shot.

"Good," grunted Ivan. "Pray God they heard that at the lodge."

"They heard it," panted the lad as he joined us on the hillock. "Don't you see them coming? It will be a bad time for the wolves directly."

"May be, but *they* are coming, too. It is a race. Shoot!"

As Ivan spoke I saw the pack pour down the hogsback and drive straight for us.

They had tasted blood and they knew the winter hunger, and though the kneeling men shot steadily and well, the shots hardly made the pack waver any more.

As a sea breaks round a rock and recoils for a moment, only to gather force and come again, so that howling wave of death raced up to our vantage ground, and for a moment

broke and wavered before the steady front of the two men.

It was a sight that I can never forget.

All the savagery of our northern steppe lands, all the hunger of our winters, all the misery of our howling winds, seemed to have taken shape and substance in those grey demons who threatened us with their white fangs and glared at us with their greenish eyes.

"Shoot the she-wolf," I heard Ivan shout, but though two wolves fell, the fiend which seemed to lead them escaped. Then some of the "forwards" made a rush, and whilst Ivan and his son beat them off (there was not time now to fire) the she-wolf sneaked round to our rear. I saw her coming, but could not make Ivan understand, and the next moment she rushed in without a sound and pinned the old man behind the knee-joint.

I, who had seen her come, struck wildly at her with my rook rifle, but she took no heed of my puny blows and would have had Ivan down but for Vassily, who broke her back and the stock of his own rifle with such a stroke as only Russian axemen can give.

Then it was all teeth and flaming eyes and a strong dog-like stench, whilst the men fought for dear life.

"Keep the lad between us," I heard Ivan call, but at that very moment something dragged me away, and I went rolling down the far side of the hillock, and then it seemed to me as if I fell, and fell for ever, as one does in a dream.

The next thing that I can remember was a hideous pain in my arm, and then in the dark a sound of worrying and growling, half-beast, half-human, and the touch of a warm shaggy coat inextricably mixed up with the arms and legs of a man.

Then there came a choking gasp or two, and after that silence until a man's voice spoke, and it was Ivan's.

"So much for you, you son of a dog."

The man rose, and in the half-darkness I could see that it was Ivan, but I could not see what the limp mass was at his feet.

Later, I knew that it was the body of a throttled wolf, throttled by a Russian peasant's bare hands, the same wolf that had dragged me down the hill and by our combined weight had broken through the snow-bridge which lay over the mouth of an old prospector's shaft, till then hidden by the snow.

Our cone, on which we had made our short stand, was the dump or stone pile at the mouth of this shaft, and the brave old man had not stopped for an instant to calculate the depth of the shaft when he saw his master's son disappear. Jumping into the dark he had landed on my hand, worse luck, and so brought me back out of my swoon, but he had gripped the wolf before it had time to recover from the surprise of its fall, and there, whilst I lay momentarily unconscious, had choked the life out of it.

Vassily, too, was in the pit, and now, looking up, we could see the gleaming eyes of our enemies and hear their heavy breathings as they sniffed and hesitated to follow us.

It was, with them, a battle between prudence and hunger. If one jumped all would jump, and in that narrow shaft it is hideous to think of what would have happened.

They, at least, would never have got out again, though the pit was not twenty feet deep, but then, neither should we!

But we were not to die that time, for suddenly there came to us a cry which *always* makes my blood tingle. That day it meant not sport but life.

It was the deep, full-throated cry of the hounds.

"Thank Heaven they have loosed the pack. Now we are saved," cried Ivan; and as the watching eyes disappeared from the pit's mouth at that first deep chorus, the old peasant dropped on his knees where he was and muttered, I know not what, to the Father our peasants believe in more than men who should know better than they.

When they had hauled us up and made some sort of a rough splint for my arm there was not a wolf in sight, but the snow was trampled with their feet, and far away, near the horizon, were three dim specks hurrying into space.

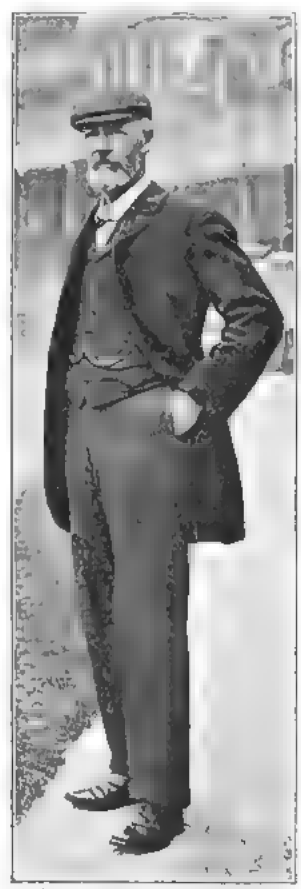
"A wolf and two of the hounds," my father said, and I suppose he was right, for when the men got our pack together again next day they found three wolves which had no bullet wounds on them, and beside one of them (a great she-wolf) lay old Tiger, his scarred face marked with fresh scars, his ears torn, and his leg bitten through near the shoulder, but too proud or too sulky to come home until some one he knew had seen what he had done.

Dear old chap, he is alive still, though he is too stiff to hunt, and General Krasilnikoff says that he led our pack by lengths from the moment they were loosed at the lodge.

And it was Krasilnikoff, too stout and too old to run, who thought of loosing them!

CONCERNING CRICKET PITCHES.

THE modern first-class groundman has, as you know, reduced the making of cricket pitches to a superfine art. Indeed, I hardly like to use the name of groundman in connection with the artists who produce the beautiful slabs of glorified turf at the Oval, Lord's, Trent Bridge, and other first-class grounds. No one who has seen Mr. Apted, for instance, exercising his authority over the Oval greensward, would ever think of any title for him less dignified than "custodian of the arena." Why, he is the most important official at the Oval outside the pavilion. Mr. Craig, the poet, calls himself the captain of the spectators, but he exercises no command over the crowd at all equal to that of Mr. Apted. Let but an unauthorised person make a show of trespassing on the sacred roped-in square in the middle of the Oval, and he is straightway warned off in a voice of thunder. And in moving people on Mr. Apted equals about six policemen. Why, even if you are engaged in the match, and consider yourself rather exempt from ordinary restrictions, you must take care. You must not make a short cut to the practice-nets across the roped-in area. By no means! If you attempt this short cut, kindly but firmly Mr. Apted will point out to you a longer and a better path—just outside and round, please, sir. Even Bobby Abel dares not trespass. Nay, I have witnessed the discomfiture of even the Hon. F. S. Jackson when he was for examining the wicket too closely on the morning of a test-match. But it is agreed that an artist who can make wickets such as we enjoy at the Oval must be allowed to domineer a bit. Every live thing at the Oval obeys Mr. Apted, except the sparrows: they are beyond him and he pretends not to see them.



MR. S. APTED AT THE OVAL.
"Custodian of the arena."
Photo Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

What is the secret of making these perfect pitches such as Mr. Apted makes at the Oval, Mr. Hearne at Catford, and Mr. Somebody at every county ground? Cannot the secret be surprised and carried away for use on every school and club ground in England?

Well, now, the truth is that, except in the case of marl-made wickets, about which I speak below, there is no particular secret about artistic pitch-making. Provided you start with a ground that is well laid on good soil and well-drained, you can make a magnificent wicket without much trouble. The two cardinal principles of pitch-making are, first, to make any alterations or improvements (in the shape of re-turfing, etc.) in October or November; and, secondly, to do your rolling in February or there-

abouts. The great mistakes made by amateur groundmen are to put off improvements till the spring, and rolling till the season actually begins. Then, there are a few details about how to prepare and mend pitches which must be observed: but the only secret about these is to see that they *are* observed.

It is perfectly astonishing how much can be done just by rolling. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that half the bad pitches belonging to small clubs, villages, and schools could be made really first-rate if only their owners would take the trouble to roll them assiduously and thoroughly in February or March. Then is the time to make pitches. Any fairly good ground that is well rolled then needs little preparation when the season comes. First-class pitches are really prepared in February by the roller; by that slow old horse at the Oval, for instance, wandering up and down so systematically when the Oval is a bare and deserted expanse of ordinary-looking turf. The preparation that immediately precedes a match is, in fact, merely a process of finishing and polishing. And, by the way, the one thing that you must not do is to roll a pitch when the frost is in it. You should hear Mr. Apted on the subject of frosts in the spring! Frost makes the surface of the pitch very brittle, and the result of rolling is simply to break up the pitch and make it crumble.

"THAT SLOW OLD HORSE AT THE OVAL."
Photo Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

It sounds too simple to say that the secret of making good pitches is judicious rolling in the early spring. But it holds true not only for ordinary cases of fairly good grounds but for strips of previously unused meadow-land. Where inexperienced pitch-makers fail is precisely here: they think they can make good pitches by simply slushing on some water a few days before the match and then rolling. The result of this hasty preparation is merely to smooth out small surface inequalities: it does not bind the turf thoroughly into a sound pitch that will withstand wear and tear.

In the case of a ground that is bad simply from the turf being too thick and matted, the important thing is to cut the grass off close as soon as the young spring herbage has got a fair start in order that the surface of the pitch may have a chance of drying well after it has been rolled. Thick grass on a pitch protects the soil from the drying influence of the sun and wind, and is itself very retentive of moisture. This kind of turf, unless properly attended to, is too loose and too easily cut up for a good pitch. Sometimes it seems as though the root fibres of the grass, instead of forming a binding web in the soil, are somewhat above ground and make a kind of loose surface mat. It is difficult to improve this sort of turf in one season. But once get

ROLLING THE PITCH AT THE OVAL JUST BEFORE A MATCH.
Photo Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

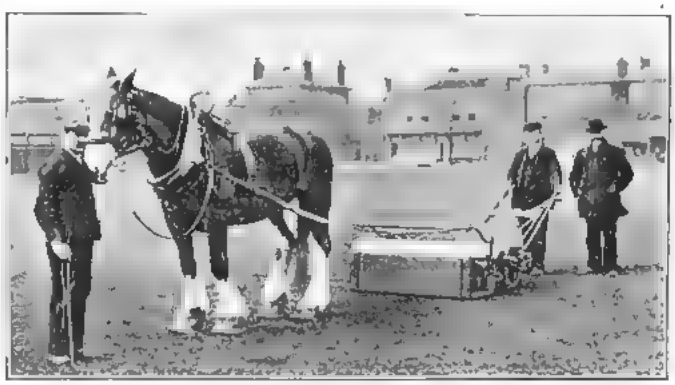
the grass crisp and short and the roller will produce a sound surface.

But there are two kinds of bad pitches which cannot be made good by rolling however seasonable and assiduous. These are the pitch where there is only an inch or two of surface soil between the turf and either outright gravel or some very stony sub-soil, and the pitch that is composed of sparse grass on some very light friable soil such as sand or peat.

Thin gravel-lined turf can only be turned into a sound cricket pitch by the somewhat laborious process of stripping off the turf on the required area, digging out the gravel to the depth of about a foot, and then filling in with loam or good soil. Unless this is done the pitch can never be anything but bumpy and fiery in dry weather. But there is this consolation, that if the trouble and expense of putting in the new sub-soil is once got over, the pitch becomes excellent because the gravel underneath drains it so admirably.

Loose, sandy, or peaty soil is the commonest enemy of the pitch-maker. But, fortunately, it is very easy to turn a bad pitch of this kind into a good one by the well-known process of top-dressing with clay or marl. The use of clay or marl on turf that is naturally sound and good is perhaps a mistake, and there has been a great outcry against the use of marl upon county grounds. But the case of an ordinary school or club ground is quite different. The best stuff to use is undoubtedly the famous red marl, which comes from Nottingham, because it does not hold the wet like ordinary clay; but failing red marl, ordinary clay will do. There is no mystery or difficulty about the marl or clay made pitch: the secret of success is attention to detail. In October or November the stuff should be spread over the required area in lumps and left until, by the action of the frosts, it has become brittle. It should then be broken up as nearly as possible into dust and spread out into a layer of even depth. This layer should be from half an inch to an inch and a half in depth. It is important that it be not too shallow, otherwise there is danger of patchiness, nor too deep, for fear the grass may fail to force its way up and through. After the clay is thus spread it may be left till the following spring. The rain will wash some of it down into the turf and the grass will grow up through it. About March the surface should be rolled with a light roller. It is a mistake to roll at all till the grass has shown up well all over the dressed area, for if the clay is caked tightly the blades may not be able to come through at all. And it is a mistake to use a heavy roller, because it may compress the grass into the clay and kill it. A clay or marl made pitch requires much less rolling than ordinary turf. There is no doubt that hundreds and hundreds of clubs which now have execrable pitches could make them very good by dressing. And the best of a good clay or marl pitch is that in dry weather it lasts splendidly and can be used for several matches.

With regard to the immediate preparation of an ordinary turf wicket for a match, the important points are to begin the work on it at least three days before it is required for use and to cut the grass fairly close before the roller is put on. If the grass is left on, the roller flattens out the blades, so that the mowing-machine cannot clip them when you want to finish off the process of preparation. Also, the flattened grass is liable to hide small shallow holes. These holes are common on ill-prepared pitches, but are not difficult to mend. They should be mended as long before the match-day as possible by carefully loosening and raising the turf round them with a fork and then beating round it gently and firmly with a pounder: and, of course, the ground ought to be damp at the time.

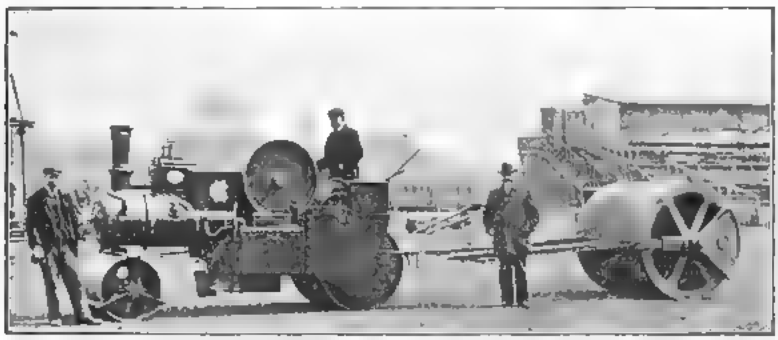


THE LARGE MOWER AT LORD'S. MR. HEARNE, THE GROUNDMAN, IS STANDING TO THE RIGHT OF THE MOWER.
Photo Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

Water should not be put on a ground in sunny weather except in the evening or the very early morning. The best plan seems to be to water the pitch late overnight and roll

it early the next morning. But it is necessary to accommodate the amount of water put on to the state of the pitch. Some groundmen maintain that except in very dry weather no watering is necessary on grounds which have been properly prepared in the spring. It is never right to put water on a pitch on the day of a match. I have heard of very sandy grounds which play fairly well when wet but absolutely dangerously when dry: perhaps these might with advantage be watered on the morning of a match, but I have never had personal experience of such an experiment.

Occasionally even the skilled groundman makes an error. There is an amusing story about the Tonbridge ground being found so wet on the morning of an Essex v. Kent match that no play was possible before lunch.



THE STEAM ROLLER AT LORD'S.
"At Lord's there is kept a regular assortment of rollers . . . and the big roller is an imposing fellow, indeed!"
Photo Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

And it had not rained for a fortnight! But the Tonbridge ground is inclined to be fiery in dry weather, and C. J. Kortwright in those days bowled very fast for Essex! No doubt the groundman wished to provide a wicket of pleasant, easy pace, but the soil was so hard below that the water did not sink through as quickly as he anticipated.

It is, perhaps, worth mentioning that the effect of a heavy roller upon a wet ground is to squeeze up the water to the surface. Therefore, when it is doubtful whether the pitch will dry properly owing either to rain or to too much watering-pot, only a light roller should be used. The knowledge of what kind of roller to use according to the various states of the pitch is very valuable to a county captain. At Lord's there is kept a regular assortment of rollers, from which the most fastidious captain should be able to select his roller to a pound. And the big roller is an imposing fellow, indeed! But in ordinary club and school cricket the captain is not likely to be embarrassed by choice of rollers. Generally it is a case of one or none.

One of the most important points in connection with pitches is the mending of the holes made by the bowlers' feet. These holes should be mended as soon as possible by cutting out a patch of turf, so that no part of the worn edges of the holes are visible, and then filling in with a piece of good turf. Care should be taken that the new wad of turf when first put in stands out a little above the level of the pitch, otherwise the patch is liable to sink below that level. It is also very important that the turf used for mending should be sound and of first-rate quality. I know a very highly-praised county ground which has been somewhat spoilt by careless mending with second-rate turf. A. E. Relf, the Sussex player, who, besides being a fine batsman and bowler, is a very clever ground-expert, showed me where patches of inferior turf had been put in the season before; he poked up some of the grass with his fingers and displayed the loose fibre of the roots and the dusty friable nature of the soil. To a casual eye these patches looked exactly like the old turf. It can readily be understood that a few seasons of careless mending may do great harm. The best groundmen keep in some corner of the ground a regular nursery of turf which they tend with as much care as they devote to their pitches: thus they are able to supply perfect material for mending. Both for this purpose and for relaying large areas of pitch the best turf to be obtained from outside sources comes either from commons or from downs.

It is important to remove weeds from any turf that is used for mending, because weeds have a wonderful power of multiplying themselves. The worst weed is the plantain with its long root and broad, squat leaves. A plantain on a pitch is almost as bad as a perceptible hole of like size, and besides this no grass will grow underneath the leaves of the weed. The best way to deal with plantains is to nip them out root and all when they are small in the spring, if you have time and patience and a quick eye. Afterwards it is not so easy to deal with the pests. A large

plant cannot well be uprooted in the summer, as a bare patch, if not a hole, is left. So the plan then is to cut off the head of the weed and kill the root by piercing it with a skewer dipped in sulphuric acid. It is said that common table salt will kill the root, but I cannot vouch for this: sulphuric acid certainly does the trick.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Arthur Davis sends us intelligence of a weight and hammer throwing contest which he saw last year on the Black Lake, Fribourg, in Switzerland. These mountainous districts appear to produce men of prodigious strength. The stone for weight-throwing weighed 80lbs., and the thrower was known by the nickname of "Michael le Blanc" (White Michael) on account of his white hair. A fine contrast with the lake I imagine! He was a cheesemaker, and threw the stone a distance of 59 feet. The hammer weighed 20lbs., and the same man threw it a distance of 188 feet. Both these performances are rather tall, even for a cheesemaker. But my informant is evidently reliable. He adds that the occasion was a First of May Feast; and that there are in the Swiss mountains some wonderful wrestlers and throwers. This is not yet an advertisement for anybody's Swiss Milk. But why not?

Max Mellor.—The details of your physical development with which you supply me lead me to conclusion that you are a very fine fellow for your age. To lift a weight of 40lbs. with one hand is excellent for a boy of 14. Still, even for a weight lifter of such natural ability, I do not advise dumb-bells of more than 5lbs. each. Heavy bells like these are all right enough for weight-lifters. For people, however, who wish to be quickly as well as slowly powerful with their muscles, my prescription is, bells of not more than 2lbs. But my ideal athlete is quick and elastic as well as merely strong. If you think a minute, you will see how much greater is the general value of quick than of slow strength.

A. Varley.—If you start with the idea that you can improve your chest measurement in about two days you will probably split yourself. A chest requires slow and careful treatment. Vide the professors passim. You might try the breathing exercises which I recommended not long ago: and you might supplement these by the judicious use of dumb-bells and Indian clubs. There are two excellent little books, by C. E. Lord, whose address is 71, Inverine Road, London, S.E. Then, there are such exercises as cricket and football. But be systematic and don't overdo it. Be satisfied with an inch a month. Think what that means at the end of a year!

Jack Randell. Good luck to you for being a supporter of Sussex. Splendid county! I am pleased to inform you that in the Cup-ties the visiting team goes halves with the home team in the gate-money. But in the semi-finals and final the Football Association rewards itself with a percentage.

R. G. H. G. You are a lucky fellow to have the advantage of practice with a professional in the holidays. Make the best of it. I do not quite know how to help you to a good over-arm action You must just practise and practise. Do not try to bowl too fast, and stick to the same length of run. But, if you have a constitutional impediment, please observe that a good under-arm lob bowler is a very valuable asset in a cricket team. Why not be another Walter Humphreys?

M. M. Dodds is a strong supporter of football, and claims that it is our true national game. He writes:—"I should think you have often noticed such a scene as this; to me it is very impressive. A dull grey sky, a keen east wind, a bit of waste ground, soon to be covered with hideous red flats; in the foreground three small and dirty boys, and a bloated ball; in the background, a high black fence, placarded in huge letters, 'Try Oldham's Reliable Football Boots'; from behind the fence the roar of 30,000 excited men. That's my idea of a national game." It seems to me, sir, that you might possibly become a readable descriptive writer. Think it over! And write again.

W. A. T. (Batley) makes a statement for which I was not prepared. He denies that Rugby is in the north considered more gentlemanly than Soccer. He asserts that Soccer "is thought of as a young lady's drawing-room amusement, fit only for molly-coddles." Well, I never! Whatever will happen to you if circumstances cause you to migrate from Batley to Sheffield? Sorry to hear you are too fat to be competent at cricket and footer. I can prescribe nothing better than exercise for you. No, I do not advise drugs. Weight-reducing drugs will do you any amount of harm.

J. C. C. (Clifton).—Your letter came too late, I fear, for a reply to be any good to you. You should practise the hurdles three or four times a week. The best method is to run four or five times over three or four flights, and then run through the whole distance. If you have mastered the "three-stride" style, you should concentrate your attention on going low over the hurdles without any hang in the air. The instant your front leg is over whip it down to the ground like lightning. You ought to practise sprinting on the track to increase your pace between the hurdles

A. W. E.—Probably all there is the matter with you is that you have grown too fast. You see, you come from a tall family. I expect you will fill out later on. Do not worry about your knock-knees. They will probably get all right when your limbs grow stronger

Daffodil.—Of course, you will hate me for saying so, but there is no training better than walking; good long country walks, with as much pace and swing as you can muster. No necessity, by the way, to tire yourself out. Then you might try what a short run, say, of a couple of hundred yards every other day, would do for you. But most people who play tennis find the game itself sufficient training. I do not see that you are out of the way heavy. Any way, your attitude towards your game is sportsmanlike.

Jack L. Cramp in a muscle generally comes from subjecting that muscle to an amount of work in excess of what it is accustomed to. But sometimes I think it comes from wearing too tight garters, which impede the circulation. Should a fellow be necessarily heavy to play back? Well, weight is an advantage at back, but, on the other hand, there have been some very good light-weight backs, who have made up for deficiency in weight by their activity and cleverness. If back suits you, I should stick to it. For, although pace is more valuable in a forward than in a back, fast backs are not very common, and are very, very useful to their side. It is all very well for you to say that you can last a hard match without training. The

very fact that you can last proves that you are in training. What I said, or meant to say, was, that a fellow cannot play his best when out of condition.

W. E. Wright.—At the time of writing, the question of an increase in the size of the wicket is under discussion. I cannot prophesy how the members of the M.C.C. will vote. But you will know by the time you see this.

P. R. Dye.—My article in the last number was an answer to your question. You can get a good bat from any good maker. Certainly, Shaw and Shrewsbury, of Nottingham, are likely to send you a good one if you write to them, giving your age and height.

John Patrick (New Zealand) is kind enough to send papers full of interesting accounts of the doings of Lord Hawke's team. Here is an amusing character of a New Zealand player. "Strange, a chrysalis half hatched. The half that is out is very liable to get runs, particularly if it can find a bowler soft enough to bowl to the off. Said to have aspirations to be a bowler, which he nobly keeps to himself. This is remarkable, as the only instance of this kind of modesty in the team. By the way, the hibernating half of the chrysalis is the only half that goes out to field." I hope Ranji will read this; he is that down upon the hibernating field!

W. N. C. T.—Your measurements are all right. The human being at your age is in a variable state and cannot be exactly standardised. You cannot beat ordinary plain, farmhouse fare for training. As long as your present diet suits you and you feel fit and well you need not trouble to change it; in fact, to do so would be a mistake.

Outrigger.—You need not trouble to attempt to increase your size by artificial means. You need not adopt any particular system of training for rowing. Oxford and Cambridge oarsmen lead healthy, regular lives: and row.

E. P. B.—See article in last month's CAPTAIN; also reply above, to P. R. Dye.

F. A. M.—The champion lawn-tennis players you mention are amateurs. There are no lawn-tennis professionals that I know of. But some people maintain that any one who accepts travelling expenses is not, strictly speaking, an amateur. Perhaps your opponent holds this view, and has heard that lawn-tennis players receive travelling expenses. Personally, I know nothing about the matter.

MR. A. E. RELF,
"GROUND-EXPERT."
Photo, Foster, Brighton;
By permission.

W. R. Cresty.—With 7½ hours' office work and 3 hours' study per diem, you must be careful not to overdo physical exercise. But 15 minutes night and morning with the developer should do you no harm. Remember, though, that what you want is as much fresh air as you can get. You should have your window well open at night.

G. M. O'Neill.—Not having seen R. S. M'Coll play this year, I cannot compare him on present form with other centre forwards. V. Woodward of the Spurs is a fine player, but he is not yet as good as M'Coll was two years ago.

Harrier, who a little while back enquired about an athletic club in London, N., should write to the hon. sec. of the Hampstead Harriers, 22, Lofting Road, Barnsbury, N. Many thanks for the information.

Swiss Football.—I am much obliged for the details sent by F. F. from Berne about the Final Cup-tie of the Swiss Association, which was won by the Young Boys F.C., of Berne. The secretary of this club, 7 Oberweg, Berne, kindly volunteers to reply to any question about sport, travelling, etc., in Switzerland, to readers of THE CAPTAIN. For which we thank him very much. Some of our readers may find the information very useful.

Inquisitive.—Your plan of doing an hour's work at dumb-bells, etc., every evening for a week, and then having a rest for the week is, I think, a mistake. Far better do about 20 minutes every evening regularly. Certainly you do not want extra exercise in the evening after a stiff bout at a gymnasium or a hard game of footer. I do not know of any rowing club that would suit you. Can any reader suggest a small rowing club accessible to a resident in Stratford, E.?

O. E. D.—You can practise both the hurdles and the 100 yards the same day. Give a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes to each, and in each case make your staple practice consist of bursts of about 40 yards with pauses for rest in between. Run the full distance occasionally.

C. B. Fry

THE LONG 'UN.

By R. S. Warren Bell.

Author of "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

James Mortimer ("the Long 'Un"), a young doctor, is grandson and heir to Dr. John Mortimer, a man of wealth and position. Owing to Jim's frequent escapades, Dr. Mortimer warns him that, if he indulges in any more riotous conduct, he will disown him. On returning to town after this conversation, Jim makes the acquaintance, by the agency of his friend George Somers ("Koko"), of a young lady named Dora Maybury, with whom he falls violently in love. So excited does he become in consequence of his introduction to Miss Maybury, that, on the same evening, he falls foul of the police, and after a desperate battle with six of them is arrested and eventually fined forty shillings. His grandfather, hearing of this, carries out his threat, and Jim has thenceforth to depend on his own exertions for a living. By the instrumentality of Sir Savile Smart, a famous specialist, Jim is put in temporary charge of a surgery in Mount-street, Blackfriars, a district infested by gangs of Hooligans. Sir Savile recommends him to some lodgings near the surgery in what turns out to be Dora Maybury's home. Here also are two other boarders named Miss Bird and Mr. Cleave. On Jim's first evening in his new quarters, he meets Mr Jefferson, a young stockbroker, who is also an admirer of Dora's, and appears to be regarded with favour by her. At the end of Jim's first day at the surgery, Dr. Taplow—the proprietor of the place—dispenses with his services, he having appointed another doctor to the post. The conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Maybury (Chapter XI.) refers to the fact that Jim's appearance at the police-court has become known to them and their boarders.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. MAYBURY'S RESOLVE.

MR. MAYBURY received a long and severe curtain lecture from his wife on the night of Jim's arrival at No. 9, the subject of it being Jim Mortimer and Jim Mortimer's delinquencies.

"After the disgraceful revelations of this evening," said the good dame, as, having blown out the candle, her lord composed himself for slumber, "we can't allow him to stay with us. It would give the house a bad name. People would tattle and gossip until we should be obliged to move. Imagine! Drunk and disorderly! fought the policemen! had to be bound with ropes and taken in an ambulance to a police-station——"

"I hardly think it was quite so bad as that," Mr. Maybury interrupted in a mild, sleepy voice.

"The fact remains," continued Mrs. Maybury, with energy, "that he *was* taken to a police-station, *was* fined, *was* reprimanded by the magistrate. A nice sort of man to have in one's house contaminating the children! Frank has taken a fancy to him already; the next thing will be *Frank* fighting policemen——"

"Don't talk such nonsense, my dear," said Mr. Maybury. "Medical students," he added, "often get into trouble. Nobody cares much if they do; they are regarded as privileged madcaps. Dr. Mortimer is a very young man—

still a student at heart. I must say I like what I've seen of him very much, and am not surprised at Frank's taking a fancy to him."

"Do you want your son to be sent to a reformatory, as Miss Bird suggested?" inquired Mrs. Maybury.

"He won't be," her spouse assured her; "Frank has no vices; he's only mischievous."

"If he imitates Dr. Mortimer," cried Mrs. Maybury, "there's no knowing what the boy won't come to. No, William, you must tell Dr. Mortimer that he must find fresh lodgings. He can't stay here. Miss Bird and Mr. Cleave will both leave if he does. Mr. Cleave told me to-night that he cannot breathe the same air as such a man."

"Cleave's an old woman," muttered Mr. Maybury.

"Miss Bird——" began Mrs Maybury.

"I wish Miss Bird *would* go," put in Mr. Maybury.

"And you can see Mr. Jefferson doesn't like him," continued Mrs. Maybury, "with half an eye. Mr. Jefferson! the man to whom you are indebted for your daily bread!"

"I'm employed by his father," objected Mr. Maybury.

"It's all the same. Mr. Jefferson got you your post. Suppose he told his father that you were harbouring a man who fights policemen and gets drunk— "

"His father would say that that was *my* business," rejoined Mr. Maybury.

"Well, we can't risk keeping him here. It's too dangerous. I've no objection to the young man myself——"

"Then why d'you go on about him so much?" retorted Mr. Maybury.

"For the sake of our home and its reputation," almost shrieked Mrs. Maybury, "that's why. Here I work and slave, and get no thanks not a word of thanks and then, when I express an opinion, you snap my head off. It's more than flesh and blood can stand!" she concluded, dissolving into tears.

"Suppose," said Mr. Maybury, placidly, "that we discuss the matter in the morning?"

"I won't say another word," cried Mrs. Maybury, between her sobs; "I've said all I have to say. If you keep this man here, he'll take our good name away. There now I've done!"

And so, with sobs at intervals, she at length fell asleep.

The once wealthy merchant held a very modest position in the business house of Jefferson and Son. He was, in fact, but one of their bookkeepers. He the erstwhile employer of fifty clerks and five hundred workpeople—now sat on a high stool at a high desk and laboured at ledgers for a small salary. When a man has come down in the world with a sudden run he is generally to be had at a low figure, and Jefferson and Son bore the fact in mind when they engaged Mr. Maybury. The hours (ten to four) were short, it is true, but Mr. Maybury would have worked later willingly could he have thereby added to his earnings.

The other clerks at Jefferson and Son's were mainly young fellows between whom and Mr. Maybury no great bond of fellowship could very well exist. He was left largely to himself, therefore, went out to his frugal mid-day meal alone, returned alone, and said very little to those about him from the time the office opened till its closing hour.

Harold Jefferson did not trouble himself with business more than he could help. He preferred the West End to the City. However, he put in a certain number of appearances per week, and whilst at the office treated Mr. Maybury with respect mingled with a slight but distinct air of patronage.

Such conversations as they held related, of course, entirely to the firm's business, and so it was with no little surprise that, on the day following Jim's arrival at No. 9, Mr. Maybury received an invitation from Harold Jefferson. "I want to speak to you about one or two matters," ran the pencilled note which the office-boy handed to Dora's father, "so shall be glad if you will lunch with me at 1.30. I will be waiting for you at the front entrance at that hour."

It was, of course, as much a command as an invitation. At the appointed time Mr. Maybury met young Mr. Jefferson, who at once hailed a cab and drove his guest to a restaurant in the West End. It would not do at all (thought young Mr. Jefferson) to be seen lunching with one of his clerks at a restaurant in the City.

"Now, Mr. Maybury," said the host, when lunch was over and they had lit their cigars, "I have two things to say to you. One of them concerns your daughter Miss Dora."

Mr. Maybury inclined his head. He had not imagined that this invitation was the outcome of purely hospitable motives.

"I have been paying her attentions for some time," said the well-to-do young stockbroker, "and I propose, with your sanction, to ask her to marry me."

"You have my full consent to do so," said the ruined merchant, graciously.

"From what you have observed, do you think that my proposal will be favourably received?" asked Jefferson, carelessly.

"I can offer no opinion," said Mr. Maybury.

"I may at least take it that, if she accepts me, you are willing to regard me as a prospective son-in-law?"

"Perfectly willing," was the reply.

"Thank you. Now as to this fellow Mortimer——"

"I beg your pardon. What has Mr. Mortimer to do with the matter?"

"If," said Jefferson, "I become engaged to your daughter, Mr. Maybury, I shall have a decided objection to your allowing such a man as Mortimer to remain under the same roof as my *fiancée*."

Mr. Maybury took a thoughtful pull at his cigar. The well-to-do young stockbroker looked keenly at the ruined merchant. It was to the latter's advantage to defer to the former. Was he not, as his wife had remarked, indebted to this man for his daily bread?

Mr. Maybury laid down his cigar and sipped his champagne, and meantime such reflections as these coursed through his brain. He was a very poor man, 'tis true, but he had always prided himself on being a just one. Personally, he had perceived no great harm in "this fellow Mortimer." Why, therefore, should he turn him out of his house?

"Well?" enquired the young stockbroker, curtly.

"The most charitable course to pursue," said Mr. Maybury, at length, "would be to see how he goes on. Should he prove himself unfit——"

"He has. He is a low, drunken brawler. I cannot bear the thought of Dora being brought into daily contact with him. You will at least admit that I have a right to lodge an objection against him—or will have, should your daughter accept me?"

"I should prefer to see how he goes on," said Mr. Maybury.

"Very well, sir," rejoined Jefferson, rising from his seat with a look of great annoyance on his face, "have it your own way. Waiter, my bill. You must excuse me now, Mr. Maybury, as I am not returning to the City."

Instead of going straight to the office, when he got back to the City, Mr. Maybury turned into a quaint little churchyard—a smoke-begrimed patch of green, where one might rest awhile on a seat. Here he remained for ten minutes, and when he at length turned his steps officewards, he had made up his mind that, however disastrous such an attitude might prove to his prospects, he would in no way seek to influence Dora in Harold Jefferson's favour. Nor should Jim Mortimer leave his house, unless he himself desired to go.

"I have lost pretty nearly everything," thought the ex-merchant, as he paced his way along the crowded pavement, "but till the day of my death I hope, please God, to retain my self-respect."

The thought inspired him, and he went back to his book-keeping with an unusual light in his eyes—with an additional firmness in his step. 'Twas true that Fate had robbed him of wealth and position, but Fate's worst buffets could not cause him to act in any way save that becoming a gentleman.

CHAPTER XII.

KOKO'S WORD.

"WELL, old chap," said Koko, as, after Jim's curt dismissal by Dr. Taplow, they walked down the pavement together, "this is a pretty kettle of fish."

"I know that," growled Jim. Then he grasped a lamp-post to steady himself. He felt faint and sick. The smash over the head he had received from the Hooligan's belt, combined with the sudden disheartening turn events had taken, had proved a little too much for him.

"We'd better have a cab," said Koko, in his quiet way.

"Right you are,' groaned Jim. He felt too ill, weak and miserable to do anything except just agree with everything that was said to him. If the gentle reader has ever been seasick he will be in a position to appreciate Jim's condition.

"Keep a grip on that lamp-post while I fetch one," said Koko, hastening away through the gloom of the autumn evening.

When the cab arrived, Jim got in thankfully, and the two friends, holding Tom, who had followed Jim out of the surgery, between them, rattled off.

"I suppose you'll ask me to stay to dinner with you?" said Koko.

Jim uttered a hollow laugh.

"Stay if you like, but I won't guarantee you'll enjoy yourself."

"Any girls?" enquired Koko, flirtingly.

"Two," said Jim; "also a woman-man teetotal crank, and a female gorilla."

Koko particularly wished to stay to dinner with Jim, for he was formulating a plan for Jim's future. But he was not going to expound it until Jim was in a state to give it due consideration.

On reaching Number Nine they found Frank lurking in the passage. When Jim removed his hat, Frank, observing his wound, was filled with curiosity.

"I say, Dr. Mortimer, how did you hurt your forehead?"

"Somebody hurt it for me," said Jim.

"Was it a fight?" enquired the youth excitedly.

"Kind of one," admitted Jim.

Now, Frank did not know that Jim was already in disgrace at Number Nine owing to a previous combat. Full of the news he had gleaned, he burst into the drawing-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Maybury, Dora, and the other paying guests were awaiting the summons to dinner.

"I say, pater, Dr. Mortimer's been having a fight. He's got an awful cut over the napper."

"Frank!" exclaimed Mrs. Maybury, "how often must I tell you not to use such vulgar terms?"

Frank grinned.

"You go and have a look at it!" he added, with supreme gusto, "you never saw such a whopping cut in all your life."

Mrs. Maybury turned a glance on her husband which plainly said: "And what do you think of him *now*?"

Miss Bird gave a snort of disgust, and Mr. Cleave, heaving a deep sigh, buried himself anew in the advertisements of the *Total Abstainer*, he having by this time utterly exhausted all the literary portions of the paper.

Jim sent Mrs. Maybury a message by Mary intimating that he had brought a friend, Mr. Somers, home with him, and would be greatly obliged if she would permit the said Mr. Somers to remain to dinner. Mrs. Maybury graciously replying that she would be "most happy," Koko and Jim (the latter with his head neatly plastered) in due course appeared in the drawing-room.

Much to Mrs. Maybury's surprise, Koko, after exchanging bows with the lady of the house, walked straight across to Dora and shook hands with her.

"You know Mr. Somers, then, Dora?" enquired Mrs. Maybury, somewhat sharply.

"Yes, mamma," replied Dora; "he is a friend of Miss Cook's."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Maybury, to whom it seemed that Miss Cook had been introducing Dora to very undesirable people—for Dora had informed her that it was by Miss Cook's agency that she had become acquainted with Jim.

Mrs. Maybury, it should be added, had never liked the idea of Dora's working in a post-office. She would have much preferred her to be a governess, for that, at any rate, she considered, was a more genteel occupation than post-office work. Still, Dora's little will had prevailed, as she had declared (with sparkling eyes in which tears had shone) that she would *never* be a governess—that, in fact, she would rather go on the stage than be a governess!

"Well, my dear," Mrs. Maybury had retorted. "*go* on the stage. With your looks you could easily succeed, and it is quite a common thing nowadays for pretty actresses to marry into the peerage——"

But here Mr. Maybury had interposed in an emphatic manner. "Dora shall never go on the stage with my permission," he had said, with the incisive firmness that he could display when the occasion needed it. And then Dora had flung her arms round her father's neck and promised him that she would never, *never*—as long as she lived—do anything that he did not like, and the ruined merchant, battered by mischance as he had been, felt that Dame Fortune had left him still much to be thankful for in the loving obedience and sweet loyalty of this fair daughter.

Dora had now been in the post-office six months, and had behaved so far in an exemplary manner. Even the girl's step-mother, prone to find fault as she was on the slightest pretext, could not discover anything to grumble at in Dora's conduct. But now—now affairs were assuming a different complexion. Dora had made masculine friends unbeknown to her mother. One of them was a dissipated young doctor, and the other—well, who and what was this other man -this Mr. Somers?

"And do you, too, belong to the medical profession, Mr. Somers?" enquired the dame.

"No, I am a journalist," replied Koko.

Miss Bird glanced up sharply; Mr. Cleave also looked across at the visitor. Miss Bird had not been introduced to Mr. Somers, but she did not allow little facts of that kind to stand in her way when she required information.

"And what is your particular department?" she abruptly demanded

"I work for the sporting Press—I am what is known as a sporting journalist," replied Koko.

The inquisitive expression on Miss Bird's face turned into a stony glare of disapproval.

"You go to horse-races?"

Koko did not like being cross-examined about his private affairs in this unblushing manner. So he determined to let this rude old lady know all about himself so as to save further questions.

"Yes, I attend horse-races and swimming-matches, and billiard-matches and prize fights -"

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself!" roared Miss Bird. As for Mr. Cleave, he uttered a thin, high cough. He had heard that the average journalist did his work with a bottle of brandy at his elbow what then must a journalist be like who reported prize-fights and horse-races! What, indeed!

With a sigh he sought distraction in the long list of "Homes for Inebriates" which appeared regularly in the *Total Abstainer*. This weekly

journal was Mr. Cleave's invariable comforter when he felt distressed. Besides, it offered £100 insurance in the event of one of its regular subscribers being accidentally killed. Several of Mr. Cleave's nearest relatives took in the paper, and Mr. Cleave had often calculated what amount he would receive as insurance should all these relatives be killed in one railway accident.

"I believe," Miss Bird went on (as Koko made no rejoinder) "that drunkenness is a common vice among persons working for the Press. Is that not so, Mr. Cleave?"

"Pardon?" queried Cleave, putting his hand to his ear.

"Bless the man!" exclaimed Miss Bird, irritated beyond measure, "why doesn't he get an ear-trumpet! I was saying," she continued, in a boisterous key, "that most journalists were drunkards. Is that not so?"

Now, Mr. Cleave recollected Mr. Maybury's stern rebuke of the previous evening, so he deemed it as well to be cautious.

"*Some* journalists," he replied, nodding pleasantly at Miss Bird.

"*Most*!" insisted Miss Bird.

"I will not go so far as to say that" quavered Mr. Cleave.

"Then you're a coward!" snapped Miss Bird, in utter disgust. Mr. Cleave had proved but a backboneless creature when she had relied on his support!

It is highly probable that Miss Bird would have proceeded to put further questions of a personal nature to Koko had not Mary popped her head into the room with, "Dinner's quite ready, mum."

Miss Bird's face cleared. She could eat twice as much as any one else in the house (not excepting Frank), and the announcement of dinner always put her in a good temper.

Whilst Koko and Jim had been upstairs, before entering the drawing-room, Jim had given his friend a brief sketch of the situation. For, it must be remembered, this was their first meeting since Koko had read old Dr. Mortimer's drastic and final epistle. When Jim told Koko that this house was the home of Miss Dora Maybury, Koko had smacked his chum on the back and enjoined him to go in and win; but when Jim mentioned Jefferson, and the latter's attitude with regard to Dora, Koko whistled thoughtfully

Two things he decided. Firstly, that Jim must stay on at Number Nine at all hazards, and, secondly, that the plan which had been in course of formation in his mind from the moment Dr. Taplow had told Jim to go, must take an immediate and definite shape.

That plan Koko intended to broach to Jim after dinner. But Fate willed otherwise.

The meal progressed quietly, the presence of a stranger possibly having a restraining influence on the shrewish outbursts of Miss H. R. Maybury, the cheeky utterances of Master Frank, and the voluble rebukes of Mrs. Maybury. Jim was seated between Miss Bird and Mr. Cleave, the two girls, with Frank and Koko, facing him. Dora, as a matter of fact, sat immediately opposite Jim.

"Well, Dr. Mortimer," presently observed Mr. Maybury, "you have not come through your first day's work unscathed, I see."

For Mr. Maybury felt sure that Jim would be able to give a satisfactory account of the proceedings.

Miss Bird grunted; Mr. Cleave cast a glassy eye on the broccoli. Both waited for Jim's defence.

Jim laughed. "No," he said, "I met a Hooligan."

"Dear me! So soon!"

"I thought it advisable, in view of the possibility of my being some time in the district, to take a strong line from the beginning. So I led off by tackling what turned out to be the worst man of the lot."

"You have shown them that you are not a person to be trifled with?" suggested Mr. Maybury, approvingly.

"That was my idea. But you may be interested to hear that another man has been put in permanent charge of the surgery —"

"Then you are no longer employed by Dr. Taplow?" interrupted Mrs. Maybury.

"That is so," said Jim.

"But he will still work in Mount Street," put in Koko, quickly, "as he is setting up a practice there on his own account."

They all glanced towards Koko, except Dora, who, looking at Jim, observed that he was palpably wonder-struck by Koko's remark. Jim, indeed, was as surprised as any one at the table. What on earth was Koko driving at?

As everybody (except Dora) turned towards Koko, Mr. Somers rose from the table.

"You must excuse such an unceremonious departure, Mrs. Maybury," he said, "but I have just remembered that I have a most important appointment to keep. I thank you for your very kind hospitality. Jim, I should like to see you before I go."

As Koko bowed himself out, Jim, marvelling greatly, followed him. In the hall, Koko explained.

"It's all right, Jim I'll lend you the money."

"What—for me to set up against Taplow?"

"That's it. You *must* stay here, and you'll do well in Mount Street. You shall have the money in the morning, and then you can go along

and rig up a place and start right off. What's the lowest figure you can begin on?"

"I don't know," said Jim. "Say fifty quid."

"You shall have it. I'll be round here with it at ten in the morning."

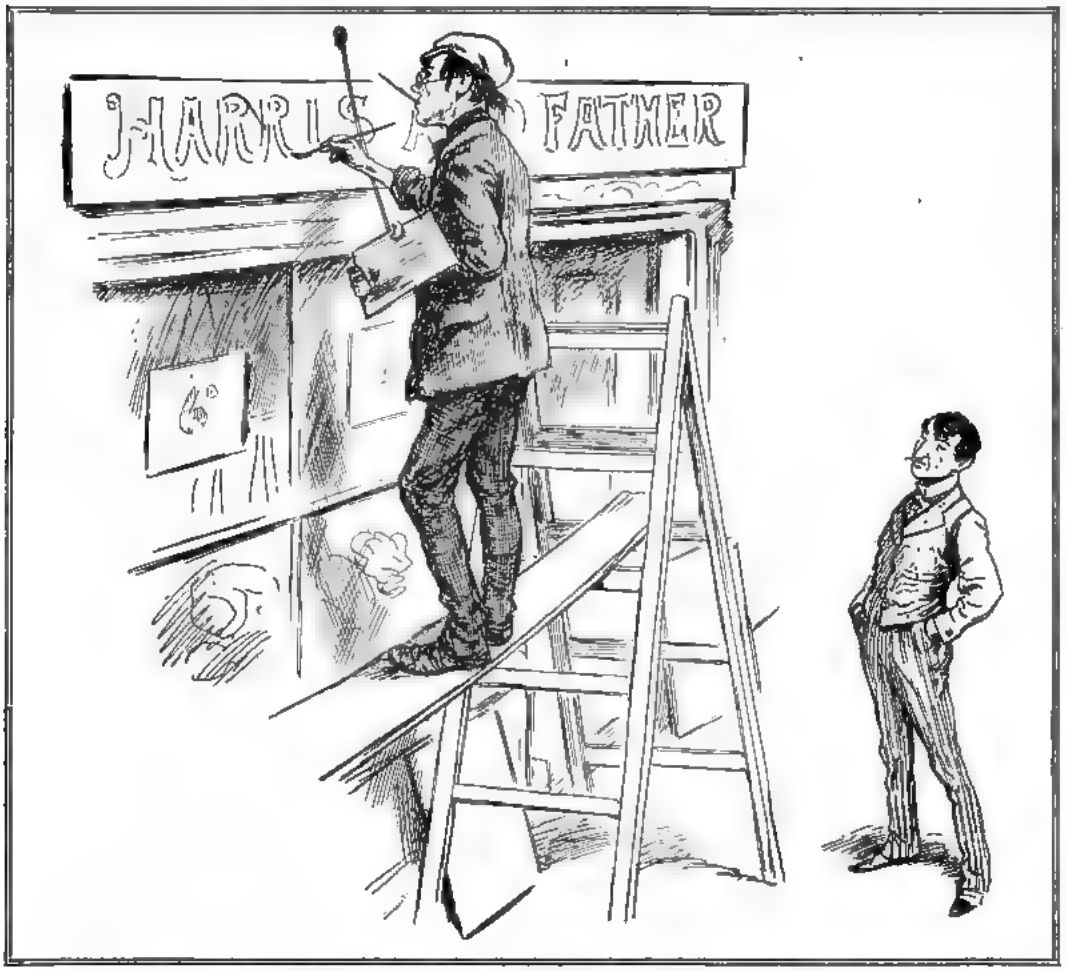
"But—old man—I don't like——"

"I've thought it out," said Koko, "and meant to tell you all about it after dinner, but you forced my hand by saying you'd left Taplow."

CHAPTER XIII

"HARRIS AND FATHER."

MR. HARRIS, senior partner in the firm of Harris and Son, provision dealers, Mount Street, S.E., was in a state of much tribulation. For Mr. Harris, owing to an unfortunate propensity for backing horses which either came in last, or fell down



YOUNG HARRIS, WITH HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS, PERKILY SURVEYING THE ALTERATION.

Then Koko put on his hat, opened the front door, and slipped out. Jim returned slowly to the dining-room.

"Is this true, Dr. Mortimer?" asked Mrs. Maybury, in a tone implying some doubt. "Are you really setting up in Mount Street on your own account?"

Jim had implicit confidence in Koko's word.

"It is quite true, Mrs. Maybury," he replied, coolly, as he resumed his seat.

and broke their legs, or behaved in some other unsatisfactory fashion, had, as the phrase is, outrun the constable, and on the day that witnessed his visit to Dr. Taplow's surgery had found himself threatened with bankruptcy and ruin.

That evening—there being no other course to pursue—he had made a clean breast of his affairs to his son Isaac, a weedy, lynx-eyed youth of a greasy and unwashed appearance.

"So dat is the case, my son," concluded Mr. Harris, throwing out his hands in a gesture of despair, "and now—vot are ve to do—vot are ve to do?"

Mr. Harris and his heir, it may be added, were East End Jews of a pronounced type, and their speech suggested a certain German strain in their ancestry.

"It is very sad, mine fader," replied young Harris; "it vos foolish of you to bet on dose 'orses——"

"It vos foolish of dose 'orses not to run faster!" cried Mr. Harris, proceeding to cut his nails with the counter scissors.

"Don't take the edge off dose scissors, mine fader," said young Harris, snatching them away from his parent.

"And vy not? Dey are my scissors!" exclaimed Mr. Harris, endeavouring to grab them back.

"Ven I haf bought dem dey vill not be yours," explained young Harris, amiably turning the point of the scissors towards his sire, so that, should the latter persist in his endeavour to regain them, he might receive some hurt from the effort.

The old dealer gazed wonderingly at his fond child.

"You—you vill buy dose scissors? Ah! at the sale?"

"No—from you, mine fader. I haf saved up some money, and *I* haf backed 'orses, too. But I did notice, mine fader, dat the 'orses you did bet on did always lose, so I did always bet against dem, and so when you did lose I did vin, and so, mine fader, I will buy the pizness from you—dat is to say," concluded the young man with hasty caution, "I vill pay your debts, mine fader, if you vill gif me the pizness."

"Isaac," said Mr. Harris, with emotion, "do not be hard on your old fader. Think of the money I skwandered on your education, my son—think of the peautiful school I put you to ven you vos a boy——"

"It vos only fivepence a veek!" retorted young Isaac, ungratefully.

"And ven you vos fourteen, my son Isaac, ven you vos an eddicated young gentleman, I took you from dat school and I put you behind the counter, and I taught you the pizness—and you had two soots of clothes a year, and a veek's 'oliday at Margit—oh! I haf been a kind fader to you, my son Isaac! Vill you lend me the money to pay my debts vith, Isaac?"

"Not a farding!" exclaimed young Harris, roughly. "You've been 'ard on me, and now I'll be 'ard on you. You've made me vork and slave while you've gone off to put money on 'orses that always fell down! Yes, you've been 'ard on me, and now I'll be——"

Here young Harris paused in his harangue. An idea occurred to him. If he bought up his father's business and turned his father out of the house, he would have to engage a shopman. That would come expensive. No, he must keep his father on, and make him help with the work

Old Harris was quick to take advantage of the discontinuance of Isaac's discourse.

"You won't be too 'ard on me, my son?" he whined, "think of the *tram-rides* I took you ven you vos a little boy!"

"Vell, I vill not be 'ard on you, mine fader," responded young Harris, apparently softened by this tender reminiscence, "No. I vill tell you vot I vill do. I vill take you into partnership. You shall be as I vos—you shall haf what you haf gave me. Is that not dootiful of me, mine fader?"

Old Harris groaned. True, his son had been his partner of recent years, but Isaac's share in the business had been so small that it could hardly have been called a share, save when viewed under a microscope. However, beggars can't be choosers, so there and then young Harris drew up a temporary agreement—to be presently made permanent in a due and proper manner by a solicitor—under which Isaac undertook to pay his father's debts (which amounted to a hundred pounds—a large sum for a small tradesman in a humble street), and Mr. Harris, on his side, undertook to hand over the control of the shop to Isaac, he himself receiving board, lodging, and a share in the business, on condition he gave as much time to the business as his son had formerly devoted to it.

Thus were the tables completely turned on the unlucky provision dealer.

By way of showing that he was in earnest, and not being restrained by any false delicacy, Isaac, as soon as he had breakfasted on the following morning, went out in search of a painter. Having found a man, he brought him and his ladder and his paint-pot back with him, and set the man at once to alter the title over the shop window from "Harris and Son" to "Harris and Father."

So it came about that when Jim, having received the promised fifty pounds from Koko, walked round to see Mr. Harris concerning a suitable tenement wherein he might set up as a surgeon, he found the painter just completing his task, and young Harris, with his hands in his pockets, perkily surveying the alteration.

"Hullo!" said Jim, "changes in the firm, I observe!"

"Yes, doctor," said Isaac; "mine fader, he

vos ruined by 'orse-racing, and so it is now my shop, and mine fader, he is my partner."

"Don't quite see how it can be your shop if he is your partner," said Jim.

"*He* vill tell you," said Isaac, indicating the interior of the shop with a dirty forefinger; "he is cleaning the counter. Soon he vill vipe the plates and knives and forks. He is going to vork now as I did used to."

And Isaac resumed his occupation of watching the painter with a most truculent and self-satisfied expression on his face.

Jim walked into the provision shop.

"Morning, Mr. Harris."

Mr. Harris shook his head despondently.

"I ain't Mr. 'Arris no longer," he said. "*'E's* Mr. 'Arris. *'E's* the boss. Ah, doctor," continued the old man, wiping away a tear with his shirt-sleeve, "if I'd a-known this vos goin' to 'appen—if I'd a-known that velp vos goin' to buy me up by bettin' against the 'orses I backed, I——"

Mr. Harris paused for breath. Jim waited for some interesting old Hebraic curse. But none came.

"—I'd never 'ave let 'im see my evenin' paper. That's vare 'e got it. I marked the 'orses I vos goin' to flutter on, and 'e saw 'em and laid agen 'em!"

"Rather smart!" laughed Jim. "The firm got square with the bookies that way."

"And when I think," almost shrieked old Harris, "that 'e betted vith money out of the till—that he used *my* money to play me that trick vith—when I think of *that*——"

Again Mr. Harris paused for breath, again Jim expected a rich and fruity paternal curse, and again none such came.

"When I think of that," resumed Mr. Harris, "it goes to my 'eart to remember I vouldn't buy a cash-registering machine that vos offered to me at *'arf-price* by a pawn-broker friend of mine 'oo vos giving up!"

"And why didn't you?" asked Jim.

"*Vy!* Vy, becos that velp yonder—young Isaac—says: 'Fader, do not buy that machine. If you do, the customers vill steal the sausages vile ve turn our backs to get the change.' That is vy. And I gave 'im a shillin' for bein' so clever. And it's a thousand pound to a little bit of cat's meat, doctor," concluded Mr. Harris with great bitterness, "that 'e laid that bob against a 'orse that I vos backin'!"

"Well, Mr. Harris," said Jim, "I'm sorry you have been so unfortunate. But I must get on with my business. I want to open a surgery in this street, and I want you to tell me if there's a likely house about here for the purpose."

Mr. Harris fixed his gaze eagerly on Jim's face, and as he did so his eyes lightened up with a great idea. What he wanted was a little ready money. Get that ready money he must or his scheme would fail!

"Yes, doctor," he said, "I know a 'ouse. That pawnbroker friend of mine, 'e shut up 'is shop when 'e retired from business, and asked me to get a tenant for it. You shall 'ave it cheap, my dear sir. You can 'ack it about a bit, and it'll suit you fine. Come and see it—come on!"

In nervous haste the old man put on his coat and hat.

"Come on, doctor," he said.

But young Isaac confronted his father at the shop door.

"Vare vos you goin', mine fader?" he enquired.

"I vos goin' vith the doctor. If I oblige 'im 'e will attend us for nozzing, my son. Is that not good? Come on, doctor."

With this Mr. Harris hastened past his son, and, accompanied by Jim, at length arrived at a dingy-looking shop, whose shutters bore sundry placards giving the world to understand that the place was "To Let."

"There, doctor, that vill make you a peautiful surgery. But you shall see it."

When Jim had inspected the place he decided to take it.

"What's the rent?" he asked old Harris.

"Sixty pound a year, doctor, paid quarterly in advance."

"Do I pay you, Mr. Harris?"

"Yes, you pay me," replied the dealer, hastily.

"All right. Then that's fifteen pounds. You shall have it as soon as I have taken possession. You get a commission on this deal, eh?"

"*I* get a commission! Vy, yes, I vould not let anything vithout one. I get ten per shent, doctor dear—to come off the first quarter's rent. That's six pounds. You *vill* pay me in advance, doctor, eh?"

"Oh, rather!" said Jim.

At this point Mr. Harris looked cunningly at his young medical adviser.

"The top part of the 'ouse, doctor dear—you vill sleep in it?"

"Not I!" said Jim.

"Then you vill not vant it?"

"Well, I suppose not."

"You vill lend me the outside, then. Eh? You vill lend me the vall?"

"Lend you the wall—what for?"

"First say you vill lend it me!"

"Well, I'll lend it you. Now tell me what you'll do with it," said Jim.

Mr. Harris rubbed his hands together. "I

vill let it for advertisements. It vill be an 'oarding. I vill let it to one of those contractors —it will be a fine 'oarding. It vill not 'urt you, and it vill bring me money."

"Where do *I* come in?" demanded Jim, laughing.

"Vy, it vill *'elp* you, my dear doctor. People will look at the 'oarding, and then they vill see your plate, and then they vill come in for advice, and you'll make a fortune, doctor dear—all through me! Vy, you ought to pay me for the idea!"

"I hadn't thought of it in that light," said Jim, much amused.

The old dealer chuckled with glee.

"Ah, my son Isaac!" he cried, "you shall sing yet vith the uzzer side of your mouth. I shall 'ave money. The evenin' paper shall come—*Isaac* vill mark the 'orses now—'e will back them, *and I vill bet against them*. Then ve vill see!"

"That will be a cute dodge—if it comes off!" said Jim.

"Come off—it *must*!" cried the old man, with the fatalism of the confirmed gambler, "it can't *'elp* itself! Aha! And then ve vill see, Isaac my son, *ve will see*!"

CHAPTER XIV.

A PIECE OF NEWS.

JIM went to work on the ex-pawnbroking establishment with marvellous energy. He had banknotes in his pocket, and a compelling personality which duly influenced the workmen he engaged to make the necessary alterations. In a few days his surgery was ready, and the door of it adorned with a neat brass plate bearing his name.

Koko called and ran a critical eye over the place.

"It'll do," he said; "now go ahead and cut out old Taplow."

"Well, it's all your idea," said Jim, "and carried out with your money, old man. By the way, many thanks for the loan. You bolted off in such a hurry the other day that I'd no time——"

"Had to go to a trotting match," explained Koko, briefly.

"Well, many thanks! You're a brick. Wish I could save money like you do, Koko."

And then Jim fell to talking of something else. It was no unusual thing for him to ask a loan of his friend—though he had never borrowed anything like such a large sum as this from him before—and Koko always seemed to have the money. In fact, Koko's never-failing supply of ready cash was Jim's envy and admiration. He knew Koko only earned a few pounds a week, and wondered how his friend managed to save anything out of his salary. He regarded the matter, of course, from his own spendthrift point of view, and did not fully understand or appreciate Koko's modest manner of life.

Jim would have been still more surprised had he known that Koko, out of his moderate means, supported a ne'er-do-well brother, who was married, and had a bunch of little children to be fed and clothed. But none knew anything about it save the brother—who would have readily taken a larger allowance from Koko—and George Somers himself.

Koko was a little man who always tried to do his duty, and the right thing in all matters, and that was why he was appreciated by those who really knew him. Consequently his life was happy. Many people yearn for happiness and are surprised that it does not fall to their lot. They do not see that a man makes his own misery or happiness by his deeds, for it is those who establish an ideal, and live up to it, that find peace of mind, and, by thinking of others as well as themselves, win love that is better than riches, and engrave their names for ever on the hearts of their understanding friends.

"I should never have thought, Jim," said Koko, "that you would get to work like this."

"You see," said Jim, quite seriously, "there's Dora."

"Ah!" said Koko, and heaved a little sigh, for once upon a time he, too, had been in much the same frame of mind. But that was years since, and the story of it was as a book that one has read and closed for ever.

Jim was rather surprised himself at the way he had "got to work." In the morning he went off to his surgery full of zest and expectancy, his duties interested him keenly. True, very few people came to him to be doctored, but Jim had a stout heart, and thoroughly believed that he would be able to work up a good practice—in time. At present the folks round there went to the surgery they were used to—Dr. Taplow's. They were yet to learn what Jim was made of. The man Taplow had "put in" was ten years older than Jim—bearded and serious, with a grave, telling manner, behind which lay (apparently) a wealth of knowledge. Jim's extreme youthfulness was against him. The ladies of the neighbourhood declared that they weren't going to be doctored "by a boy like that," and Taplow's new man throve in consequence. The few people who called on Jim, or summoned him to their homes, opined that the "boy" had got a good headpiece, and knew his business, and the children Jim attended became his very firm friends and admirers (especially the little girls)

from the very outset of their acquaintance. One poor woman said that you'd never think "a great tall, long feller like that," who smashed a Hooligan about the first day he was in Mount Street, could be so gentle or so kind in a sick-room. Yet he was, she said—she'd never met a cleverer or a kinder gentleman. And you may be sure that her homely testimonial helped Jim along up the steep path he was climbing.

Before Jim was Dora's face—that was the beacon that guided and gave him hope. Dora—

But the human scum of which this Hooligan band was composed was not easily daunted. It was equal to almost any atrocity—any meanness. It could kick a policeman's head in, and steal his cape; it could waylay old men, rob them, and leave them half-dead in the gutter. This scum could plan out its forays with deliberation and cunning. It could watch a man pace his way homewards on Monday and Tuesday, and let him go scatheless, but it would have him on Wednesday in some dark corner.

THE VOLUME OF WATER SCATTERED THEM IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

with whom he merely exchanged a few words daily! And so he plodded on his rounds, with Dora's eyes, as lanterns, lighting the path of duty that he trod.

The rough whom Jim had laid out in the fashion already described, had not forgotten the incident. He had a sturdy band in the neighbourhood at his call, and one night, as Jim was issuing from a house in the Blackfriars Road, he found an ill-favoured ring of louts about him. Not a policeman was in sight, but a man was hosing down the pavement. Quick as thought Jim made a dash for the hose, and, seizing it, turned it upon the Hooligans. The volume of water scattered them in all directions, and Jim, chuckling, returned the hose to the road-cleaner with many thanks and a tip.

Of course, members of this gang were caught, and sentenced to what? Six weeks' hard labour! But did they care? Not a rap. Out they came, invigorated and freshened by regular hours and regular meals. Six weeks! They could "do it on their heads."

And so the Hooligans went on hustling women off the pavement, robbing old men, and occasionally laying up a policeman for life, because the Law of England was too soft-hearted to give them the "Cat."

And Jim Mortimer was working in the midst of the Hooligan district—Jim Mortimer had incurred the hatred of these wolves because he had taken a short way with their chief, and knocked him on to his back.

A less courageous man than Jim would have

thrown up the sponge and retired to a safer neighbourhood. But Jim held on. They broke his red lamp, and smashed his windows, but he merely requisitioned the services of a glazier, and hammered half the life out of a ruffian whom he found, a few nights later, about to put the knob of his stick through the new lamp. And so the Hooligans came to learn that the new doctor in Mount Street—the bearded man, curiously enough, they let severely alone—was made of about the sternest stuff they had ever encountered, and they saw that they would have to bide their time and watch most diligently for an opportunity to be revenged on him. But their desire to get even with him never abated. They were just waiting, and they knew they would not have to wait very long.

So Jim went on his way, not exactly rejoicing, but admirably serene. He carried a revolver at night-time when his rounds led him into dark courts and treacherous alleys. And ever before him, wherever he went, he saw Dora's eyes, and for Dora's sake, and because he hoped one day to win Dora, he kept a stout heart, and worked with persevering resolution.

Jim used to reach the surgery in the morning about ten. Between one and two, or two and three—according to his engagements—he had his lunch at the emporium of Harris and Father, or at some other eating-house situated near his work. Tea was served to him (when he was there to have it) by an old dame whom he had engaged to look after the house and do the cleaning. This lady occupied a couple of the upper back rooms, for Mr. Harris, losing no time in carrying out his "'oarding" scheme, had let off the upper walls of the front to a bill-posting firm, the result being that that portion of the ex-pawnbroking establishment which faced the street was soon covered with flaming placards, drawing attention to whatever melodrama was being played at the local theatre. As Mr. Harris had anticipated, these posters attracted much attention, and Mount Street wayfarers stopped constantly to gape at the thrilling scenes depicted in crude and aggressive colours above Jim's surgery. Not being aware of Mr. Harris's share in this display, Mount Street naturally conjectured that the Long 'Un had let off this space on his own account, and so, while some of its inhabitants expressed admiration for Jim's cuteness, others declared that a doctor ought to be above getting money in that way, adding that Taplow didn't descend to such catch-penny tricks, which showed that he could afford to do without them.

But Jim had some faithful patients who constantly sang his praises. He had made some good friends during his one day at Taplow's surgery, and these friends vociferously advertised their young medical adviser in fried-fish shops, public-houses, and other places where the world of these parts did congregate to eat, drink and gossip.

The posters were a source of constant amusement to Jim himself, and he took a keen interest in the weekly changes of the pictorial decoration of his outside walls. The men who came every Monday to paste up new "bills" soon got to know the young doctor, and one of them gruffly invited Jim to pay a call on his father-in-law, who seemed unable to throw off an obstinate attack of bronchitis. Jim promptly looked up the old man, and, after examining him, stripped him to the skin and rubbed him all over with brandy. "It'll be all right," said Jim, "you'll see." And it was, for the fierce spirit drew out the inflammation, and within three days the bill poster's father-in-law was able to go downstairs. The story of the cure, needless to say, was related in every public-house in the district—and from that hour Jim's fortunes mended.

Jim went home for dinner, but returned to his surgery directly the meal was over. One night, however, he did not go to the surgery, but, instead, stayed at Number Nine, and helped Frank with his home-lessons. They had the dining-room to themselves, and were soon deeply immersed in the Rivers of Europe. Presently Dora peeped in—a little shyly, it seemed to Jim—and Frank sang out: "I say, Dora, this *is* fun; come and see!"

For Jim had drawn a rough outline map of Europe, and Frank was filling in the countries and rivers, Jim holding the map proper before him, and coaching his pupil with characteristic energy.

"It waggles there," Jim said, as, Dora having seated herself by her brother, Frank started on the Danube, "and now it goes straight on. Steady, man—you're making it run over a mountain. Now, waggle it a bit more—that's prime."

Frank enjoyed the lesson hugely, and presently Dora drew a river—the Rhine—and won high praise from Mr. Mortimer.

After that Jim took Frank through his French verbs, Dora flagrantly prompting her brother, and from this they proceeded to English History, Jim giving Frank a racy description of James the Second's flight, and the causes leading up to it, which somehow stuck in Frank's head to such effect that on the following day he was awarded 80 marks out of a possible 100, and greatly astonished his form-master by such an unusual display of ability.

It was a happy evening—Jim never remembered spending a happier—and the Long 'Un went to

his work next day with a light heart and a most tender recollection of Dora drawing the Rhine—under *his* tutelage!

But such happy evenings as this had been do not often occur in anybody's life—it is their unexpectedness which gives them the charm which lingers in one's memory.

Jim helped Frank on several occasions after that, but Dora did not join them. She was out, Frank supposed, with Mr. Jefferson. Such announcements filled Jim with forebodings which were to be realised only too speedily.

One evening, when Jim had been established in his new surgery about three weeks, Koko looked in.

"Hullo, Koko!"

"Hullo, Jim!"

Koko sat down and glanced about him.

"Business improving, Jim?"

"Things are looking better, thanks, old man."

"And as to Number Nine?"

"Cold generally; variable breezes," was Jim's weather report.

"He doesn't know yet," thought Koko. Then he added:

"I met Miss Cook to-day."

"Oh, how is she?" said Jim, carelessly, as he went on making up medicine.

"He ought to know," thought Koko, adding aloud: "She's all right. Gave me a bit of information about Dora."

Jim stared round at his friend with a blank look on his face.

"Eh?"

"She took a fortnight to make up her mind. She accepted him yesterday, and was wearing his ring to-day."

"Jefferson?"

Koko nodded.

"Yes, she's engaged to Jefferson."

CHAPTER XV.

KOKO IS THANKED.

DORA often looked at her engagement ring It was a beautiful ring, and had cost Mr. Jefferson thirty pounds. Dora did not know this, but she knew it was a very expensive and valuable ring, and she was very proud of it. She often looked at it—she was for ever holding up her left hand and admiring this lovely, shining, diamond ring—this ring which glittered in dark places and flashed and twinkled even when her hand was quite still.

Dora felt that she was a very lucky girl to have a lover who could give her such a ring. Her stepmother had told her that she ought to consider herself very lucky, and so Dora supposed that she ought to. Yes, it was a beautiful ring, and Dora had blushed when Mr. Jefferson had put it on her finger, and kissed her. She felt that she was very fond of Mr. Jefferson. Few girls, indeed, could boast of such a lover as he—good-looking, well-mannered, perfectly dressed, the pink of politeness, and very much in love with her.

She was sure now that she was fond of him. He had proposed to her quite suddenly one night in a cab as they were driving home together (they had been to the "autumn drama" at Drury Lane, where, of course, he had had a box). Dora had been considerably flurried by the suddenness of the proposal, and had asked for time to consider her answer. Mr. Jefferson had seemed a little put out at her not accepting him at once, but with as good a grace as he could muster he had consented to give her the time she required in which to "think him over," and went off for a fortnight's shooting in Scotland.

During this period Dora gave the matter careful consideration, and discussed it with her stepmother. She did not do this very willingly, but Mrs. Maybury insisted on introducing the topic, she having been informed by Mr. Jefferson of the fact that he had asked Dora to marry him. Mrs. Maybury pointed out to Dora that she would, in all probability, never get such a good offer again—that it would be the wildest folly on her part to refuse Mr. Jefferson. What was she—Dora? *A post-office clerk!* Did she wish to go on performing such drudgery? Of course not! This was one of a thousand reasons why she ought to accept Mr. Jefferson!

As to the other nine hundred and ninety-nine reasons—well, *one* of them that must occur to Dora was the fact that her father was employed by the Jeffersons. It was in young Mr. Jefferson's power to put Mr. Maybury in a much better position at the office. Dora must bear that in mind.

But apart from all this, she had always understood that Dora was very fond of Mr. Jefferson. Had she not accepted presents from him and accompanied him to the theatre, to the Exhibition, to all sorts of places? In short, Dora had encouraged him in every possible way, and Mrs. Maybury was surprised—greatly surprised—to hear that Dora had even asked for time in which to consider her reply. In Mrs. Maybury's opinion, Mr. Jefferson had acted in a most considerate manner; he would have been justified in demanding an immediate "Yes" or "No." As it was, he had shown great forbearance.

Mrs. Maybury had introduced the topic one evening when Miss Bird and Mr. Cleave were present, as well as herself and Dora. She sup-

posed they both knew that Mr. Jefferson had proposed to Dora. They would, therefore, be rather surprised to hear that Dora had asked for time in which to consider her answer.

"Ridiculous!" said Miss Bird, "she ought to write and accept him at once. What do *you* say, Mr. Cleave?"

"Didn't quite catch——" replied Mr. Cleave, putting his hand up to his ear.

"I say she ought to write and accept him at once!" howled Miss Bird.

Mr. Cleave nodded rapidly.

"Yes, an admirable offer. A most temperate young man. Yes—as you say—at once!"

"I am sure, Mr. Cleave, I can get on quite well without *your* advice!" snapped Dora.

"My advice," said Cleave, who only caught the latter part of her sentence, "is to accept him. Yes, a good match. A most temperate young man."

"It's got nothing to do with temperance," roared Miss Bird.

Mr. Cleave heard this remark—the people in the next house probably did as well—and looked at Miss Bird reproachfully.

"I hope you are not falling away from the Cause?" he said.

"It's got nothing to do with the Cause!" bellowed Miss Bird. "What I say is, a bad husband is better than no husband at all. Even a pretty girl doesn't get too many offers nowadays. Mr. Jefferson will make a very good husband, and if Dora doesn't accept him, she'll be a fool!"

"You hear what Miss Bird says?" observed Mrs. Maybury, looking at Dora.

"*Thank* you," said Dora, in an icy voice, "I think I can manage my affairs without assistance from Miss *Bird*!"

And with that she flung off to bed.

Eventually, however, she accepted Mr. Jefferson. All these speeches in the drawing-room (for the matter was discussed openly on several evenings) had their due effect on her—and the argument that weighed with her most was that by becoming engaged to Mr. Jefferson she could not help but benefit her father. One of the first things Mr. Jefferson would do (asseverated Mrs. Maybury) after becoming engaged to Dora, would be to find some way of bettering Mr. Maybury's position at the office.

It must be borne in mind, too, that Dora was by no means indifferent to Mr. Jefferson. Had he suddenly ceased to pay her attentions she would have felt greatly hurt and annoyed, for she had become accustomed to his society, and always enjoyed herself very much whenever he took her out.

"Oh, miss, what a *lovely* ring!" cried Mary, when she saw the present with which Jefferson had clinched the engagement, "oh! what gleamin' jools! What a rich gentleman he must be, miss! Dr. Mortimer couldn't give you a ring like that, miss—he's too poor!"

"JIM'S MY BEST FRIEND," SAID KOKO; "I'D DO ANYTHING TO HELP HIM."

Dora, who had been allowing the little servant to examine the ring (they were in her bedroom at the time, which was bedtime), drew her hand sharply away.

"Don't be so silly, Mary. You really are very stupid sometimes, and say such absurd things."

"I didn't mean anything, miss," replied Mary, who had really spoken quite innocently; "it only came into my head, like."

"Then you have a very silly head!" exclaimed Dora.

Mary was going out of the room when Dora called her back.

"I'm so tired, Mary. Would you mind brushing my hair for me?"

"Of course I will, miss," cried Mary (who had been pattering about since six in the morning), "I always *love* to do things for you, miss!"

And then Dora sat down in front of the looking-glass, and Mary took her hair down and combed it and brushed it, "just like a grand lady's," as she said.

"I expect you'll have your own maid when you're married to Mr. Jefferson, miss," added Mary.

Dora made no reply. She was thinking—and the poor over-worked little servant, with her woman's instinct, divined her thoughts.

"Don't you think, miss," she said, presently, "that Dr. Mortimer's thinner than when he first came?"

"Oh, I haven't noticed it," said Dora, carelessly.

"*I* have," returned Mary.

She brushed away vigorously without speaking for some little time, and then she said: "I wonder if he's in love, miss!"

"*Who?*" demanded Dora, quite unnecessarily.

"Why, miss, Dr. Mortimer!"

"How should *I* know!" cried Dora. "Please be quick, Mary I'm so tired"

"I sometimes think that he is," continued the sentimental little servant, "by the look in his eyes, miss. I should think," added Mary, thoughtfully, "that he would be a very faithful lover, like the knights and barons you read of in books. He'd look well in armour—fightin'—and he'd be so faithful and strong and true. I can't pictur' Mr. Jefferson in armour. Can you, miss?"

"Don't ask such idiotic questions, Mary!" cried Dora, impatiently. "There, I think you've brushed my hair quite enough. Thank you very much, Mary."

"Quite welcome, miss," said the little servant: "good-night, miss!"

"Good-night, Mary."

And so Mary went to her humble couch in the attic, and Dora lay for an hour thinking. And presently she fell asleep and dreamed—and her dreams, curiously enough, were of a knight in armour, who was ever so strong and true, and who went to the wars, and after many battles came back home to claim the hand of his fair and faithful lady-love.

The diamond ring, twinkling and flashing, attracted a good deal of attention at the post-office. The other girls went into raptures about it, and told Dora that she was a very, very lucky girl. Everybody—it seemed to Dora—said she was a lucky girl. Dora did not altogether appreciate being informed so frequently that she was a lucky girl. After all, this ring was only the symbol of a compact. Had she not given herself in exchange for it? She did not put the matter to herself quite in these words, but this was the drift of her reflections on the subject. Why should she be considered so very, *very* lucky!

Miss Cook and she got away from the post-office early one afternoon.

"We will have a nice tea somewhere," said Dora; "I will treat you, dear."

"Shall we go to tea with Mr. Somers?" suggested Miss Cook.

"Mr. Somers! But he will be out."

"No, he won't. I saw him last night at the house of some friends of mine, and he told me he would be in to-day. I knew we should get off early to-day, and so I asked him," added Miss Cook, a little shamefacedly.

Dora sighed. She was fond of Miss Cook, and she was afraid that Mr. Somers was never likely to take a fancy to her friend.

"Very well, dear; we will go and see Mr. Somers."

They turned their steps, therefore, in the direction of the Adelphi, where, along a modest terrace, Koko did dwell.

Presently Dora said: "What friends did you go to see last night, Rose?"

"Oh, some old friends of ours—not at all grand. He is a bookseller."

"I suppose he has all the new novels. I wonder if he ever reads them!"

"He doesn't have any new novels, Dora. He is a second-hand bookseller. He deals in all sorts of old books."

"Oh!" said Dora. "Mr. Somers is very fond of collecting old books, isn't he?"

"Yes, he has found some very good ones in the twopenny box—you know—the box which they mark 'THIS LOT 2D.'"

Dora laughed.

"Oh, yes I know an author who says his books circulate freely among the twopenny boxes. And does Mr. Somers go routing about for old books in those boxes?"

"Yes; he has made several 'finds,' as he calls them. My friend bought some from him the other day."

"What! has he been selling them again?"

"Yes; I wonder why! He called on my friend quite late one night not long ago, and sold him twelve very valuable books. He got fifty pounds

for them. I wonder why he sold them—he is so fond of his old books! But here we are! Isn't it a queer, musty old place!"

Koko received the girls with a smile of genuine pleasure. He bustled about and got tea for them, and then Dora played to them both on a very old but still tuneful piano that Koko had picked up at a sale years since. When Jim was at Matt's, Koko told the girls, he often used to drop in and play the piano. "Wonderful ear Jim's got," said Koko; "but," he added, "he's not been here since he went to Mount Street. Jim's working now."

Then, while Miss Cook sat down and tried to pick out a march on the piano, Koko showed Dora his treasures, and spent quite a time telling her little anecdotes as to how this book and that book had come into his possession. While he talked, Dora was putting two and two together. She remembered how amazed Jim had looked when Koko said he was going to set up in Mount Street, and she remembered how Koko had hurried away in the middle of dinner. She understood now why he had done so.

"Some have gone from here," said Dora, pointing to a gap in one of the shelves.

"Yes," said Koko, in an off-hand way, "I have a clear-out occasionally."

"Did you sell them?" she asked.

"Rather—I don't give my books away."

"And did you get a good price for them?"

"Fair," said Koko; "yes, a fair price."

Miss Cook ended up with a loud and inharmonious chord and rose from the piano.

"Come, Dora—we must be going."

"Oh, don't go yet," urged Koko.

"We must—it is getting late, and Dora is expected at home. Good-bye, Mr. Somers."

They shook hands, and Miss Cook sauntered out into the passage.

And now Dora had to say good-bye.

"Mr. Somers—I know why you sold those books. You wanted to help Dr. Mortimer."

Koko gazed at her for a few moments without speaking and then said, quite simply: "Yes, I did. Jim's my best friend. I'd do anything to help him."

As he spoke, his glance wandered to the half-emptied shelf. Much as he loved his old books, however, he did not regret his recent sacrifice.

"You are a very good man, Mr. Somers—very kind and good. I only wish," she added, with demure hesitation, "that I were a little younger, for then it would be quite proper for me to—to kiss you."

"Are you coming, Dora?" Miss Cook was growing impatient.

Koko turned to Dora with a smile and took her hand.

"If *I* were a little younger, perhaps it would not be proper," he said, gently, "but as I'm ever so much older than you, don't you think that——"

"Why, yes," said Dora, and bending swiftly she kissed him, and fled with much haste into the passage.

Koko mused on the incident for some time after they had gone. "Well," he said, "that's queer. I don't understand women! She's engaged to one man and kisses me for helping another. No, I don't understand women at all!"

And then, with a thoughtful smile, he proceeded to clear away the tea-things.

(To be Continued.)

SCHOOL MAGAZINES

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

The Aluredian (King's College, Taunton; Lent Term).—The tendency to drop Euclid and take up geometry has induced a humorous article, entitled "Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire." Of the rest of this magazine we like the happy selection of early English proverbs from the writings of Hendyng, notably the following: "Learn wit and wisdom eagerly, and take care that no man prevent another from being wise and good. for it is better to be wise than to wear gay apparel." "If thou art rich and highly esteemed, be not thou, therefore, puffed up, and wax not too wild, but conduct thyself courteously."

The Arvonian (Carnarvon County School; March).—A glut of "copy" is a refreshing note to hear the editor sounding. His portraits of the football and hockey teams are very nicely reproduced. The girls' hockey team seems wonderfully strong, especially when on the defensive. Miss N. Evans appears to be the best scorer. Five goals against Bangor County School is almost a record. The article entitled "Characteristics of the Sixth Form" is excellent reading, but for one of the members to give the rest away in such a wholesale fashion is hard luck. We fear the Sixth will fall from their high estate when lower forms become acquainted with their ways. The list of "howlers" is no better than similar efforts we see elsewhere. Sometimes there is a laborious attempt to explain whatever spark of humour may exist in this form of wit.

The Breconian (April).—We congratulate J. W. Jenkins and T. P. James on the pretty cover in which the magazine is now clothed. We are promised improvements in the design for July. Athletically the school appears to have been very busy. The Cadet Corps is looking forward to the camp at Aldershot. The posts of the school have been very busy we observe. The following definition of Brokerage from an arithmetic paper seems to suggest a closer familiarity with the Turf than with the Stock Exchange:—"Brokerage. This term is used every day, and it means that a man has a certain sum of money, and he wishes to investigate it on such and such a thing; he sends it to a broker to investigate it for him, it is then said to be in Brokerage."

The Bridlingtonian (Bridlington Grammar School Magazine, April).—The Head has been appointed a member of the new education committee. According to the reports of the Sports Fund Lectures, they appear an excellent series of a much higher standard of merit than we usually meet with. The school is to be congratulated on the opening of the new wing. Forty years ago the Grammar School was a loft in the old town. Now a magnificent pile of buildings has sprung up and spread in such a way that Commissioner Leach, of the Board of Education, said he had never known any school develop in so phenomenal a manner.

The Carterian (Red House School Magazine, Marston Moor, Yorks.).—The articles on "Child Study" and "Professions" raise the value of this magazine enormously. Outdoor games are receiving more attention, hockey evidently enjoying the greatest favour. "Seaside Geometry," in the shape of definitions and postulates, is a happy conceit, notably: A single room is that which has no parts or magnitude. On the same bill and on the same side of it there shall be two charges for the same thing.

Holmwood (Bexhill, April).—A flood of "copy," a healthier exchequer, and a new sub-editor, in the person of Mr. Lunn, form the burden of the editor's song. Golf has come to stay. Francis, with a very good score, won the Putting Competition. The verses by G. P. H. on "Golf" are amusing. Cecil Reindorp's article on "Ranching in Colorado" is informing and helpful to boys intending to go "out West."

Mill Hill Magazine (April).—A portrait and an appreciation of Dr. Weymouth, for seventeen years (1869-1886) Head of the school, form the staple of the April number of this magazine. Himself the first D.Litt. of London University, he scored remarkable successes with his pupils at the London Matriculation. Among those who owe their early training to him are Mr. Owen Seaman, the brilliant satirist and versifier on the staff of *Punch;* Mr. A. R. Ropes, better known as Mr. Adrian Ross, who wrote the lyrics in *The Country Girl;* Mr. Micklem, K.C., Mr. Scrutton, K.C., Dr. Lavington Hare of Tientsin, and Mr. S. H. Leonard, late Warden of Broadplain Mission, Bristol. The school's success at hockey over the Royal Naval School and King's College is noteworthy. The Natural History Society appears very vigorous. We wish other schools would follow the example of Mill Hill in this respect.

The Olavian (March).—We would add our note of welcome on the re-issue of the school hymnal, carefully revised and much enlarged under the care of the Head. "Re-union" will appeal to a far wider circle than Old Olavians. It strikes a note of deep devotion and nobility. The contrast is so marked between the doggerel which characterises much of our hymnology (and caused Dr. Johnson to doubt whether hymns ever could rank as poetry) that we take leave to quote the following:—

"From many ways and wide apart,
Obedient to thy call,
Hither we turn with loyal heart,
Dear Mother of us all!

For more than gold has been the lore
We learned beside thy knee—
The faith that grows from more to more,
The truth that maketh free;

The strength to do and to endure
Through good report and ill,
The heart of love, the conscience pure,
And the undaunted will."

Stopford Brooke, Henry Newbolt, and Christina Rossetti all find a place in this book of golden thoughts.

The Quernmorian (Bromley, Kent; April).—The school sports form the chief item of interest. S. D. Carpenter's splendid performance in the 100 yards race was too good to be believed, the editor says. Incredulity was overcome when the two time-keepers agreed it was 10 2-5secs. G. Davies did well in the quarter-mile (under 15), tieing with Carpenter's record, viz., 66secs.

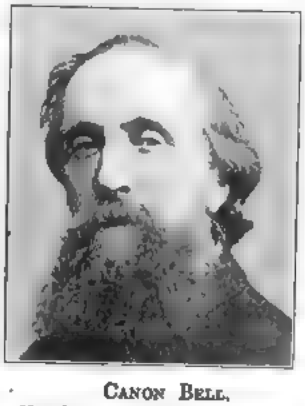
The Salopian (April).—The splendid play of Old Salopians for the "Dunn Cup" in beating the Malvernians and Brightonians and drawing in the final with two goals in their favour well deserves the enconiums of the editor. Nor is Salopian success limited to this. The school beat Uppingham at fives and Crowmere at hockey. At the time of reviewing, it is undecided what the next step is to be in the play for the "Dunn Cup." The publication of the magazine was delayed to express thanks to W. J. Oakley, the captain of the team, on their success in the first year of the competition.

The Williamsonian (Rochester Mathematical School, April).—The success of the school team in the shooting competition at the Crystal Palace is very satisfactory, thanks to Mr. Blake's efforts. A photograph of the School First XI. enlivens the pages of the magazine, and a strange article on "The Phenomena of Perversity" forms capital reading It is regrettable to hear the editor "nagging" because the boys do not take a deep interest in anything but the dinner and recreation bell. It isn't easy to pump up a due appreciation of the part thought and sentiment play in the world, as the editor desires. Good appetites and soundness in wind and limb are vastly more important to boys than a problematic appreciation of the importance of thought and sentiment.

We have also to acknowledge the receipt of the following:—*The Wasp* (Sedbergh), *The Taylorian*, *The Tonbridgian*, *Truro College Magazine*, *The Patesian*, *Rolandseck School Magazine*, *Sotoniensis*, *The Ousel*, *The Blue*, and *The Haileyburian*.

THE HEADMASTER OF MARLBOROUGH.

ALL Marlburians have learnt, with intense regret, that Canon G. C. Bell intends retiring at the end of the summer term. He has been "Head" of Marlborough seven and twenty years. We cannot pay a higher tribute to his work during that time than by quoting the following resolution passed by the College council:—"In accepting the resignation of Mr. Bell the Council of Marlborough College desire to place on record their deep regret at losing a master who for twenty-seven years has presided over the college with the greatest devotion and the most conspicuous success. By his work as a teacher, his wisdom as a ruler, and the happy relations he has maintained with the council, his colleagues, and his pupils throughout that long period, they feel that Mr. Bell has not only carried on the high traditions of the mastership, but has rendered services to the college and the community, the value of which it is impossible to exaggerate."



CANON BELL,
Headmaster of Marlborough.
Photograph by Elliott and Fry

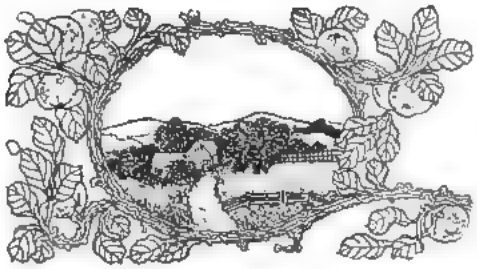
WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

In our July number we hope to publish an ably written article on this school from the pen of Mr. A. E. Johnson with copious illustrations. Mr. Johnson will attempt to invest his work with the atmosphere which old Westminster Boys have always felt surrounded Westminster, and assisted so much to produce past and present distinguished scholars.

CHECKMATE

BY JULIA TRUITT BISHOP

(A Popular American Writer.)



THE two men, riding a little distance from the house, sat on their horses and looked at one another.

"He went there, sure as fate," said the elder man, with decision.

"But she says not," said the younger, much perturbed. "An' if she says so it'll pay us to go slow. Old May's mighty touchy."

The sheriff ran his fingers grimly through his long beard, and gazed at the house in question. "Looks mighty innocent," he said, reflectively. "Nobody at home but the girl—her there ironin'—ducks and chickens in the yard—everything like it had been just so for a year."

The young man, who chanced to be deputy sheriff, smiled at his superior with some embarrassment. "Tell ye what," he said, blushing, "if he's there I can get that girl to give him up. I'm some acquainted with her," he added, consciously. "I've took her out to church once or twice—an' once on a hayride. You just go off down the road an' wait at that sycamore-tree at the fur side o' the clearin'. Bet you five dollars if the man's there I'll bring him out."

"See what it is to have a kind o' way with women," sighed the sheriff. "There was always somethin' lackin' in me, but whenever I piped they didn't dance, not by a long sight. I'll wait for ye, Ben."

The sheriff rode away as though he had given up the quest, while Ben Pringle, deputy of a week's standing and intent on his first capture, went back to the house he had quitted a few minutes before. He was a handsome young fellow, tall and alert. There was something suggestive of power in the very manner in which he tossed the bridle over a fence-post and slapped the horse's neck, making that animal bound airily; and perhaps the girl within was not altogether unconscious of it.

She bent over the table, sprinkling more clothes and singing to herself. The neck of her dress was turned in, showing the round, white throat. Her sleeves were rolled up above her elbows, and such arms might have set throbbing an older heart than his. All the mass of her red-brown hair was piled up on her head, but there were alluring little curls that fluffed around her forehead and strayed over her neck. The deputy sheriff inwardly reminded himself that he had come back in pursuit of an escaped prisoner; but when he paused to think he was not so sure. As for her, when she straightened up at the sound of his step in the door there was a daring light in her eyes.

"Back already?" she asked, with a laugh and toss of her head. "You'd much better be out hunting for the man that beat Sol Wiggins, it seems to me."

The deputy sheriff sat down deliberately. "I don't mind waitin" awhile," he said, civilly. "We think the man came this way, an' havin' a kind o' friendship for—the family, you know—I couldn't rest easy with you here alone and the man loose in the woods."

His eyes were fixed on a cupboard door just beyond her. That was absolutely the only place possible.

"So! You're worried about me!" said the girl, flashing that light in her eyes upon him. "Now, isn't that kind of you—especially as father's in the field just over yonder, and if I called he'd come?"

She took up an iron from before the fire and held it near her glowing cheek, looking at him the while.

"You seem to forget that other people may be worried about you as well as your father," he said, with an emphasis that was tenderer than he had really meant to make it.

The girl opened her eyes with a baby-like stare as she rubbed the iron smooth on a cloth. "Other people!" she repeated. "Oh, yes; you mean my mother, and Aunt Lucy, and Cousin Jim. They are all in town to-day, but perhaps they'll hurry back because they are worried."

He felt that he was not making much headway. The abrupt motion he made tipped his chair down with a crash.

"You know," said the girl, spreading out a garment with elaborate care and beginning to run the iron over it, with skilful haste, "I never felt so flattered in my life. Here is a criminal loose in the country—not so very much of a criminal, either, just the man that got into a fight with Sol Wiggins, and laid Sol up for a while—and here comes an officer and stands guard over me, so that I won't be harmed. Now, isn't that beautiful? I suppose that's what the state hires officers for—to come and sit here and watch me iron, and scare off criminals."

Her mockery set his face ablaze; but he would not allow himself to be ridiculed out of his purpose.

"I'd do more than that for you," he said, leaning his elbow on the table and looking up at her

"Would you?" she asked. "I wish you knew how to iron. If you could only take that off my hands now—or perhaps you wouldn't mind splitting up a little

"I'M GOING TO SEE WHO'S HID IN THAT CUPBOARD," HE THUNDERED

wood there and making a fire in the stove."

Ben Pringle frowned. "I don't know nothin' about that kind of work," he said, firmly; "but I know how to catch up with people that's hidin' criminals from the officers."

She set the iron down before the fire and perched herself on the edge of the table. "Are there people who do such a thing as that?" she asked, with awe. "Mercy, what wicked people they must be! When you catch people at a thing like that, what do you do to them? Take them to jail?"

"We settle with 'em," he said, darkly.

"Oh, how awful that sounds," she said, with a shudder. "And now, with so many criminals to catch and people to be settled with, how can you stay here and bother me with my ironing? Do hurry off now and tell Sheriff Barton he isn't hiding here."

She slipped down from the table and began ironing again, humming the remainder of that little tune, as though the discussion was quite finished so far as she was concerned.

"I'll look around a little first," he said, rising with a darkened countenance. His eyes were fastened upon the door of the cupboard, and he drew near it.

The girl stepped back toward the door and flung up her head like a deer. The time for jesting was over. "What are you going to do?" she demanded.

"I'm goin' to see who's hid in that cupboard," he thundered, extending a hand.

But she was too quick for him, and sprang to the cupboard door and stood with her back against it, her round, young arms laid out on either side. Her blood was up, and the brown eyes flashed fire into his.

"Don't dare to touch me!" she cried, the red glow surging into her face; and determined as he was, he fell back discomfited.

"You've got somebody in there," he said, sternly, "an' I'm goin' to see who it is before I leave."

"Are you?" she said, smiling at him tauntingly, as though she dared him with all his height and strength. "All right—come and push me away and break down the door!"

He stood and looked at her with the kind of helplessness that strong men feel in a clash of wills with women. He could have crushed her with one hand. He could have thrust her to one side as though she had been a gnat. Yet there she was, standing up and defying him.

"I have to do it, Miss Bert," he said, falteringly. "I hate it mightily, but the law compels me to see into that cupboard."

"The law doesn't know anything about it," she retorted, with all a woman's unreason.

"But it has to know," he said almost suppliantly. "Just stand out o' the way, now, Miss Bert, an' let me look into that cupboard."

She stood still, her pretty head up, her arms thrown back against the wall.

"Do, now, Bert!" he pleaded, desperately. "I hate to do it—if I wasn't compelled, the fellow could go hang for all o' me. But I just must see into that cupboard. I'll—I'll never forgive you if you make me push you out o' the way."

The girl dropped her arms and walked over to the window like an offended princess.

"Open the door, then!" she cried haughtily; and with deep humiliation, and with something rising in his throat and choking speech, he took up a hatchet from the corner and prized the door open.

The shelves within were adorned with boxes and cans and such gear from floor to ceiling. The rest was empty.

As he fell back discomfited the girl burst into ringing laughter. "Thank you for waiting so long," she said, cheerfully. "It gave the man a good chance to get across Hollow Tree ford and into another state. I gave him the directions early this morning. I hope you've enjoyed your stay. Come again, Mr. Pringle."

"What did you mean by makin' me think he was hidden there?" he demanded, furiously, unappeased by the dancing brown eyes that looked into his.

"I didn't tell you he was there," she said, innocently. "You said he was there yourself."

Ben Pringle flung himself out of the house and upon his horse without a backward glance. If he had looked he would have seen the girl standing in the door, shading her eyes with her hand and waving something white after him; but he could not look. Down under the sycamore-tree vengeance was waiting for him in the person of a grim old sheriff who had an extraordinary gift of language.

The girl watched him out of sight and then turned back into the room. "You can come out now," she said; and the man who had laid Sol Wiggins low came forth from his hiding-place.

"Talk about Delilah!" he said, gleefully, as he stretched his cramped limbs, "I'll bet you could give her fifty yards—"

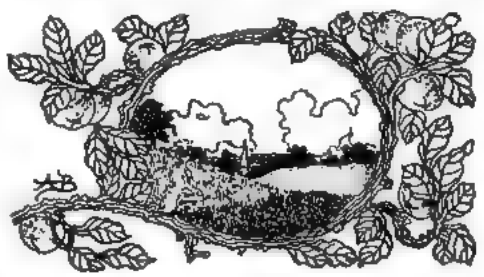
"I wouldn't talk about anything," she said,

briefly, "I'd strike out for the lower ford, and try to get across before they find the track again."

And acting on her suggestion he went; but bursts of laughter made merry the solemn road down to the lower ford.

Three weeks later Ben Pringle, still in the depths of humiliation, told Sheriff Barton all about it.

"I thought I knew something about women," he said, irritably, sitting sidewise on his horse; "but there she was, ironin' away an' chaffin' me all that time, *with him hid under the ironin'-table.* She had a big quilt spread over it to iron on, an' there he was so close I could 'a' reached out an' ' caught 'im from where I was sittin'. Blame a woman, that's what I say!"



"Beats me," said the elder man thoughtfully, "how easy it is for some folks to be come over by a woman. Now, if I'd 'a' gone there, looks to me like I'd 'a' seen into that little game. There ought to be somethin' done with that girl. She ought to be taught a lesson."

"That's what I thought," said the deputy, with a chastened spirit. "I went there an' talked to her seriously—an' we're goin' to be married next month. You see, it occurred to me—"

"What!" ejaculated the sheriff.

"That there ain't a mob livin' could get a prisoner away from that girl if she didn't want to give 'im up."

The sheriff considered the question thoughtfully.

"But Ned, if that ain't so!" he exclaimed, with astonished conviction. "We'll just take 'er into partnership, Ben—ironin'-table an' all!"

BODIAM CASTLE.

A Captain Club Contribution.

THIS fine specimen of a baronial castle of the middle ages is situated in the rural parish of Bodiam, in the county of Sussex, and is one of the most frequently visited places in "that county of abbeys, churches, and castles." Bodiam takes its name from the Bodyams, to whom the greater part of the district was given after the Norman Conquest. The castle was built in 1386 by Sir Edward Dalyngruge, who had distinguished himself at Cressy and Poitiers, and who was appointed, in 1393, Governor of the Tower of London. The Wardeux's were the next owners, and at the time of the Civil War Sir W. Waller besieged the castle, which was then owned by Sir Thos. Lewknor, for seventeen days, at the end of which time the Royalist garrison was obliged to surrender. The castle has been restored and the towers strengthened, etc., several times, but not in such a way as to destroy its ancient appearance. This is to be attributed in a great measure to the care of Mr. Cubitt, M.P., during his ownership. The castle, as it now stands, is surrounded by a deep moat fed from the River Rother, which is crossed by a causeway, on which the barbican stands; the drawbridge, however, has disappeared. The gateway, flanked by two square towers, is protected by a great portcullis, and the places can still be seen from which the defenders could pour boiling pitch or other objectionable liquids on the heads of the attacking force if it tried to effect an entrance. There is also another portcullised gateway on the opposite side of the castle, where the drawbridge formerly was, and over each gateway are three coats-of-arms, namely, those of Bodyam, Dalyngruge, and Wardeux. Each of the ten towers, which all rise to a considerable height, is ascended by a winding, or nowell, staircase, and a fine view of the surrounding country can be obtained from them. The interior of the castle is now mostly an open space with a few fragments of old walls, and is generally used by visitors for playing cricket and rounders and other games. Most of the apartments, however, can be distinguished, especially the large kitchen, on the south-west of the castle, which is often used by picnic parties for the purpose it was put to in the days of the Dalyngruges. The chapel stood on the east side of the castle, and there are traces of a small apartment above, which was probably the residence of the chaplain. There are the usual dark holes, supposed to have been used as miniature dungeons, and there is a boat which can be used for rowing round the moat by those wishing to do so. Altogether Bodiam is well worth a visit, either by the antiquarian or pleasure-seeker.

L. J. Hodson.

NATURALISTS' CORNER.

Conducted by EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

Museum Beetle.—When the entomologist has caught and "set" his specimens, pinning them neatly into his cabinet drawers or store-boxes, he must take the precaution of putting in with them some naphthaline; otherwise they will sooner or later fall a prey to the moths, beetles, or mites that insinuate themselves into collections and speedily ruin them. Here is the sad experience of Hal. J. Henderson (Brockley), who writes for information and advice. He says: "I have a dozen boxes of moths and butterflies which have been put away for some time. On opening them the other day, for the purpose of arranging a couple of glass-covered cases, I found that insects had completely destroyed the contents of two boxes, and were also in most of the other boxes, though not having done much damage. On examination I discovered two distinct kinds of these ravagers, of which I enclose living specimens." The two kinds sent to me turn out to

THE MUSEUM BEETLE.

be the larva and perfect insect of the Museum-beetle (*Anthrenus musæorum*), of which we have had enlarged figures made. The larva or grub is whitish, clothed with little bundles of brown hairs, with two longer bundles at the tail end, which the creature carries laid along its back, but can erect at will. The mature insect, though only about one-tenth of an inch long, is very pretty, the wing-cases being covered with minute scales of white, yellow, and brown, which give it a mottled appearance. When alarmed the insect tucks in its head and legs and feigns death. It is really the larva that commits these ravages, for the beetle shows a decided preference for flowers; but the beetle must be kept out of the collection, for it lays the eggs from which the troublesome larvæ emerge.

Giddy Dog.—A black and tan collie owned by C. B. Tidboald (Lower Corneytrowe) "loses control of its limbs, lies on its back for five or ten minutes, or runs into walls, etc., as though mad or intoxicated." It is not cramp, as you suppose, C. B. T., but either vertigo or epilepsy. If the symptoms you describe are accompanied by foaming at the mouth, and convulsions, it is epilepsy; if without these symptoms it is probably vertigo. The latter is sometimes caused by a tight collar or a heavy chain, but may be due to some internal disease. On the recurrence of an attack the dog's collar should be removed, and cold water poured on his head. Make up an aperient of castor-oil and linseed-oil in equal proportions, and give him a 4 dram dose. Then he must be kept quiet, and his diet attended to. Let him have only regular meals, moderate in quantity, and digestible in character. If from the foregoing you have reason to suspect epilepsy or any internal disease, you had better show him to a "vet."

Hedgehogs Again.—"Seftonian" (Liverpool), wants to keep a hedgehog, but has no garden or outhouse, and the powers that be object to such a creature roaming the house. "Would it be right or not to keep it in a hutch?" Well, "Seftonian," I have no experience of hedgehogs being kept in such close quarters, and should not advise the experiment. As the hedgehog sleeps during the day it cannot be a very entertaining pet, and as it likes so mixed a diet—worms, snails, snakes, frogs, birds, insects, roots, etc.—I doubt whether you will keep it in health long. I should certainly advise you to select some other pet for cage life.

White Rats.—In answer to A. C. D. (Aberdeen), the diet you mention should do very well; you might add oats, and an occasional bone with fragments of meat on it. The sore nose is probably due to rubbing against the wires of his cage; moisten it with vaseline. Impossible to say exactly how long they will live in confinement, but, with judicious feeding and exercise, you should be able to keep them for several years. Yes; they may readily be taught the same kind of tricks that white mice perform. Hay is the best bedding; it should be kept fresh and sweet by frequent renewal.

Tortoise, etc.—(1) If the garden is a painfully trim and well-kept one, your Greek Tortoise will *not* find all it wants there; but if there are some waste patches where such juicy plants as dandelions and marigolds are suffered to exist, it will be all right. Sink a large seed-pan until its rim is level with the soil, and keep it supplied with clean water that he may walk in to drink and wash. (2) If the aquarium is properly supplied with growing water-weeds, the water will seldom require changing. Add water to make up for evaporation, but do not change unless it becomes thick or offensive to the nose. (Answer to "Tortoise," Malvern.)

Various.—"Ye Naturalist" (Whitchurch) asks several questions which will not allow of a less general title. (1) Your request for the title of a book enabling you to identify all the creatures of the earth, the heavens above, and the waters beneath, is a very large order, and I am sorry I cannot fill it. A general natural history in many volumes is the nearest approach to what you want, but even here the treatment must be by family groups rather than separate species. Tell us what class of animals you are particularly interested in,

and I may be able to help you. (2) "The best shape and size of net for capturing small fishes and aquatic insects." The ordinary hoop-shaped nets are the most convenient, and the question of size is a personal matter. I think a small one—say about 6in. across—is the best. (3) "The greatest number of fish and insects from 4in. to ½in. long that an aquarium 16in. by 12in. would comfortably hold." It is impossible to answer such questions, because it depends upon the size *and species* of every individual that is to be of the company admitted. Get your aquarium well furnished with growing water weeds, and then commence with a very few of the animals, gradually adding others so long as all appear to maintain good health. Most failures in aquarium keeping are due to overcrowding, or to including in one vessel creatures that are unsuited to live together in close quarters. (4) "The best way to capture and keep grass-snakes." Grip them firmly just behind the head. Keep in a fern case, and feed occasionally with small frogs. Provide a shallow pan of clean water for bathing and drinking, both necessary for the comfort and happiness of a grass-snake.

DHYAL BIRD AND SHAMA.

Dhyal Bird and Shama.—These two birds are closely related to each other, and also to our Redbreast. The Common Dhyal (*Copsychus saularis*) comes from India, and is frequently kept in this country as a cage-bird. The song of the male is much like that of the Redbreast, only there is more of it. It may easily be taught tricks, especially to turn somersaults. The colouring in the male is glossy black and white, distributed as in our illustration; but in the female the dark parts are brown above and grey below. The Shamas are of similar colouring, but the under-parts are chestnut instead of white, and the tails are longer. The one usually imported as a cage-bird is the Indian Shama (*Cittocincla macrura*). It is very delicate in our fickle climate. (Answer to B. S., Stratford.)

Sycamore and Maple.—"Mapsye" (Horsmonden) asks "how to distinguish between the sycamore and the maple? I believe we have both in our garden. At any rate, there are two sorts of trees, very similar in appearance, though not the same, and some people call them sycamores, others maples." Well, "Mapsye," even supposing you have only one kind of tree, both names may be correct, for the sycamore is a maple. But you may have two species of maple: the greater maple or sycamore (*Acer pseudoplatanus*) and the Norway maple, or false sycamore (*Acer platanoides*). The differences between these two anybody not a botanist would consider but slight. In both, the general outline of the leaves is heart-shaped, divided into five lobes. In the true sycamore these lobes have their margins cut into unequal teeth; in the false sycamore the teeth are more regular, but very much larger, so that the leaf has a more ragged appearance. The flowers of the latter are rather earlier than those of the true sycamore, and are distinctly bright yellow, whilst those of the sycamore are greenish-yellow. I am pleased to get your query, for hitherto very few of our readers have asked questions on botanical subjects. Perhaps they imagine that botany does not come under the head of natural history? This, however, will show them that we do regard it as such.

Freshwater Mussel.—Five inches is by no means an unusual measurement for the swan mussel (*Anodonta cygnea*); it attains much larger proportions. J. Bonsor (Wandsworth) will find plenty of specimens in rivers, canals, and the larger ponds. It occurs in shallow water, in colonies; where he finds it at all it will be in sufficient numbers to enable him to select fine specimens. When the animal has been killed and the shell cleaned out, the valves should be kept closed by winding thread round them until the hinge is perfectly dry, otherwise they will spring to such an extent as to make it impossible to close them again.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus :—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,

Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete, and in the event of their proving successful in competitions where cricket-bats, &c., are offered as prizes, will be allowed to select other articles of similar value.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners : not pins.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows :— Competition No. ——, Class ——, THE CAPTAIN, 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by June 18th.

The Results will be published in August.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—"**Best Value for a Penny.**"—Tell us, on a CAPTAIN post-card, what you consider to be the best value you can get for a penny. To the sender of the most interesting post-card, we will award a £12 12s. "Hobart" Bicycle—as illustrated on the opposite page.

One Age limit .. ... Twenty-one.

No. 2.—"**Hidden Books.**"—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is supposed to represent the name of a well-known book. Write the name under each picture, fill in your name, age, class, and address, tear the page out, and post to us. In the event of a number of competitors sending in correct titles, the prizes will go to the senders of the most neatly written competitions. Three of Messrs. Benetfink and Co.'s "Selected" cricket bats, as shown on the opposite page, will be the prizes.

Class I. ... ... Age limit : Twenty-five.
Class II ... Age limit : Sixteen.
Class III. ... .. Age limit : Twelve.

No. 3.—"**Egyptian Puzzle.**"—On one of our advertisement pages will be found a diagram with full instructions printed below. Neatness in the arranging will be taken into consideration. Two Sets of Sandow's Own Combined Developers, price 12s 6*d.*, as illustrated on page 280, will be awarded as prizes.

Class I. ... Age limit : Twenty.
Class II. .. . Age limit : Sixteen.

No. 4.—"**Six Most Popular Living Englishmen.**"—The Editor has made a list of what he considers the six most popular living Englishmen. Tell us, on a CAPTAIN post-card, whom you consider these are. The three competitors sending lists most nearly agreeing with the Editor's will each receive one of the City Sale and Exchange "Exchange" cricket bats, as shown on the opposite page, as a Prize.

One Age limit ... . . Twenty-one.

No. 5.—"**Six Best Features in 'The Captain.'**"—Tell us on a CAPTAIN post-card what in your opinion are the six best features in this number of THE CAPTAIN. The four competitors whose lists are most correct according to the number of votes each item receives, will be awarded one of Messrs. C. Lindner's "Family" Printing Outfits.

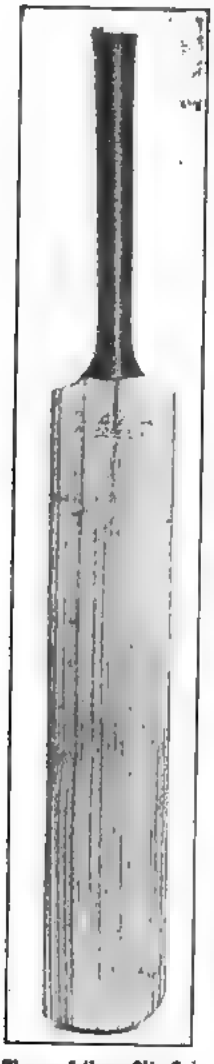
Class I. ... ... Age limit : Twenty-five.
Class II. .. .. Age limit : Sixteen.
Class III. .. ... Age limit : Twelve.

No. 6. "**Photographic Competition.**"—Hand or stand-camera work, any subject. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. PRIZES : 1st Class, "Hobbies" Hand Camera No. 4, value £1 10s. ; 2nd Class, Three 10s. "Scout" Cameras, as illustrated ; 3rd Class, Three 10s. "Brownie" Cameras, as illustrated.

"THE CAPTAIN" PICTURE POST-CARDS

are now ready, in packets of six different designs by Tom Browne, R.I., R.B.A., printed in colours. A single packet of these unique and humorous cards will be sent, post-free, to any address on receipt of 1½d. in stamps, 3 packets for 4d., post-free, one dozen for 1s. 2d., post-free. Address : "Post-Cards," THE CAPTAIN, 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, W.C.

ORDER AT ONCE, IF YOU WANT TO WIN A TWELVE-GUINEA "HOBART" BICYCLE.



Three of these City Sale and Exchange Bats are given away as prizes in our "Six most popular Living Englishmen" Competition.

"CAPTAIN" PRIZES.

IF YOU WANT A

CRICKET BAT,

A "Brownie" 'Hobbies," or "Scout"

CAMERA,

A

SANDOW DEVELOPER,

or a Complete

PRINTING OUTFIT,

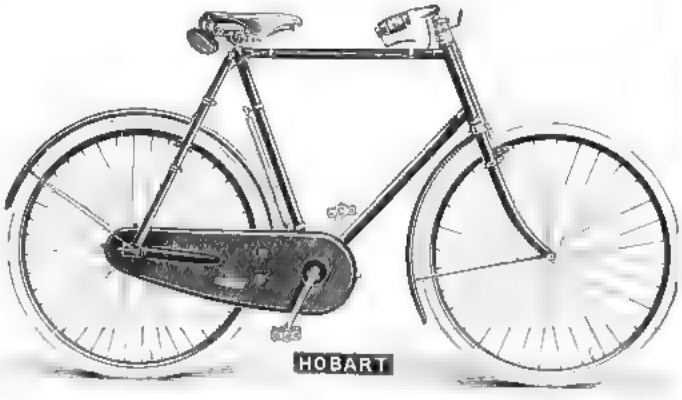
Read "The Captain" Competitions on the opposite page.

Or perhaps you would like to

WIN THIS £12 12s.

'HOBART' BICYCLE,

Fitted with Free Wheel, Bowden Brake on back, and front rim Brake, "Hobart" Carter Gear Case, Dunlop or Clincher Tyres, Dust-proof oil-retaining Barrel Hubs, &c., &c. With Frame of the finest selected weldless Steel Patent Rolled Tubes.



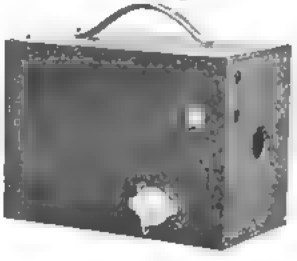
To win this Bicycle all you have to do is to state on a "Captain" post-card what you consider to be the greatest value for one penny.

See Competition No. I. on the opposite page.

Three of these Benetfink Cricket Bats are given as prizes in our "Hidden Books" Competition.

Three of these 10s. "Scout" Hand Cameras are awarded as prizes in our 'Photographic' Competition, Class II.

Three of these 10s. "Brownie" Hand Cameras are awarded as prizes in our 'Photographic' Competition, Class III.

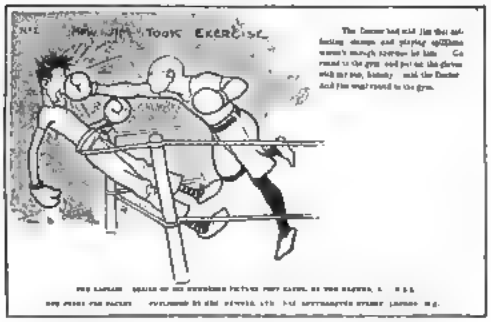


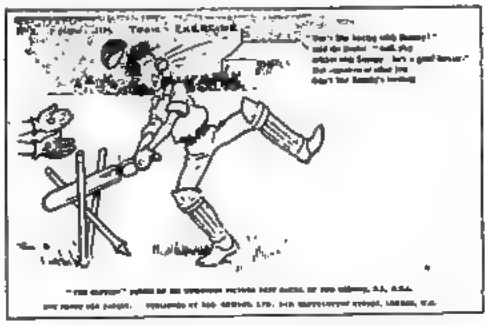
"THE CAPTAIN" PICTURE POST-CARDS.

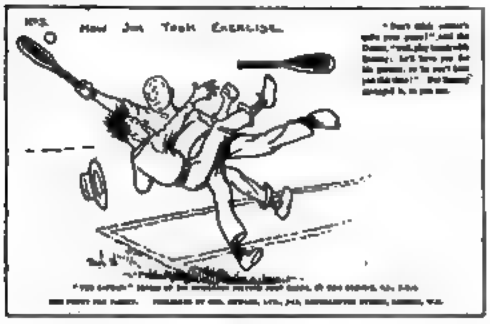
"HOW JIM TOOK EXERCISE."

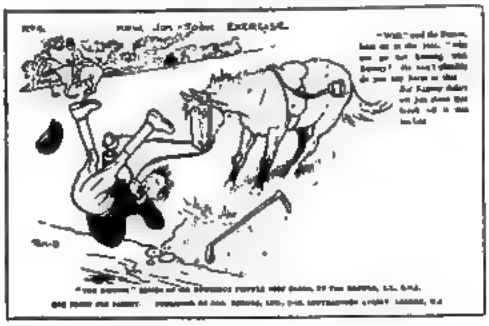
By TOM BROWNE, R.I., R.B.A. One Packet of Six Designs 1½d. in Stamps, post free.

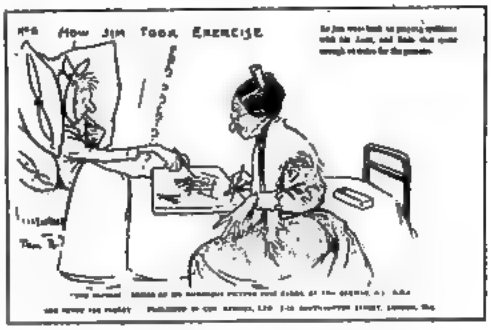
See "Captain" Competitions Page for further particulars.

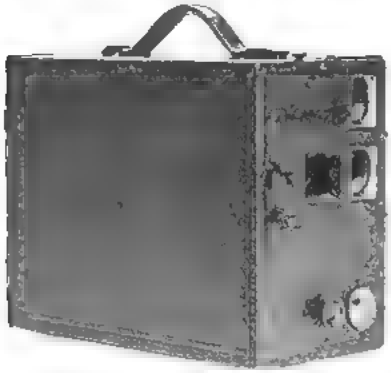












THIS KODAKER NO. 4 HAND CAMERA, VALUE £1 10s., IS THE FIRST PRIZE IN OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

ONE OF THESE SANDOW'S OWN COMBINED DEVELOPERS WILL BE GIVEN TO THE WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE IN OUR "EGYPTIAN PUZZLE" COMPETITION. CLASSES I. AND II.

How to Hold a Hand Camera.

THE question is often asked, "How ought I to hold a hand camera?" The camera should, if possible, be held in the palm of the left hand, leaving the right hand free to operate the shutter, etc. The camera should be held *dead level*, at such a height that the finders can be seen; for near objects, it may be held fairly low. The camera should not be pressed against the chest, but held free of it. Some workers hold the camera under the left arm, a position which is not desirable, because of the difficulty of pointing it straight at the object. When first hand cameras were introduced, we knew one man, at least, and a clever worker, who held his camera under his chin; he had few imitators, but always persisted that it was the best position. For distant objects, it is well to hold the camera higher than when only requiring foreground subjects.

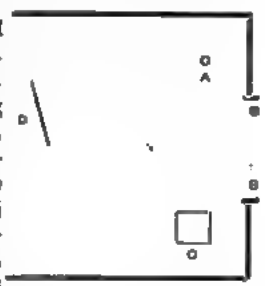
A Photographic Chess Board.

An excellent chess board may be made with the assistance of photographic prints. Obtain a sheet of Bristol board, and divide it into 64 equal squares, two inches by two inches, leaving an ample margin. In each alternate square mount a photographic print. The size, two inches square, is named because users of Brownie No. 1. cameras will be able to try their hand at this unique chess board. It will be necessary to divide up the sheet of cardboard very carefully, or rather the 16 inches by 16 inches that will make the "board." When the photographs are all mounted, the whole board may be varnished or cut to the size of an ordinary oak frame, glazed and backed in the usual way. The back should, however, be covered with green baize. The photographs should be so mounted that they are all upright when the board is placed upon the table. The board can also be hung on the wall, and will make a pretty addition to the other pictures.

This season the folding hand and stand cameras are being very generally used; such cameras may be bought to take quarter, five by four, or half plates. They are sold usually in a case with shoulder strap, and one or three double dark slides. One well-known firm has introduced the "Autocrat" series. The cameras are made in three types, as well as sizes, and are fitted either with single achromatic, rapid rectilinear lenses or with the well-known Bausch and Lomb shutter and R.R. lens. They may be used in the hand or on a tripod, and are all fitted with focussing screen and double dark slides for plates. The quarter plate cameras can be carried in the pocket; they are very compact; or the carrying case may be strapped on to a bicycle frame.

Home Portraiture.

Boys always want to "take" their friends. A little instruction, therefore, will not be out of place in this "Corner." In order to obtain good results, a little patience and consideration are necessary. In the first place, a north light is distinctly preferable, and if the light is not strong a longer exposure should be given. A top light is also necessary; if the portrait is being taken in a sitting-room facing north, all curtains should be drawn on one side, and a newspaper pinned over the lower part of the window; the light should all come from one source; if not, strong shadows will spoil the picture.



This little plan will help the operator. A. will be the sitter, B.B. the open window, facing north, C. the camera, and D. a moveable reflector, which may be a clothes horse covered with a clean sheet or table cloth. It is well to keep the sitter clear of the wall; take care not to be led away into focussing any article *behind* the sitter. The pose of the sitter must depend upon the lighting; as a rule, three-quarter face is much better than full face. The reflector D. should be used so as to throw a light on the side of the face farthest away from the window; it can be moved at will. Of course, this must not be included in the view. Do not attempt to have a lot of accessories about when taking portraits; a table with books and a few flowers may be used with advantage, but

first and foremost the sitter should be properly posed, taking advantage of the lighting of the room, and carefully focussing in order to get a true and faithful representation on the ground glass.

A Cheap Temporary Developing Tray.

This can be made out of the lid of a plate box. Melt about half a paraffin candle in the oven, placing it in an old teacup, remove the wick, warm the lid slightly, and pour on the wax; see that it covers the whole of the bottom and sides of the lid. When cool it will be ready for use.

Several correspondents have asked for a formula for a combined toning and fixing bath. Such a bath is not recommended, but in these days those who use cameras want to be able to tone and fix a print quickly, and this can be done with the following bath:—

No. 1 Stock Solution.

Hypo.	10 ounces.
Potash Alum	2½ ounces.
Sodium Sulphate	7 ounces.
Water	2 quarts.

Dissolve the hypo. and alum each in about a pint of hot water, mix, and then add the sodium sulphate already dissolved, making up to two quarts with water.

No. 2 Stock Solution.

Gold Chloride	7½ grains.
Lead Acetate	32 grains
Water	4 ounces.

Dissolve the acetate of lead in the water, and add the gold. A heavy precipitate forms in this solution, and it must be well shaken when poured off, it will then re-dissolve when added to No. 1 stock solution. For use mix 8 ounces of No. 1 with 1 ounce of No. 2. It may be mentioned that gold chloride is now sold in 7½ grain tubes.

Landscapes.

In photographing a landscape, the question of lighting the scene is more serious than appears on the face of it; it will be found that if the source of light be directly behind the camera, it will give the minimum of shadow, while the source of light directly in front will give the maximum of shade with sparkling brilliancy of the points upon which the light does fall. Take, as an instance of brilliant lighting, trees on a distant hill-side; the sun should be shining brightly upon them to get the beauty of the rounded trunks. On the other hand, the detail of the depths of a woodland scene will be best secured by giving a full exposure in a somewhat diffused light. In all landscape work, much pains must be taken to compose the picture on the ground glass; if figures are introduced, they should not occupy the extreme centre of the plate. To succeed with landscape photography, some knowledge of drawing, and the value of light and shade, is necessary.

Old Cameras.

"What shall I do with my old camera; it's all right, but the outside's awfully shabby?" That's the sort of question many readers of The Captain are always asking themselves. Such a remark would probably only apply to hand cameras. We would suggest the following remedy, for which we are indebted to the columns of the *Photographic News*. A writer in that paper advises the purchase of a small tin of Propert's Harness Composition, costing 9d. per tin. A small quantity should be applied, and well rubbed in with a cloth, then polished and finished off with a smooth brush. Perhaps an easier way would be to pay a visit to the "Harness Room," and talk the matter over with the "helper."

Faded Old Photographs.

"How can I copy a faded old photograph?" This question has been put to us. Well, it is not easy to make a good copy of a bad print, but the following course, if adopted, will possibly be successful. Use a slow plate, the largest aperture the lens works at, and slightly under-expose, or place a sheet of glass with just a tinge of blue in it in contact with the print, and photograph through it.

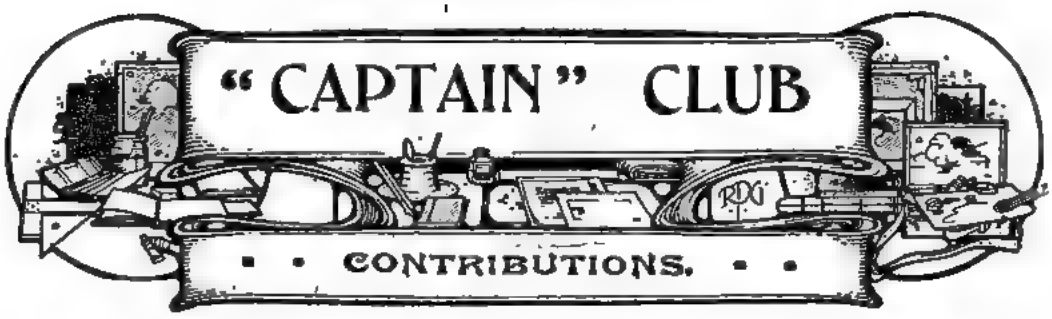
Moonlight effects can be obtained on P.O.P. by taking the print, after it has been washed and fixed, and immersing it in a bath of 20 grains of potassium ferricyanide, dissolved in five ounces of water, mixed with 25 grains of uranium nitrate previously dissolved in five ounces of water. This immersion will tone the print, and when complete it should be well washed and again immersed in the following bath:

Perchloride of Iron	25 grains
Hydrochloric Acid	25 minims
Water	5 ounces

then taken out, thoroughly washed, and dried.

The Photographic Editor.

Go in for "The Photographic Competition" if you want to win a good Camera.



This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

I AM forwarding autographed copies of "J. O. Jones" to J. W. Tonkin and "Red Deer," for their respective contributions. Each prize-winner is requested to send his present address.

A Native Wedding in Jamaica.

THE preparations for this great day usually take two or three years. Of course, the negro has first to fall in love with some sable Venus, and to get his feelings returned.

When the man has sufficient money stored up, the bride, her family, and sometimes her "dearly beloved" go to Kingston, if they live in the country, to buy the trousseau. Two dresses at the very least are required, one for the wedding day, and one for the "appearing day," which is the Sunday following the former day. The preparations are very extensive. Invitations are sent out, a booth is put up, and a few dozen bottles of port, some rum and peppermint, and various cakes are bought.

The wedding party ride to church. This ride is a very imposing affair, the girls generally having boots and stockings on, the latter mostly with great holes in them. The men sport riding-gloves, and, as they do not know how to use them, the left-hand glove frequently adorns the right hand. The leading bridesmaid is generally a married woman.

After the ceremony is over there is a ride back to the bridegroom's yard. A feast is held, and toasts are proposed in quaint and tender terms. Those who cannot get a seat at table compete in horse races. There is generally a "spill," a bruised body, and a ruined outfit, to remind them of the great day.

On the following Sunday, the newly married couple appear at church, about the middle of the service, in order to attract attention. They are accompanied by the best man and the chief bridesmaid. After service, the couple and friends have another feast, and then settle down to ordinary life. They "jine religion," stand as God-parents, and are eligible for the leading parts in weddings.

A LATE JAMAICAN. (Loughborough.)

Epping Forest: its Flora and Fauna.

EPPING FOREST is, perhaps, the most interesting ground for naturalists near London. With them it is in high favour, and justly, for here there have been taken at different times such rare butterflies as,

GREENWICH PARK ON EASTER MONDAY. SPECTATORS WATCHING THE BALL ABOUT TO DROP (AT NOON) FROM THE OBSERVATORY BUILDINGS.
Photo by "Know All."

for instance, the brown hairstreak, ruby tiger and purple thorn. Insects with many legs and immense names abound, as also do flowers, mosses and fungi of all kinds, and, in fact, all the many things, winged and creeping, which fill a naturalist's heart with joy.

Here are trees!—great massive oaks and beeches, curious old hornbeams, slender birches, and gnarled crab apples, which, with the blackthorn bushes, go to make up the extensive thickets, in many places impenetrable.

Then the visitor (if he can get up early enough) may catch a glimpse of some wily old fox slinking home to his "earth," with some luckless goose or chicken in his jaws; a marten or an otter and even a badger or pole-cat; but these last two are very rare indeed, now. Besides the smaller animals above-named, there are many herds of deer (red and fallow) to be seen roaming about the forest. These are not in any sense "park deer." They are quite wild, though in the winter they sometimes approach very close to some of the houses, driven thereto by the pangs of hunger.

ONE SIDE OF THE PRINCIPAL STREET IN MOGADOR, MOROCCO, CONSISTING OF NATIVE SHOPS.
Photo by J. W. Tonkin.

THE MAIN STREET IN TANGIER, WHICH OUR SNAPSHOTTING READER, J. W. TONKIN, TOOK WHEN ON HIS HOLIDAY. IT REQUIRES SOME CONFIDENCE TO USE A CAMERA IN THIS TOWN, AS THE ARABS HAVE A GREAT OBJECTION TO BEING PHOTOGRAPHED.

But it is in its birds that Epping Forest is particularly rich. In Wanstead Park there is a heronry, which contained last spring over twenty nests, also a couple or two of black swans and numerous wildfowl of all sorts. In Fairmead may be seen owls (after dusk), hawks, crows, magpies and suchlike birds in abundance.

Almost anybody who can keep still for a few minutes may see a bloodthirsty little stoat hunting the rabbits through their runs; squirrels scampering about the trees; a kingfisher flashing across some pond or stream; and perhaps a hungry sparrow-hawk swooping down on some unlucky sparrow or other small bird.

"Red Deer." (Walthamstow.)

Q. Why does a detective remind you of a public house, a waistcoat, myself, a wooden barrier, and a rowing implement?

A. Because he is an Inn-vest-I-gate-oar!

P. Dacre, C.C.

Muffins or Toast.

Stout Party: "Yes, the doctor says I'm much too stout, and must take more exercise."
Slim Ditto: "Oh, that's all right, old fellow; you wear a straw hat on a windy day, and within a week you'll be as slim as I am"

By K. M. Davis.

Some tourists from the West Riding were visiting a pretty valley near the east coast of Yorkshire. In due course they called at a cottage to order tea. The good woman of the house received a few instructions as to what they would have, and then they proceeded for a short stroll. They had not gone far, however, when she called them back. "What's thu want, mither?" said one of the party. "Ah forgot te aks thu whether thood hev muffins or toonst." "Oh! muffins, mither." "Then we ae naen." "Whot did ye ask us, ye fond awd

THIS BOAT PHOTOGRAPHED IS AN EXACT MODEL OF SHAMROCK II., AND IS INTERESTING IN VIEW OF THE FORTHCOMING CUP RACE. IT IS 4FT. LONG WITHOUT BOWSPRIT, AND THE MAST IS 4FT. 6IN. FROM THE DECK LEVEL WITHOUT TOPSAIL.

Photo by Basil H. Butler (Leeds).

fael?" "Whoi," replied the lady, "I thowt thud say tooast."

SIDNEY WHEATER.
(Scarborough.)

A Weird Request.

AT a country funeral, the officiating minister noticed the sexton making his way towards him in solemn haste. "Well, my man, what is it?" he asked. The sexton put his lips close to the clergyman's ear, and observed, in a sepulchral tone: "Before ye make a beginning, sir, could *the corpse's brother* 'ave a word with you, sir?"

G. E. B.

"Captain" Club Criticisms.

(Artistic.)

Winifred Ereaut.—The initials show considerable ability, but ought to be drawn larger for reproduction. Line drawings are generally drawn as large again.

Kenneth M. Dowie (Montreal).—Will try and find space for photo of ghost in a future number.

S. Sturges.—Photo clear, though not deeply enough printed. Too late for "Coronation Processions."

H. F. Mackie (Boston, Mass.).—Send your address when you return; the O. F. will then write you. In snapshotting, get objects as large as possible.

G. Boulderson.—Thanks for "Brownie" snapshots. Remember to always write title of subject and name on back of photo. Yes. Only good firms advertise in THE CAPTAIN; they are quite trustworthy.

F. C. Newbould.—Shall try to find space for one of your sketches; other subjects not suitable. Try to get jokes of a more refined nature.

W. H. Freeman.—Line drawings that require tint over certain parts are to be marked with blue pencil, not in a wash of Indian ink.

Tommy (Hull).—Yes. We would publish "Hymer's College" if you sent a good snapshot. Will other "Captain Club" readers send us photographs of their schools? Get a Kodak, Scout, or Brownie; any of these would suit you.

Geo. E. Arrowsmith.—Photos too small for reproduction. Send along better prints next time, and we will give you a show.

Maurice S. Perrott.—You are a persevering fellow, and I am glad to note your drawings are very much improved, though Eugen Sandow is somewhat out of proportion.

M. Davison.—"Brownie" No. 1 beautifully clear but subject not of sufficient interest.

J. Chapelow.—Read the answers to the above. Printing outfits can be bought from about one shilling upwards. Ask C. Lindner, 170, Fleet-street, to send you his catalogue. Yes, neatness is everything, and always attracts attention.

Joan Sterling.—In the main, your sketch is well carried out, but you want heaps more practice. Pay greater attention to details, and don't trouble about water-colours till you can draw more correctly.

"Jersials."—Your Phil May like sketch is clever but the joke is hardly suitable for the "CAPTAIN Club." Why not send us something of a local nature?

V. W. Dougherty.—No, sir. Your illustrations are not good enough for reproduction. Study the pen drawings in THE CAPTAIN by Mr. Gordon Browne and Mr. Skinner; doubtless you will get hints from them.

Ivanhoe.—"The Scout" is well drawn, and shows ability, but you want more practice.

"Broadstairs."—I have not seen such a clear and good photograph for a long time. Send along something of more general interest, and we shall be glad to print some.

Joseph Taylor.—Sketches show considerable ability. Pay more attention to anatomy, especially hands and feet. The lettering on your sketches is good.

John Ferguson.—You are not up to CAPTAIN standard yet, but I have hopes of you.

Alfred Judd. Your full page of sketches is done a little too hurriedly, Alfred. Steady a bit, and take special pains, as you have considerable ability. But do not try to run before you can walk; in other words, stick to your model.

"Dyke White."—Your thirteenth attempt does you credit. Will try to use the sketch "For Sale."

Bennett Ede.—Have another try, Bennett, and use Indian ink. What you send would not reproduce.

Contributions have also been received from:—H. L. Bateman, Fred. Thompson, G. Hopkins, C. J. Lloyd, and others whose names will appear next month.

THE ART EDITOR.

BREAKERS ON THE FRONT AT BRIGHTON.
Snapshot by "Hypo," of Highbury.

12, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

A most fascinating work is "A Book of Beasts and Birds," by Gambier Bolton, for it is crammed with information that is, at any rate, new to me, and I expect that most of you who take my advice and make a point of reading this book will find that a great deal of what Mr. Gambier Bolton has to say is new to you as well. I hate photographs, but I find the photographs in this book very interesting. That, at least, is as good a testimonial as the one given by the man who said: "I hate soap, but I can't help using Pears'." The most curious photos in the book are naturally to be found in the chapter entitled: "Animal Oddities," where we are presented with a picture of an ox having three horns, eyes, and nostrils; with a cow whose horns come right round its face and meet under its lips; with a "wart-hog," and other freaks, about which Mr. Bolton writes at once with sympathy and humour. "Few more 'komical kusses' than the wart-hog exist," he says, "for not only are their faces hideous in the extreme, but their walk, with its jaunty roll and mincing gait, and the frisky twitch of their tails, all bespeak an individual who, however hideous and repulsive-looking he may be to other persons, is highly delighted with himself, probably fancying that he is one of the smartest members of the animal kingdom."

There are chapters in this book on "Flying Beasts and Flightless Birds," "The Larger Cats," "Curious Canines," "The King's Animals," and many other subjects. Of these, "The Larger Cats" chapter tells us many things about lions, tigers, leopards, jaguars, and pumas. I never knew before that the puma *was eatable*! Mr. Bolton asserts that the puma is one of the easiest cats to tame, Kean, the celebrated actor, having one which followed him about his garden and house in London. The late Captain Marshall (the author adds) caused quite a sensation at Marlow by walking on the banks of the Thames with a large, tame puma, the newspapers protesting violently against any person being allowed to take his walks abroad accompanied by a *lion*.

This mistaking one animal for another reminds me (the O. F.) of an anecdote once related to me with much humour by Mr. George R. Sims. The tale has to do with the days when dogs had to be muzzled. "Dagonet," as I daresay some of you know, lives in Regent's Park, not far from the Zoo. A policeman, whose beat included the terrace in which "Dagonet" lives, had been taken to task somewhat severely by his superiors at the "station" for not having brought an unmuzzled dog "home." When, therefore, one fine morning, this policeman saw a strange-looking dog roaming about and surveying things, he thought "Here's my chance!" and began to attract the animal towards him. In less than no time he had a noose round its neck. As, however, he was gaily leading off his capture to the "station" aforesaid, two Zoo officials hailed him. "Hi!" cried one, "what's that you've got?" "Dog," laconically returned Robert, going on. "Dog be hanged!" returned the Zoo man, "that's a wolf." "*Wolf!*" screamed the policeman, letting go the leading-string. "Yes," said the Zoo man, capturing the string, "an escaped wolf! Just you keep your 'ands off our property in future, my son!"

To return to Mr. Gambier Bolton's delightful volume, one is impressed by the very great care and skill which have evi-

dently been lavished on this publication. The work is thoroughly done—there are no loose ends—and there is a vast amount of information to be gleaned from the pages under notice. Mr. Bolton, you may be interested to hear, has travelled in Europe, America, Canada, Hawaiian Islands, Japan, China, Java, the Malay Peninsula, Burmah, India, South Africa, and accompanied the Duke of Newcastle on his tour round the world, 1893-94. Everywhere he took notes and photographs of animals, and so he has come to be easily the first photographer of animals in this country. If you want to see some wonderful instances of his skill you should inspect Spooner's window in the Strand.

Most absorbing must have been the hours Mr. Bolton has employed studying animals and their ways. Talking of "flying squirrels," he says:—

> Many a morning have I spent hidden away in the American forests watching these picturesque and graceful little animals at play, for it is then that they are seen at their best, when unaware of the near presence of any human being. Climbing, leaping, and sailing in the air, they spend hours at a time, sometimes ten or twenty of them, racing up the stem of a tall tree to the very highest branches, and then, suddenly leaping into space, they extend their membrane-like wings and with tails spread out behind them come down with a rush towards the ground. But just as they seem to be on the point of striking *terra firma* they curve their bodies upwards, and in an instant are seen clinging to the side of another tree quite thirty yards away from the one they have just left. Quickly racing to the top of this tree, the little creatures once more launch themselves into mid air and land on another tree thirty or forty yards further on

"The Larger Cats."—This is the chapter in Mr. Bolton's book which the boy-reader will probably most keenly appreciate. Lions and tigers always fascinated me when I was a boy, and they fascinate me now. They had a couple of lions at the Earl's Court Exhibition some summers ago, and I recollect that I took more interest in these two great "tabbies" than in all the other exhibits.

The lion is a king, and the tiger is a prince, but the snow-leopard (as depicted by our author) is one of the wickedest-looking beasts I have ever set eyes on. The black leopard, too, has an unpleasantly sinister expression on its face, but the Indian leopardess is a superbly handsome and attractive-looking animal. The jaguar's facial expression is mild when you compare it with the malignity apparent in the visage of the female puma, but all these other cat faces pale into insignificance when one turns to the majestically rugged portrait of Ravechol, the great Asiatic lion which Mr. Bolton photographed at Antwerp.

In this chapter I am referring to there are many interesting notes on lions. We learn, for instance, that the manes of lions are much longer when the animals are in captivity than is the case when they are wild. Thus it comes about that animal painters, who, of course, work only from captive specimens, are continually falling into this trap, and are greatly to blame for showing us portraits of lions, presumably in their native haunts, bearing full-flowing manes that would do credit to many a menagerie lion.

Here, too, is a note on the leonine voice:—

> The lion's roar even when in captivity is impressive enough, but to hear it in perfection one should lie and listen to the resounding roars of a troop of lions at a drinking-pool on a dark night in Africa. Gordon Cumming has well said, on the lion's roar, that "it consists at times of a deep low moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs; at other times he startles the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low muffled sounds very much resembling distant thunder. . . . On no occasion are their voices to be heard in such perfection or so intensely powerful as when two or three troops of strange lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs, every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties; and when one roars all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrade in the intensity and power of his voice. The power and grandeur of these nocturnal concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to a hunter's ear."

Speaking of the way in which lions and other animals will adapt their natures and their habits to surrounding conditions, Mr. Gambier Bolton quotes a paragraph from *The Times* of January, 1876. I well remember the appearance of this paragraph, which crops up again here like an old friend. After announcing the death of an old lioness, in the Dublin Zoo, which was born in the gardens and had reared no less than fifty cubs, the report continues:—

> "During her last illness she was much worried by rats, which often swarm in the cages of the carnivora (in search of any scraps of meat left over by the lion after his meal), and, whilst the beasts are in health, are rather an amusement than an annoyance. The rats, however, began to nibble the toes of the lioness when she could no longer defend herself, and accordingly a terrier was placed in the cage to protect the sufferer. She at first received the dog with a surly growl; when, however, she saw him kill the first rat she began to appreciate the visitor. The lioness coaxed the terrier to her, folded her paws round him, and the dog slept each

night on her breast, enfolded with her paws, and protecting her rest from disturbance."

There is likewise in this chapter a reference to the lion's courage. Mr. Bolton agrees with Mr. Selous, the mighty hunter, who tells us that when lions are met with in the daytime they invariably retreat before the presence of man, but that at night, and especially when hungry, lions are sometimes incredibly daring. In fact, as old Jan Viljoen once said to Mr. Selous: "A hungry lion is a true devil, and fears nothing in the world."

Right at the end of the book there is a strikingly clever photograph of a baboon yawning. This is one of the illustrations to the final chapter: "Some Zoological Puzzles and Attempted Explanations." One of the puzzles is: why does a baboon yawn all day long? This is a complete mystery to naturalists. Another puzzle is: why did the boa-constrictor at the London Zoo, a few years ago, swallow his brother? The late Mr. Bartlett, the then superintendent of the Zoo, was of opinion that the whole thing was a pure accident. Mr. Bartlett conjectured that the smaller boa-constrictor by some means found his head inside the larger boa-constrictor's mouth, and immediately the smaller one was doomed, for a boa-constrictor's teeth are so placed that, when once they are fixed in anything, the snake *must* go on swallowing, in order to save his own life, as he cannot let go. And so, it would appear, the larger boa-constrictor, who was eleven feet in length, was obliged to swallow his young brother, who was but nine feet in length. But the tax on his digestion killed him, for he only lived a few weeks after this truly appalling meal!

Mr. Gambier Bolton's book is a perfect storehouse of anecdotes. I haven't space to quote further from it, and so heartily recommend you all to buy the work and give it an honourable place on your shelves. Its price is 5s., and it is published by Messrs. Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

"What a Girl can Make and Do" (384 pp., George Newnes, Ltd., 6s. net) contains a host of suggestions for the profitable occupation of spare time by making useful articles for home decoration, and for the amusement of the younger children. For the older girls there are chapters dealing with "Work with the Hammer and Saw," "Basket-Weaving," "Priscilla Rugs," "Christmas Decoration," and "Statuary Tableaux"; while the younger girls will find much that appeals to them in "The Possibilities of an Easter Egg," "A Pea-Nut Noah's Ark," "Home-Made Musical Instruments," "An 'Abe' Lincoln Log-Cabin," and many other subjects too numerous to mention. In the chapter devoted to "Home-Made Pyrotechnics," the authors, Lina and Adelia B. Beard, show how some very pretty "Catherine-wheels," "sky-rockets," etc., may be made with coloured paper, old cotton-reels, pins, and string; and the pages on "Monotypes" will be perused with benefit by those with artistic inclinations. Fruit, vegetables, and flowers are called into service—vegetable-animals, fruit-lanterns, and flower-feasts being among the many uses to which they may be put. Nor are girls with botanical leanings forgotten, hints being given for the successful cultivation of flowers and plants in window-boxes, old tubs, and other out-of-the-way places, and the ideas for "friendship" and "memory" gardens are very pleasing. Naturalists, too, have a corner, entitled, "Some of Our Out-Door Neighbours," in this veritable encyclopædia. In short, "What a Girl Can Make and Do," which is copiously illustrated, should achieve great popularity, for it is a book which should most certainly be added to the library of every girls' school in the land.

What a Canary Cannot do—Here is an amusing item from the *Times of India*:—"Judged by human standards, birds are in many respects incredibly foolish, and in others marvellously clever. But really they are neither one nor the other. The mistake is ours, for birds and other animals should not be regarded from human standpoints. I remember on one occasion hearing the following conversation between a small boy and an old gentleman, who were watching a canary eating seed. Said the old gentleman, who was doubtless desirous of improving the youthful mind, 'Look how wonderfully the bird picks up just one little seed at a time without disturbing the rest. You could not do that with your mouth.' 'No,' replied the boy, 'nor could the canary squeeze into its beak a whole halfpenny bun, which I can do!' It requires no more skill on the part of a canary to pick one seed from a heap without disturbing the rest of the seeds, than it does for the baker's boy to pick up a loaf out of his basket without moving the loaves underneath."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. Grohman.—I would very strongly advise you to take up electrical engineering, if you do by any chance fail to pass at your next exam. If you wish to study electrical engineering and become an expert, you will require mathematics even to a greater extent than is required of you in the *Britannia* exam. The developments in electricity are now worked out almost entirely on a mathematical basis, and although you might not have to devote a great deal of time to the study of mathematics at present, supposing you selected the career of an electrical engineer, yet you would have to work up your mathematics in years to come. From what I have been able to see, and I have a pretty extensive acquaintance among engineers, both mining and electrical, I have come to the conclusion that the only course to adopt in order to become really distinguished, is to start straight away as a premium apprentice in some engineering foundry, go through the mill, learn the routine, study the theoretical side at home, and make yourself thoroughly acquainted with machining and machine parts, and the working in all its branches, and then, on the top of that, put in a couple of years in the drawing office. If your people can possibly manage it, you could not do better than go to the schools at Zurich, in Switzerland, where you would be taught design in machinery, which is the great thing lacking at the present time in England. If you cannot manage this, try and get into the Westinghouse Company, or the British Thomson-Houston. Of course, supposing you were taking a college career, and going to the University, you could not do better in that case than go through the shops and the electrical department at Cambridge, under Professor J. J. Thomson.

G. H. Buckland (Bangor).—You can join any battalion of guards that is open to take recruits, but you cannot expect to remain always in London, as the battalions alternately take service at Windsor. If you join one battalion, the authorities may draft you subsequently to another, but of course they will not change your regiment. If, for instance, you join the second battalion Scots Guards, you may be moved to the first battalion, but not to the Grenadier, or Irish, Guards. A battalion is, on an average, in London about nine months out of every year, although the training at Pirbright in the summer is longer than it used to be. If you are up to the standard height on joining, your teeth and sight good, and have a fair chest measurement, any little shortcomings are overlooked under the "Special Enlistment" regulation. You will be closely watched, however, during the recruit stage, although given every opportunity of development, but unless a man proves too weak for the work, or hopelessly stupid, he is not likely to be discharged. Finally, with a good education, it is far better to join a territorial regiment, as promotion is much quicker. For good pay and opportunities of advancement the Royal Army Medical Corps is much better than the guards' battalions.

Bluebottle, C. C. (Yorkshire).—Sorry to hear of your mathematical plight. If you buy either Pendlebury's or W. P. Workman's "Arithmetic," and try and follow out the reasoning there, I think you will have no difficulty in even getting up a keen interest in mathematics. The great fault, so far as I have ever been able to discover, in teaching arithmetic is the way in which the reasoning out of each step is wholly ignored. Of course it is possible to overdo even this, and one great mathematician, who spent forty years of his life in showing the gradual steps by which the whole system of arithmetic was built up, never got beyond the multiplication table! I don't mean that you must follow suit, but try not to follow slavishly the statement that twice two are four. Standing alone they mean nothing at all, but if you consider twice two in connection with some definite thing, then it has some meaning. Some months ago readers of the *Pall Mall Gazette* were perplexed by a correspondent who tried to make out that the half of one was two. All sorts of people racked their brains to find out the fallacy underlying this statement. The half of one glass of lemonade is two halves. If you divide one apple by a half you get two halves.

Lucien Le Prevost (Bradford).—Your letter amused me immensely. I read every word, and took your criticisms duly to heart. When Laurence Sterne commenced writing "The Sentimental Journey of an Englishman through France and Italy," his opening words were, "They do things differently in France." I suppose that explains why the pages of THE CAPTAIN do not appeal to you as they do to English boys and girls. I dare say the men you mention are excellent in their way, but I can only be guided by my experience and by the opinions of the vast majority of my readers. The result is unmistakably that Mr. C. B. Fry is still considered the English boy's ideal of an athlete. I am quite willing to be convinced to the contrary, if you will procure me sufficient reasons to show me that I am wrong. Probably it is because we lead more strenuous lives on this side of the Channel than you do on the other side that our readers require less coaxing than you appear to desire.

"Smoker" (Hinckley) writes as follows: "I see, in looking through some of the CAPTAIN back numbers, an article by A. T. Story, on "How Smoking Hurts You." One of the pictures would lead us to suppose that it is doubtful whether the boy who smokes lives to be older than forty. I should like to point out to Mr Story that the oldest man in England (an inhabitant of Birmingham) began to smoke at the age of fifteen, and was an ardent smoker ever after. I have this from a trustworthy and reliable authority, and I think it rather upsets Mr. Story's wise and temperate remarks." It doesn't, by any means! This "oldest man" proves by his great age that he started off with a tremendous constitution, which not even smoking as a boy could impair. I wonder how many of his companions, who started smoking at the same time, lived to half his age! If you examine the life-stories of centenarians, you will find that few of them ever dreamt of smoking until they were *full-grown men*.

W. W. Clarke-Pitts (Torquay).—(1) Clubbed. (2) If you or any other of my readers will send me a short school tale worth publication, I shall be most happy to use it, and give you adequate payment for it. The fact is, people who are able to write school tales such as reach the standard required by the readers of THE CAPTAIN are very limited in number indeed. I am always on the look-out for new writers who understand the schoolboy mind, and where one man does that, there are a hundred who are only equal to the adventure story. (3) Yes, we know Mr. F. A. J., and agree with you that he is a jolly good fellow.

"Forward" (Alton, Hants). Your best plan would be to attend evening classes in architecture.

If that is not possible owing to the place in which you live, you cannot do better than study architecture privately. As an introduction, read Fergusson's "Handbook of Architecture," Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," the works of Pugin, and the very excellent little book by Parker on Gothic Architecture. If you will send a stamped envelope, I will give you a list of periodical publications bearing on the subject.

Edward Pearse Wheatley is another person possessing a weird timepiece. His story, inspired by the harrowing accounts I recently gave of the office clock, runs as follows:—"Talking about clocks reminds me of a good old ticker of mine which absolutely gloats in hanging half in space. Put it on the edge of the mantelshelf, edgewise, and in this position (with one foot in the fender, as it were) it will contentedly tick as long as you leave it there. With each swing of the pendulum it tips half over and back, and any one unused to, or unacquainted with, its sterling qualities, would expect each moment to see it dashed to destruction on the fender below."

Handy Andy (Macclesfield).—Write to the Canadian, South African, and Australian Agents-General, in Victoria-street, London, S.W., for full particulars *re* Colonial forces, terms of enlistment, etc. You might go farming in Canada, and join the Militia out there, which is like our Volunteers, and well paid. I know of no centre in Manchester to which you can apply; you must correspond direct with the Colonial representatives in London.

F. Townson (Ely).—To remove grease-spots from books and papers, gently warm the soiled leaf and press into contact with blotting-paper, so that as much of the grease as possible may be absorbed. Then, with a soft brush, apply some heated essential oil of turpentine to both sides of the paper. Repeat this process several times, and the spots will be taken out, a final application of spirit of wine removing any discolouration. Clubbed.

A. E. F. (Four Marks, Medstead, Hants.). (1) My advertising manager does not see his way to turn the pages of THE CAPTAIN into an "Exchange and Mart." (2) I cannot undertake to devote two pages every month to model engineering, but hope to devote space to this matter some day. Notes from readers on the subject will be duly inserted if interesting to the "bulk."

Worried (Hampstead). I think it would be base ingratitude on your part to refuse your father's kind offer. Accept it in the spirit in which it has been proposed, and try in future to relieve him of any anxiety on your account. He is evidently a most devoted and affectionate father, and you ought to spare no pains to show him how much you appreciate his kindness.

V.C. New Reader (St. Julian's, Malta).—Yes, you are eligible for Foreign and Colonial competitions. The new vol. of THE CAPTAIN commenced with the April No. You may send in photos taken with a pocket Kodak. 2 by 2½. Writing rocky, but practice, practice, practice. Don't hold pen in cramped position.

S. H. Crow (Croydon). Sorry cannot print your letter in full. Every inch of space I possess has to be economised. Am considering your suggestion to devote some space to mechanical toys, etc. Stories, however, have the greatest claims upon me. It is difficult to multiply my "corners." I will try to meet you.

C. J. Boger (Hammersmith). Change of address noted. I think cigarette smoking baneful. Try and give it up. Use your Developer every morning for ten or fifteen minutes. Don't overtire yourself. It's the regular work every day that develcpes you; spasmodic fits of it are not much good.

Frida Phillips (Hitchin).—It was nice of you to send me a posey of flowers. The office boy beamed, the art editor was jealous, and the "Hound of the Basketvilles" barked with delight. I sat on my throne and swelled with importance, like the frog in the fable.

F. Chamberlain (Reading).—Clubbed. Don't hold your pen in a cramped way. Let it move freely in your fingers. Don't grip it. Sorry you're ill. Try and get out and about as much as possible. Send as many solutions to competitions as you wish. Send on your new album.

Interested Reader (Harrow).—Clubbed. I quote his brief remarks on the "Boy versus Girl" question:—"Girls (all I know) are rippers, and are always useful, either in practice at the nets or patching a hole in a stocking, and I think that 'E. S.' has just hit off exactly what I mean."

Gladys von Stralendorff (Southport).—Clubbed. (1) I am always willing to put my signature in birthday and autograph books. (2) You may still grow. Take plenty of light exercise, ½lb. dumb-bells for preference. (3) Yes, mount photos, and pencil descriptions on back.

Anxious (Salisbury).—It is a pity you live inland. Watch the advertisements in the *Daily Telegraph*, *Morning Post*, and *Standard*, and write to the big shipping firms. Failing success, go to the nearest port and try to get a post as steward or cabin boy.

Diddie (Beeston Hill, Leeds).—*The Musical Age*, price 2d., published at 2, Great Marlborough-street, W., and *The Musical News*, price 1d., weekly, published by the Musical News Syndicate, Ltd., 130, Fleet-street, E.C., will give you all the information you require.

Boy the Third (Millersdale, Accrington).—It is not in accord with the aim of this magazine to start a correspondence club for boys and girls. "E.S." has aroused much feeling, but I must keep her name within the sacred precincts of this office.

Interested Girl Reader (Shepherd's Bush).—A portrait of myself is before you every month. If anything, perhaps, it is a little too juvenile. I have lost that sprightly cock of the eyebrow since I started THE CAPTAIN.

J. Clark (Bristol) points out that the nickname of the Sheffield United is the "Blades," and not the "Tykes." Mr. Clark is quite right. The name "Tykes" in Yorkshire is applied generally to all clubs—cricket, football, etc.

G. H. R. Laird (Bothwell). -I am not Dr. Gordon Stables, nor am I Sir A. Conan Doyle. No advertisement of the hair preparation you mention is intended by the author of the "Long 'Un." It is simply his little "joke."

One of the Team. Your watch evidently wants whitewashing, or spring-cleaning, or something. It is very clear that it has got indigestion if it won't go, after winding, unless it lies on its face for eight hours.

P. Dacre (Balham). Sorry you have been ill. I missed your familiar "fist." Your suggestion for a competition would appeal to a very few readers. You evidently read much more widely than most boys, or even many "grown-ups."

"Numismatologist" (Leicester).—(1) For £2 17s. 6d. you can get a cabinet to hold about a thousand coins from Messrs. W. S. Lincoln and Son, 69 New Oxford Street, W. (2) Clubbed.

Douglas Teague (Perranporth, R.S.O.).

—Try and get a photo of a pretty scene of the neighbourhood, so as to illustrate your description. I spent ten days at Perranporth in August, 1899

A Regular Captainite (London).—Sorry but I cannot invite visits from readers. I do most of my CAPTAIN work at home. It is quieter there. The Art-Editor's habit of bursting into song is a little disconcerting to a gentleman of my years.

L. Schuster C.C. (Bracknell).—Your suggestion for a competition approximates dangerously near the missing word, which is taboo. Pleased to consider any other suggestions.

B. Harris (Naini Tal, Kumaon, India).—Competition 6, unless so stated, is not limited to foreign and Colonial readers.

Bull Pup (Bolton, Lancs.).—Clubbed. Many thanks for suggestions for competitions. I hope to profit by them. I wish more of my readers would assist me in this way.

"X. X. X" (Edgbaston).—I am, and I know Phyllis very well. Hope you have pleasant memories of your school days with her. Send a contribution to the C.C. pages.

J. V. Pearman (Slough).—Yes, write C.C. after your name. You may send tit-bits of interest to any of my "experts" for insertion in their respective corners.

Harry Hough (West Didsbury, near Manchester).—Send in your questions for all our Corners by the 16th of the month at latest. We go to press on the 22nd.

R. A. Joseph (Warrington).—Mr. Reynolds is writing us other Indian tales in place of "Hera," which he could not carry out to his satisfaction.

Frances Whittingham (Bromley).—My art editor judges the pictorial competitions. The literary competition editor does the rest.

George Bathurst Thompson (Forbes, N.S.W.).—Clubbed. Send the King's School, Sydney, mag., and we will review it.

R. G. L. Bennett (Alcester).—Must first see your article on "How to become a Bank Clerk" before I can make you an offer.

C. E. Deacon (Queensland).—I am sorry I cannot use the Boer War incident you kindly sent.

G. W. Ferguson (St. Andrews).—Clubbed. Will try and adopt your suggestion as to index.

N. C. R. (Dublin).—I think not, as long as you don't use the air-gun outside your own premises. Ask a policeman. **G. S. Hasan** (Zanzibar).—Get "Bookbinding for Amateurs," by W. J. E. Crane, price 2s. 9d., post free, from L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, London, W.C. **Engineer** (New Zealand).—"The Model Engineer and Amateur Electrician," is 2d. a week, or 15s., post free, per annum. Address: 6, Farringdon Avenue, London, E.C.

Clubbed.—N. Mallison (Holland Park, W.), C. F. Worledge (Harrow Road, W.), James B. Sterndale Bennett (West Kensington), James Gilkison (Greenock), Henry Hall (Dublin), Harcourt Hughes (Muswell Hill), Noel N. Smith (Wellington, N.Z.), "Smike."

Enquiries re Books, Etc.—The following correspondents, who have asked us to recommend books, etc., are requested to send stamped envelopes, and repeat their questions, as we cannot afford space for such answers except in the case of foreign and Colonial readers, who cannot send stamps:—C. F. Worledge, "Chemical," "Smike."

Letters, etc., have also been received from: Frank V. Edwards (O.R.C.C., Kentish Town), J. W. West (Camberwell), "Bunnie" (Shipton-under-Wychwood), Jim (Monmouth), clubbed, A. S. Colman, change of address noted; Frank Jepson (Rochester), clubbed; Stanley Eames (Leicester), clubbed; W. H. Turner (Exeter), clubbed.

Official Representative Appointed: W. Alfred S. Statter (Eastleigh).

THE OLD FAG.

Results of April Competitions.

No. I.—"British Battles."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF MESSRS. GRIDIRON'S "IMPERIAL DRIVER" CRICKET BAT: Fred Inkster, 14 Viewforth square, Edinburgh.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: C. Crossley, 62 Moorcliffe, Savile-park, Halifax; Stanley Matthew, 6 Mamhead View, Exmouth, Devon, and Noel Edward Lean, 6 Elmore road, Sheffield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John Ashby, Constance H. Greaves, Arthur Wheeler, James Bell, Morton Jewell, Geoffrey L. Austin, George A. Bell, Harold Scholfield, A. Clive Hay, James H. Forrester, T. R. Davis, J. B. Evans, H. C. Cochrane, F. Kverson, S. Wilson, Fred. Ford, Hanson Tetley.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF CRICKET BAT (as above): John H. Bryson, 7 Salisbury place, Edinburgh.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: H. G. Atkinson, Poplar House, Newland, Hull, H. Baker-Munton, 9 Croham Park avenue, South Croydon, Fanny King, Munslow, Craven Arms, Salop; Frank A. Mackay, 8 Cardean-street, Dundee, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. G. Bunting, A. Hughes, W. H. Walrond, F. A. Jones, Margery W. Lean, J. S. Tombs, Stanley Mather, Hugh McEwan, H. Luck, Reginald F. Long, C. H. Hughes, Fred. A. Hews, Harry Freeman.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF CRICKET-BAT (as above): Hon. W. A. M. Eden, Kitley, Plymouth.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Frank Whittle, 11 Hamilton road, Ealing, Jack Best, Ivy Cottage, Petersfield, Hants.

HONOURABLE MENTION: V. E. Miller, O. C. Burrows, Muriel E. Wood, C. Burrell, Fabian Prideaux, J. H. Peyche.

No. II. "Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-three.)

WINNER OF £2 2s. KODAK: O. Lupton, Rockland, Newton park, Leeds.

HONOURABLE MENTION (in order of merit): J. B. Welford, C. Crossley, A. V. Arrowsmith, R. M. Donald, Cyril W. U. Witney, Frank Overton, C. M. Cordale, Oscar C. Adamson, H. Ward Saville, J. H. Franklin, J. B. Walker, T. B. Franklin, Frank A. Garratt.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 30s. HOBBIES CAMERA: C. Tavener, Holmbury, Upper-avenue, Eastbourne.

HONOURABLE MENTION (in order of merit): Winnie Hughes, T. Hughes, W. J. Riley, C. E. Vivian Sykes, J. Richardson, Fred. Caddy, W. J. Jones, Nelson Garne, P. E. Petter, T. H. Jennings, Vaughan Angus.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNERS OF HOUGHTON'S 5s. "SCOUT" HAND-CAMERAS: Dorothy Whitfield, The Gables, Watford; Cedric Stokes, 60 Parkhill road, Haverstock Hill, N.W., Charles Stuebel, Sandway, Whalley-road, Whalley Range, Manchester; C. E. Morier, 1 Hamilton-terrace, St. John's Wood, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION (in order of merit): Frank Spite, Archie Oetzmann, E. Lazarus, E. Guthrie Bowers, F. Rayner, J. B. Meldrum, A. B. Peck, David Hall, Violet Crewdson, Oswald Fordham, D. H. Fish, G. Berry, Harold N. Smith, F. A. Wallis, R. E. Dickinson, H. E. A. Horn.

No. III. "Missing Features."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNERS OF MESSRS. BENETFINK'S "SELECTED" CRICKET BATS: F. Giratrix, 23 Grosvenor-place, Liverpool-street West, Salford; James H. Dowd, 11 Travis-place, Broomhall, Sheffield.

Results continued on next page.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Helen Blackwood, William Logan, Grace Maclean, Leonard J. Smith, H. A. Atwell, George A. Bell

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF CRICKET-BATS (as above): Wilfrid Nathan, 77 Kingsley road, Prince's park, Liverpool, Joseph Taylor, 40 Northgate, Baildon, Shipley, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. C. Osborne, Frida Phillips, J. W. Owen

CLASS III. (Age limit, Twelve.)

WINNERS OF CRICKET-BATS (as above): B. Croom Johnson, The Elms, Wrexham, North Wales; Arthur F. Keatinge, 3 Elmville, Harold's-cross, Dublin, Ireland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. H. Atkinson, Harold Wheatley, M. Alexander

No. IV. "Essay on a British Battle."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 10s.: S. Gordon Wilson, Hatfield Hall, Durham University

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: W. M. McWalters, Dalonrree, Eastern Villas road, Southsea; Enid Cuthbert, 99 Gordon road, West Ealing

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. B. Newsomen, Constance Stafford, Alan F. Newton, Jean S. Baird, R. J. Hawker, James H. Forrester, V. L. Manning, Ethel Miles, L. J. Baker.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 10s.: Alexander Walker, Lebanon Villa, Dunkeld road, Peterhead, N.B.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Ennié M. Parkinson, 12 Bathwick Hill, Bath; E. R. Lovett, 41 Outram-road, Croydon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. B. Sadler, James H. Skues, Joseph Taylor, N. Miles Kemp, Muriel Lupton, Percy Shelton, F. Dacre, R. C. Andrade, Marguerite Schindhelm, Thomas J. Patterson

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 10s.: L. King, 1 Greville-road, Southville, Bristol

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: P. Rigby, St. Aloysius' College, Hornsey-lane, N.; Vernon Bartlett, Wilts, and Dorset Bank, Westbourne, Bournemouth

HONOURABLE MENTION: Walter H. Senneck, S. Buxton, C. C. Chance, Donald Wood, F. G. Priestly, S. G. Martin, John B. Hewlett, H. M. Georgeson.

No. V. "Jumble Sentence."

CLASS I. (Age limit, Twenty one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: B. Hawkins, Warmley House, near Bristol

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Hope Portrey, 29 St. Nicholas-road, Barry, Glam., Tibbie Kirkpatrick, Lincluden, Liscard, Cheshire, L. J. Baker, 60 Ellacombe road, Old Charlton, Kent

HONOURABLE MENTION: John Ashby, Victor Towers, W. W. Duck, J. Basil Hall, Edwin H. Rhodes, Mabel G. Booker, John W. Taylor, Hubert J. W. Adamson.

CLASS II. (Age limit, Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: R. Newsome, 10 Landrock road, Stroud Green, N.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: H. C. C. Stanley, 18 Thurleigh road, Wandsworth Common, S.W., Selina Bridgeman, 59 Ennismore-gardens, S.W., W. Hartill, Manor House, Willenhall, Staffs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gerald W. Springthorpe, Joseph Taylor, Jack W. Simpson, Elsie Drew, James Ball, R. Bruce Adamson, Ian S. Munro, James Beahan, Frida Phillips, R. W. Jones.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Stanley Hoatson, The Manor, King street, Leek, Staffs.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Arthur Hall, Kilmersdon, near Bath, F. G. Priestly, The Villa, Victoria-crescent, St. Helier's, Jersey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Noelle E. Willis, W. Seymour Ure, David Rankin, L. A. Carey, Humphrey C. Iverson, S. H. Buxton, Alec Woods, A. F. Clay, Annie Haslam, A. R. Buxton, Charlie J. Martin.

No. VI. "Pictorial Post-card."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: Osmund P. Abey, 17 St. Barnabas-road, Sheffield.

HONOURABLE MENTION (in order of merit): Arthur S. Atkinson, Constance H. Greaves, Sibyl O'Neill, W. J. White, S. Gordon Wilson, Nora Simmonds, Charles H. Harris, J. Sy. Cappus, C. O'Neill, George W. Yates, E. Muriel Bennett.

CLASS II. (Age limit, Eighteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: Janie R. Thomas, The Oaklands, Oswestry, Shropshire

HONOURABLE MENTION (in order of merit): N. B. Ashford, G. L. Clue, Stavert Johnstone Cash, H. H. D. Simmonds, C. Ledward, James Coupar, Joseph Taylor, D. E. Chisenhale-Marsh, R. M. Thomas, Harry Hall, Sydney J. Bond, J. H. Bilsborough, Alex. M. Johnston, O. H. Mayer, Albert Albrow, T. Walker Clarke, Harry G. Spooner.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: A. Clay, 44 Albemarle-road, Beckenham

HONOURABLE MENTION (in order of merit): S. C. Clay, Humphrey C. Iverson, G. S. Alfree, M. S. Clay, G. H. Atkinson, Herbert Piner, A. Colley, R. A. Lonelock, William Newborough, Edgar Hamilton Muir Smith, Willie McAdam, E. L. Armitage, Lionel Carte, C. M. Rowson, John R. Hill, C. B. D. Powgh, V. Clay, Harry Rowlands, Gregor M. Ogilvie, E. Maurice Bishop, A. H. Johnson, J. E. Cousins, M. Webb, A. R. Chapman, Dolly Riley.

"Foreign and Colonial Readers." (DECEMBER, 1902.)

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 5s.: C. V. Hamilton, Cuttrelee, Battery Point, Hobart, Tasmania.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 5s.: H. Goodbrand, 6 North street, Durban, Natal, South Africa.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Sydney L. Langlois (Valparaiso), Edward Payn Le Sueur (Canada).

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 5s.: Kenneth W. Dowie, 488 Argyle-avenue, Westmount, Montreal, Canada.

A packet of "The Captain" pictorial post-cards has been sent to all competitors who have received honourable mention as announced above.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the following books—"J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

COMMENTS ON THE APRIL COMPETITIONS.

I.—Of a large number of entries so many were correct that neatness counted considerably. Some of the pictures were beautifully illuminated and mounted. A correct list of battles will be found on an advertisement page.

II.—We were very pleased to notice the marked improvement shown in all classes in the standard of the work submitted for this Photographic Competition, as compared with the last, and the winner in Class II. is to be congratulated on his series depicting evening scenes in Eastbourne streets. A number of the photographs will be criticised in our July issue.

III.—"Missing Features" attracted the usual large number of entries.

IV.—A very popular competition. The majority of the essays reached a high standard of excellence, and made me regret that I had only a limited number of prizes at my disposal. The winner in Class I. is especially to be congratulated on a most artistic production. The favourite battles were Agincourt and Hastings, but Minden, Salamanca, and Pinkie also received fair attention.

V.—The best sentence was made up by the winner in Class I., as follows:—

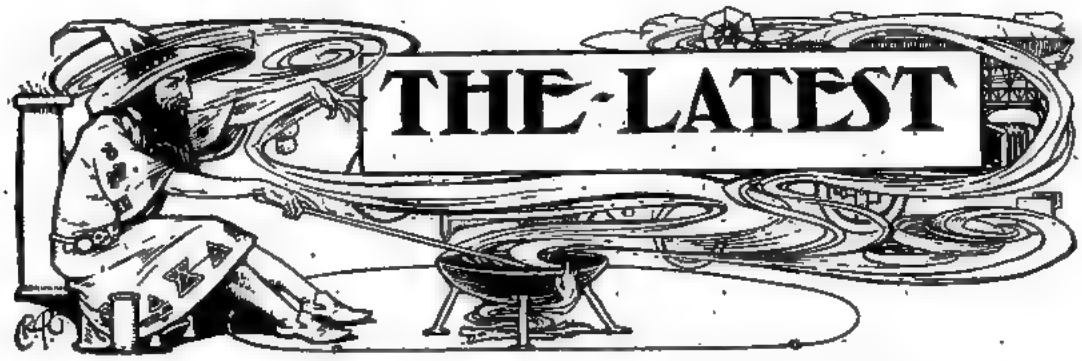
"*The Long 'Un* and *The Cub Hunter* went to rescue *The Old Fag*, fearful lest *The Giant Cat* should kill him before he could finish *The Latest Answers to Correspondents*."

VI.—In this keenly contested competition most competitors were of the opinion that the Old Fag would be the most popular subject for a CAPTAIN pictorial post-card, and the majority of the drawings sent in displayed good ideas, although somewhat lacking in technique.

N.B.—Competitors are requested to carefully read over the *rules* before sending in their work. Several have been disqualified this month for (a) writing on both sides of the paper; (b) not fastening sheets together, (c) sending *letters* when *post-cards* were specified.

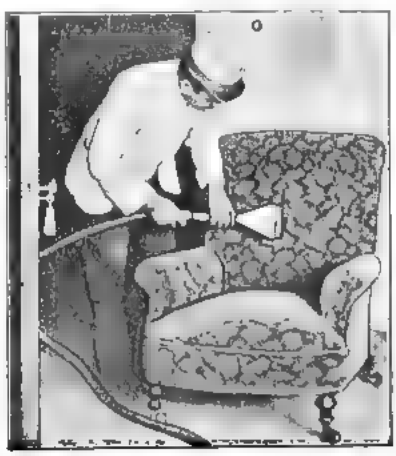
MARCH "HANDWRITING" COMPETITION.—R. J. F. Peacey, having returned the "CAPTAIN" pocket knife awarded to him in Class II., explaining that his competition was intended for Class I., the prize has been sent to John Hunt, The Academy, Wakefield whose competition came next in order of merit.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR



The Latest in Dusting.

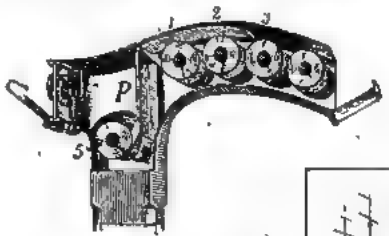
Some time ago a few clever engineers put their heads together for the purpose of inventing a better method of ridding carpets and upholstery of dust than is possible by the old-fashioned way of beating them by hand in the open air. After some years of weary and costly experimenting, they at last succeeded in devising an apparatus which, at the present moment, bids fair to effect a revolution in cleaning operations, both in private houses and large public buildings. The apparatus is simplicity itself. It consists merely of a large air pump, worked on a portable vehicle, and a varying length of flexible india-rubber hose, with a nozzle at one end. This nozzle is in the form of a flattened piece of metal tubing, having a long slit at the end. The nozzle, or "renovator," as it is called, is passed over the article, and any dust the latter may contain is sucked up through the slit, passed along down the india-rubber tube, and finally collected in a bin fitted to the vehicle on which the pump is carried.



It is known as the "Booth" system, and is in the hands of the Vacuum Cleaner Company of 25 Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.

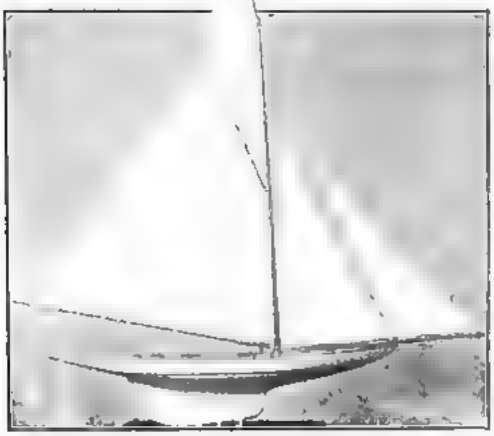
A Camera in a Walking Stick.

The very latest photographic invention is a walking stick camera, made to carry sufficient rollable film—in daylight cartridges—to take 350 pictures. The stick, as will be seen by the illustration, is of the crutch form; the lens



and shutter are fixed in the short end of the crutch, and spools of film are made to revolve upon a series of pins by means of a small wheel which brings the film into position before the lens for exposure. Each spool will take 25 pictures, and when the first spool has been exhausted, the usual black paper is wound round it, one side of the crutch (5) is removed, the spool taken out and a fresh one put upon the pin, the exposed spool taking its place. The stick itself is hollow, and contains a further supply of spools. The resulting photographs are about 1¼ inch by ¾ inch, and those we have seen are really wonderful. The stick is sold for 27s. 6d. Spools for 25 pictures cost 1s. 6d. each. The stick may be

obtained at present from the sole agents, Messrs. Seabrook Bros. and Co., 21 Edmund-place, London, E.C.

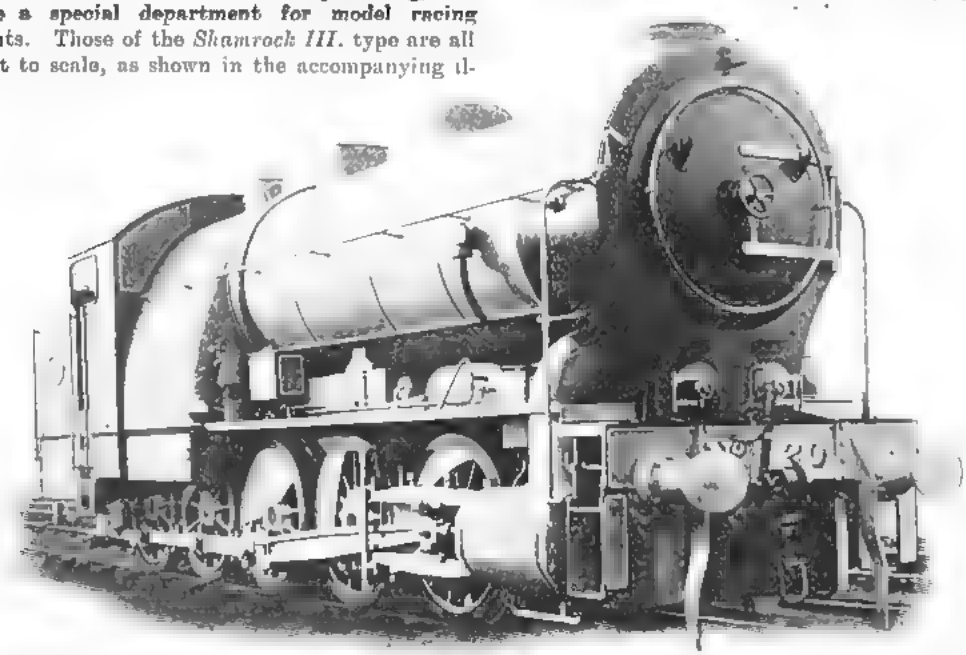


A Model "Shamrock III."

Messrs. W. Macmillan and Co., the well-known model makers of Alloa, N.B., have been kept very busy of late supplying the orders which have been flowing in from all parts of the world for their models of Sir Thomas Lipton's famous yacht *Shamrock III.*, which all Britishers hope will lift the cup next September. Messrs. Macmillan are old hands at model-shipbuilding, and have a special department for model racing yachts. Those of the *Shamrock III.* type are all built to scale, as shown in the accompanying illustration, and Messrs. Macmillan are now supplying a smaller size at thirty shillings, correct in every detail.

The Latest in Locomotives.—To Solve the Suburban Traffic Problem.

Under existing conditions on the Great Eastern Railway, as many suburban trains are provided at the busy hours of the day as can safely be dealt with, but still the cry goes up for more, and large numbers of travellers have to stand or wait for later trains—even though the carriages have been widened so as to accommodate six persons aside instead of five, as is generally the rule. Mr. James Holden, the company's locomotive superintendent, has designed and built at Stratford Works an entirely new type of locomotive, specially for working suburban trains. The older types of engines could run fast enough once speed had been "got up," but on a line like the Great Eastern, where the stations are situated on an average considerably less than a mile from each other, no sooner had a fair rate of speed been gained than it was time to shut off steam for the next stop. An extensive series of trials has proved, however, that the engines of the "Decapod" type will overcome this difficulty, and within thirty seconds of leaving a station gain a speed of no less than thirty miles an hour, which can be reduced equally quickly.



THE NEW "DECAPOD" LOCOMOTIVE, DESIGNED BY MR. J. HOLDEN, THE LOCOMOTIVE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE G.E. RAILWAY. WITHIN 30 SECONDS OF LEAVING THE STATION THIS ENGINE CAN GET UP A SPEED OF 30 MILES AN HOUR.
(Photo by F. Moore, Charing Cross-road.)

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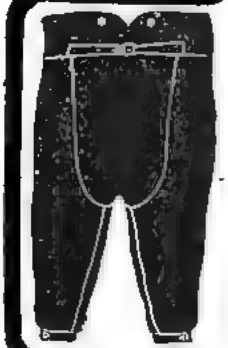

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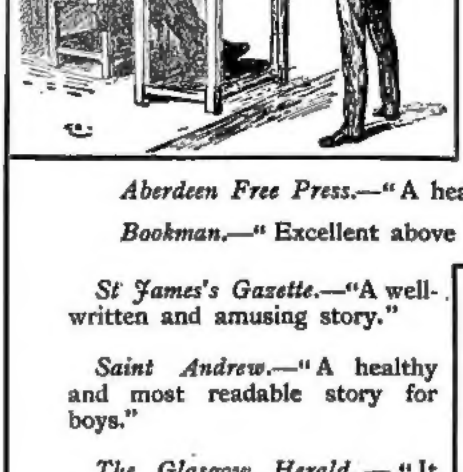

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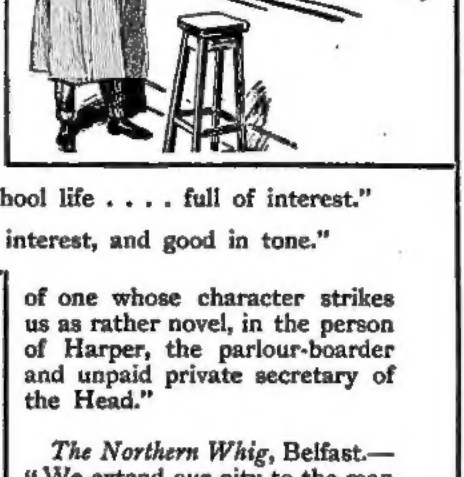

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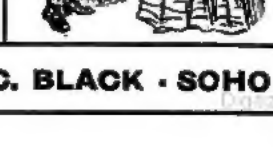

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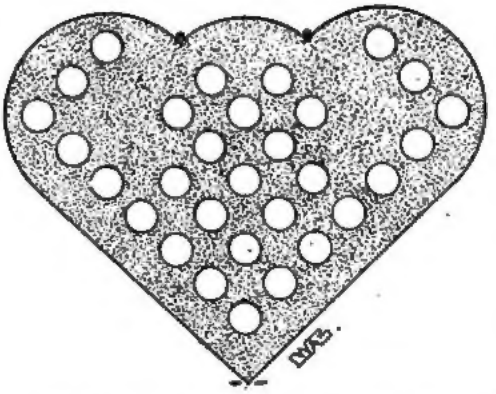

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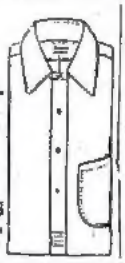

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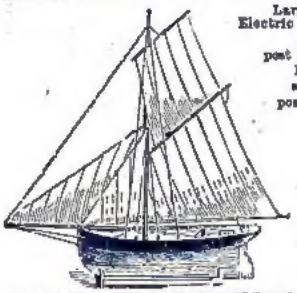

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